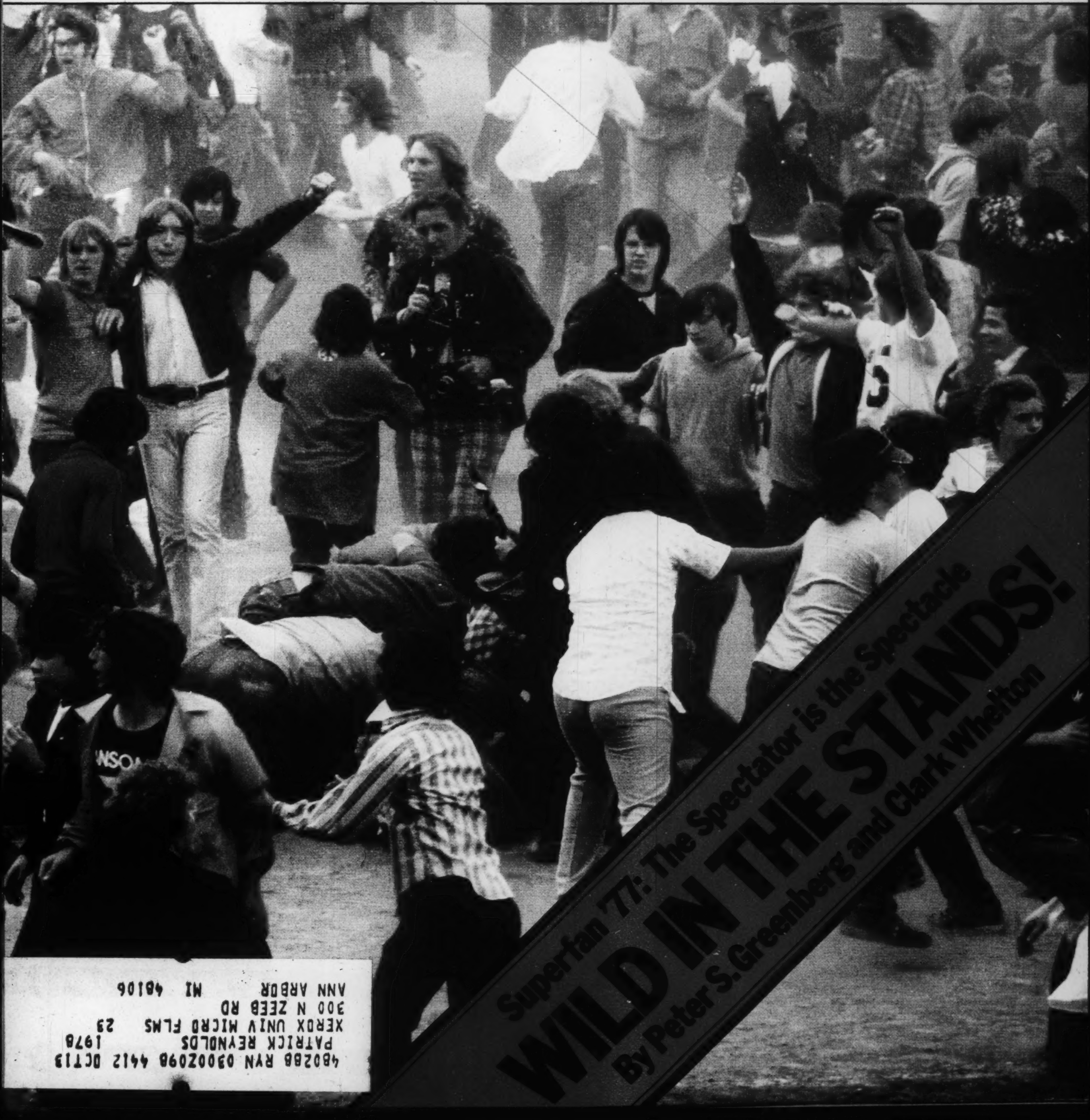
Tuesday Weld Calls On Tom Burke/Political Prisoners in the U.S.

William Burroughs on Keeping the Habit/Randy Newman Is Not Mean

NOVEMBER 11, 1977 $1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE ®

NewTimes



Superfan '77: The Spectator is the Spectacle

WILD IN THE STANDS!

By Peter S. Greenberg and Clark Whelton

4B02BB RYN 0300Z098 4412 OCT13
PATRICK REYNOLDS 1978
XEROX UNIV MICRO FLMS 29
300 N ZEEB RD
ANN ARBOR MI 48106

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

Seagram's
Crown Royal
Fine De Luxe
Blended Canadian Whisky
A PRODUCT OF
Joseph E. Seagram & Sons Limited
WATERLOO ONTARIO CANADA
80 PROOF 750 ML (25.4 FL. OZ.)
Crown Royal
by
Seagram
At about $14, it's not everybody's bag.

© 1977—R.J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

"Vantage is changing a lot of my feelings about smoking."

"I like to smoke, and what I like is a cigarette that isn't timid on taste. But I'm not living in some ivory tower. I hear the things being said against high-tar smoking as well as the next guy.

"And so I started looking. For a low-tar smoke that had some honest-to-goodness cigarette taste.

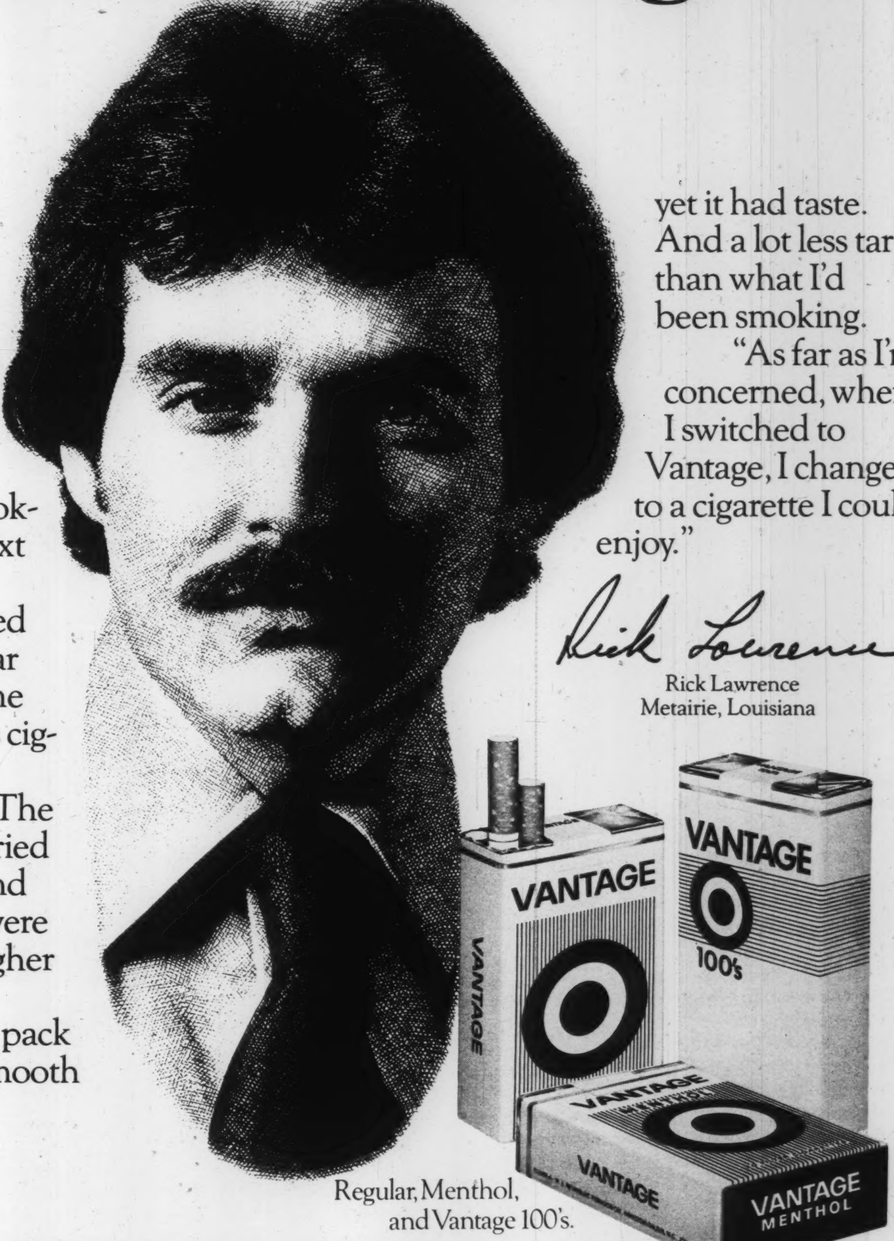
"It wasn't easy. The low-tar cigarettes I tried tasted like chalk. And high-tar cigarettes were starting to taste rougher as I went along.

"Then I tried a pack of Vantage. It was smooth yet it had taste. And a lot less tar than what I'd been smoking.

"As far as I'm concerned, when I switched to Vantage, I changed to a cigarette I could enjoy."

Rick Lawrence

Rick Lawrence
Metairie, Louisiana



Regular, Menthol, and Vantage 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

NewTimes

NOVEMBER 11, 1977
VOLUME 9, NUMBER 10

HIT T
BE C.
BUM

Superfan '77

Wild in the Stands

Next time you think about spending a few hours at the ball park, better be prepared for a violent seventh-inning stretch. The final score of the sixth game of the 1977 World Series was 38 arrested, 4 dozen injured, as the action at America's sporting events continues to shift from the arena to the audience.

By Peter S. Greenberg
Page 24

Take Me Out of the Ball Game

One of the factors behind fan violence is the reluctance on the part of many ball clubs to throw the bums out, or to prosecute them once they've been ejected. Why does a spectator pitch a bottle at a right fielder's head? Why not?

By Clark Whelton
Page 27

COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY MICKEY PALMER/FOCUS ON SPORTS

Geronimo Lives

Geronimo Pratt was a Vietnam war hero who returned to America to fight for freedom as a Black Panther. When the cancellation of his G.I. rights and an armed assault on his home failed to dissuade him, the FBI dug up a two-year-old murder to charge him with. Currently serving a life term for a crime he didn't commit, Pratt is just one of several hundred political prisoners now occupying American jail cells.

By T.D. Allman
Page 32

Tuesday Weld Lives Down Her Name

When our reporter broke through Tuesday Weld's iron-clad mystique, he discovered an ever-radiant but tough young lady eager to get *Goodbar* producer Freddie Fields off her back—and Hollywood off her chest.

By Tom Burke
Page 47

Heroin Maintenance

There's a madness to this methadone. Widely billed as a solution to the heroin problem, the drug turns out to be more dangerous and harder to kick than skag itself. And the author should know.

By William S. Burroughs
Page 58

Behind the Scenes
Page 4

Party Lines
Nine justices in search of a Constitution.
By Robert Shrum
Page 6

Media
A *Star Trek* movie is scrubbed, but the TV series is preparing for re-entry.
By Anthony Haden-Guest
Page 10

Letters
The New Right and animal rights.
Page 12

The Insider
Richard Nixon gives La Casa Pacifica to the American people—for one day.
Page 19

REVIEWS

Books
Michael Herr's *Dispatches* is more than just another Vietnam book.
By Geoffrey Wolff
Page 66

Movies
Bertolucci gets *1900* out of his system.
By Richard Corliss
Page 72

Records
Aja: minor by Steely Dan.
By Jim Miller
Page 74

Music
After a three-year vacation, Randy Newman goes back to work.
By Patrick Carr
Page 78

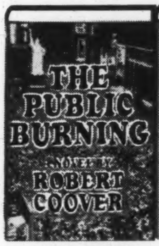
Final Tribute
Yankee Stadium was the stage, and Reggie Jackson no mere player.
By Mark Goodman
Page 80

We will consider unsolicited manuscripts, art/photos only when accompanied by return postage; the magazine will not be held responsible for loss or damage.
Copyright © 1977 by New Times Publishing Company. All rights reserved.

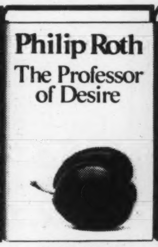
Members of Audit Bureau of Circulations.
New Times is published biweekly (except for the last issue of the year which is combined with the first issue of the next year) BY New Times Publishing Company, One Park Ave., New York, New York 10016. George A. Hirsch, President. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York and at additional mailing offices. Subscription price $15.00 per year. $2.00 additional per year for Canada. $5.00 additional per year for all other foreign countries. Direct all SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE, ORDERS, CHANGE OF ADDRESS to NEW TIMES, P.O. Box 2474, Boulder, Colorado 80322.
ALL EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE should be directed to NEW TIMES, One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

Any 4 best sellers for $1

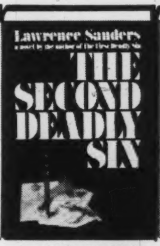
with a no-time-limit membership in The Guild.


THE PUBLIC BURNING
A NOVEL BY ROBERT COOVER

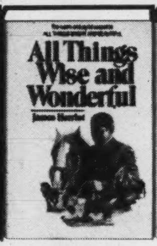
3343 $12.50


Philip Roth
The Professor of Desire

3764 $8.95


Lawrence Sanders
THE SECOND DEADLY SIN

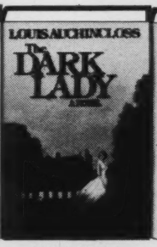
5769 $9.95


All Things Wise and Wonderful
James Herriot

4283 $10.00

LOOKING OUT FOR #1
Robert J. Ringer
Author of WINNING THROUGH INTIMIDATION

4341 $9.95


LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS
The DARK LADY

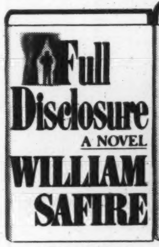
4739 $8.95

Oliver's STORY
ERICH SEGAL
author of LOVE STORY

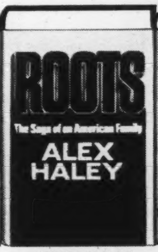
7351 $7.95

THE THORN BIRDS

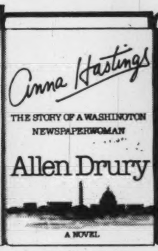
7518 $9.95


Full Disclosure
A NOVEL
WILLIAM SAFIRE

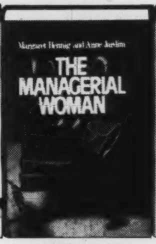
6130 $10.95


ROOTS
The Saga of an American Family
ALEX HALEY

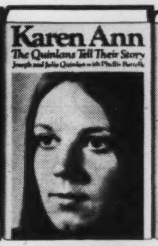
0943 $12.50


Anna Hastings
THE STORY OF A WASHINGTON NEWSPAPERWOMAN
Allen Drury
A NOVEL

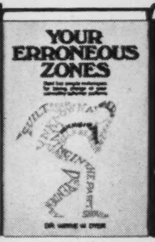
6171 $8.95


Margaret Hennig and Anne Jardim
THE MANAGERIAL WOMAN

2139 $7.95


Karen Ann
The Quinlans Tell Their Story

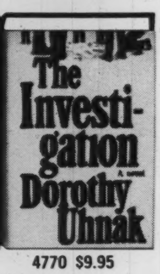
1891 $10.00


YOUR ERRONEOUS ZONES

9779 $6.95

Marina & Lee
Priscilla Johnson McMillan

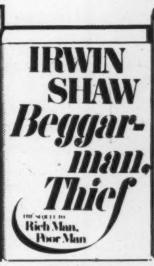
2956 $15.00


The Investigation
A novel
Dorothy Uhnak

4770 $9.95

DELTA OF VENUS
EROTICA BY ANAÏS NIN

2386 $10.00


IRWIN SHAW
Beggarman, Thief
THE SEQUEL TO Rich Man, Poor Man

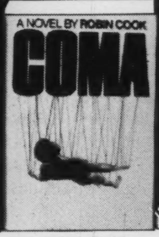
4044 $9.95

LIFE IS A BANQUET
Rosalind Russell
and Chris Chase

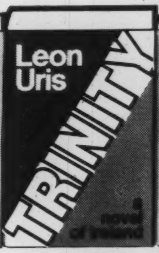
1925 $10.00

IMPRESSIONISM

6163 $17.50


A NOVEL BY ROBIN COOK
COMA

7500 $8.95


Leon Uris
TRINITY
a novel of Ireland

0224 $10.95

The Walnut Door
a novel by
John Hersey

4879 $7.95

Here's how The Literary Guild works:

You get top best sellers at up to 40% off publishers' edition prices. After your membership's accepted, you get your 4 books for only $1, plus shipping and handling. If you are not completely satisfied, return them within 10 days and we will cancel your membership and you owe nothing. About every 4 weeks (14 times a year) you'll be offered dozens of exciting best sellers at up to 40% off through your free copy of The Literary Guild Magazine. In addition, up to 4 times a year, you may receive offers of special selections, always at discounts off publisher's prices.

You never have to buy a minimum number of books a year. Only buy four more during your membership, after which you may cancel anytime. If you want the selection featured in the magazine or the special selection, do nothing, it will be shipped to you automatically. If you want an alternate, or no book, return the order form marked with your preference, by the date specified. You always will have at least 10 days to make a decision. If you get an unwanted selection because you had less than 10 days, return it at our expense. There is a shipping and handling charge on all books shipped.

The Guild offers its own complete, hardbound editions sometimes altered in size to fit special presses and save members even more.

FREE when you join. Mail this coupon today.

The Literary Guild

Dept. MR 474, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for membership in The Literary Guild. I have printed the order numbers of the 4 books or sets I want in the boxes below, and agree to the membership plan described in the ad. Bill me only $1 plus shipping and handling. I understand that I need buy only 4 more books, at regular low club prices, whenever I want them. Also, send a FREE tote bag, mine to keep whether or not I remain a member.

NOTE: All prices quoted are for publishers' editions. First number listed below each book is the order number.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss ______________________________
(Please Print)

Address______________________ Apt.______

City______________________________

State____________________ Zip________

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto. Offer slightly different in Canada. 02-G376

Behind The Scenes

PHOTOGRAPH BY NANCY WEINSTOCK

Peter Greenberg

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM ZIMBEROFF/CONTACT

Susan Lyne

After the sixth game of the World Series, Peter Greenberg—like thousands of other overwrought spectators—hopped the field barrier and got to round the bases at Yankee Stadium for the first time. The difference between Greenberg and the menacing mob was that he was covering the phenomenon of stadium violence for *New Times*. He was standing at the beginning—or what was left of—the outfield grass when he saw the tattered remains of home plate. Forgetting his assignment for the moment, he succumbed to his wildman urge to snap up the base. But just as he approached it, another fan grabbed it away and ran off toward the bleachers. Greenberg recovered from this trauma long enough to report "Wild in the Stands" (p. 24).

Greenberg, who has been named West Coast Editor, comes to the magazine after a five-year hitch as a west coast correspondent at *Newsweek*, where he reported on subjects as diverse as Bette Midler and Gary Gilmore. Before flying into New York to follow the final Series game, he had become conditioned to the sunny mood of Los Angeles fans. "When I was a kid coming to Yankee Stadium," Greenberg says, "I dreaded getting a seat behind a pole. Now that they're rid of the poles, I was desperate to find one for protection. It's different out west. No smoke bombs. When they get mad in Chavez Ravine, they whine and throw Gucci loafers. And the cops don't check for bottles, they check for Valium. If you don't have any, they won't let you in."

Greenberg will be opening *New Times*' first Pacific coast office with Associate West Coast Editor Susan Lyne this month. Lyne, who has been with the magazine since late 1975, has worked on major pieces for *New Times*, including her report on American prisoners in Mexican jails and, with Robert Scheer, on Bill and Emily Harris.

"Reporting from the west coast must go beyond the usual entertainment stories or an occasional Patty Hearst," Greenberg says. "If you can see past California's well-hyped mystique, you'll find an angle of vision that has yet to be adequately examined by most magazine reporting."

George A. Hirsch

New Times

Publisher
George A. Hirsch

Editor
Jonathan Z. Larsen

General Manager
Louis B. Dotti Jr.

Design Direction
Kelley/Weigand

Executive Editor
John Lombardi

Managing Editor
David Hollander

Senior Writer
Robert Sam Anson

Senior Editors
Calvin Fentress Peter W. Kaplan

Associate Editors
Robert Shrum Paul Slansky Tracy Young

Assistant Managing Editor
Karen L. Saks

Assistant Editors
Jody Alesandro Janet Gold
Peter M. Lincoln Jane Prettyman

West Coast Editor
Peter S. Greenberg

Associate West Coast Editor
Susan Lyne

Art Associate
Patricia Bradbury

Photo Editor
Nancy J. Weinstock

Editorial Assistant
Scott Searfoss

Controller
Norman J. Finegold

Circulation Director
Richard LaMonica

Accounting Manager
Miriam S. Ko

Assistant Circulation Director
Marney Hague

Circulation Assistants
Roberta Levy
Susan-Anne Lewis

Subscription Sales Manager
Kathi Marks

Production Manager
Garry W. Ramo

Administrative Assistants
Jill DeSarno
Eileen Abatelli Flatley
Loretta J. Robinson

Production Assistant
Dale R. Sokoloff

Publicity
Helen Bransford

Associate Publisher
Nicholas H. Niles

Advertising Director
William S. David

Advertising Representatives
John Abbott Jeanne Joyce
Liz Browne Mendel Bobbi Van

Advertising Assistants
Monica Raybon Dolores Slayton

Chicago
The Pattis Group

Los Angeles
Tony Hoyt & Associates

Detroit
Richard Hartle Associates

Contributing Writers
David Black, Richard Corliss, Stephen Diamond, Michael Drosnin, Marshall Frady, Mark Goodman, Andrew Kopkind, Jesse Kornbluth, James S. Kunen, Arthur Lubow, Sam Merrill, Jim Miller, Gerry Nadel, Michael Parfit, Roger Rapoport, Marjorie Rosen, Ron Rosenbaum, Ruth Rosenbaum, Marcia Seligson, Stephen Singular, Robert Ward, Craig Waters, Geoffrey Wolff, Michael Wolff, Lawrence Wright

Correspondents
Washington, D.C.: Arthur Hadley, David Murray, Nina Totenberg; **California:** Phil Jordan (Sacramento), John Mankiewicz (Los Angeles); Bill Ritter (San Diego); Joel Kotkin (Hollywood); Paul Grabowicz (Berkeley); **Colorado:** Ivan Goldman (Aspen); Rosemary Cowles (Boulder) **Georgia:** Gregory Jaynes (Atlanta); **Illinois:** Paul Engleman, Mick Zielenziger (Chicago); **Indiana:** Rick Lyman (Gary), Tom Cochrun (Indianapolis); **Iowa:** John Bowermaster (Des Moines); **Kentucky:** Laer Pearce (Louisville); **Massachusetts:** Joseph Dalton (Cambridge); **Michigan:** Laura Berman (Detroit); **New York:** Larry Frederick, Debra Weiner (New York City); **North Carolina:** Frye Gaillard (Charlotte), Mark Pinsky (Durham); David Zucchino (Raleigh); **Ohio:** John Brady (Cincinnati); Bob Tkacz (Cleveland); **Pennsylvania:** Joe Sharkey (Philadelphia); **Texas:** Harry Hurt III (Houston); **Utah:** David Proctor (Salt Lake City); **Virginia:** Joel Brinkley (Richmond); Ronnie Chappell (South Boston); **Wisconsin:** Elliot Pinsley (Madison).

WHEN YOU LOOK INTO A YAMAHA JUMBO FOLK, YOU'LL SEE WHY IT'S YOUR NEXT GUITAR.

That's because we first looked into what you want and need. We listened to what you, the players, had to say. And then we acted. The result: your next guitar, the all-new Yamaha jumbo folk.

We know you won't settle for anything less than the world's best woods. Solid spruce for the top. Indian rosewood for the back, sides and fingerboard. Mahogany for the neck.

Yamaha heard that. We've been handcrafting fine, wooden instruments for nearly a century. And because Yamaha buys such large quantities of these woods, we can afford to make you a guitar this good, this competitively priced.

We know you'd like a jumbo guitar that feels good to play. That's why we've reshaped the heel closer to the body for easier access to the higher registers. And that's why the neck's been recontoured so it fits your hand better.

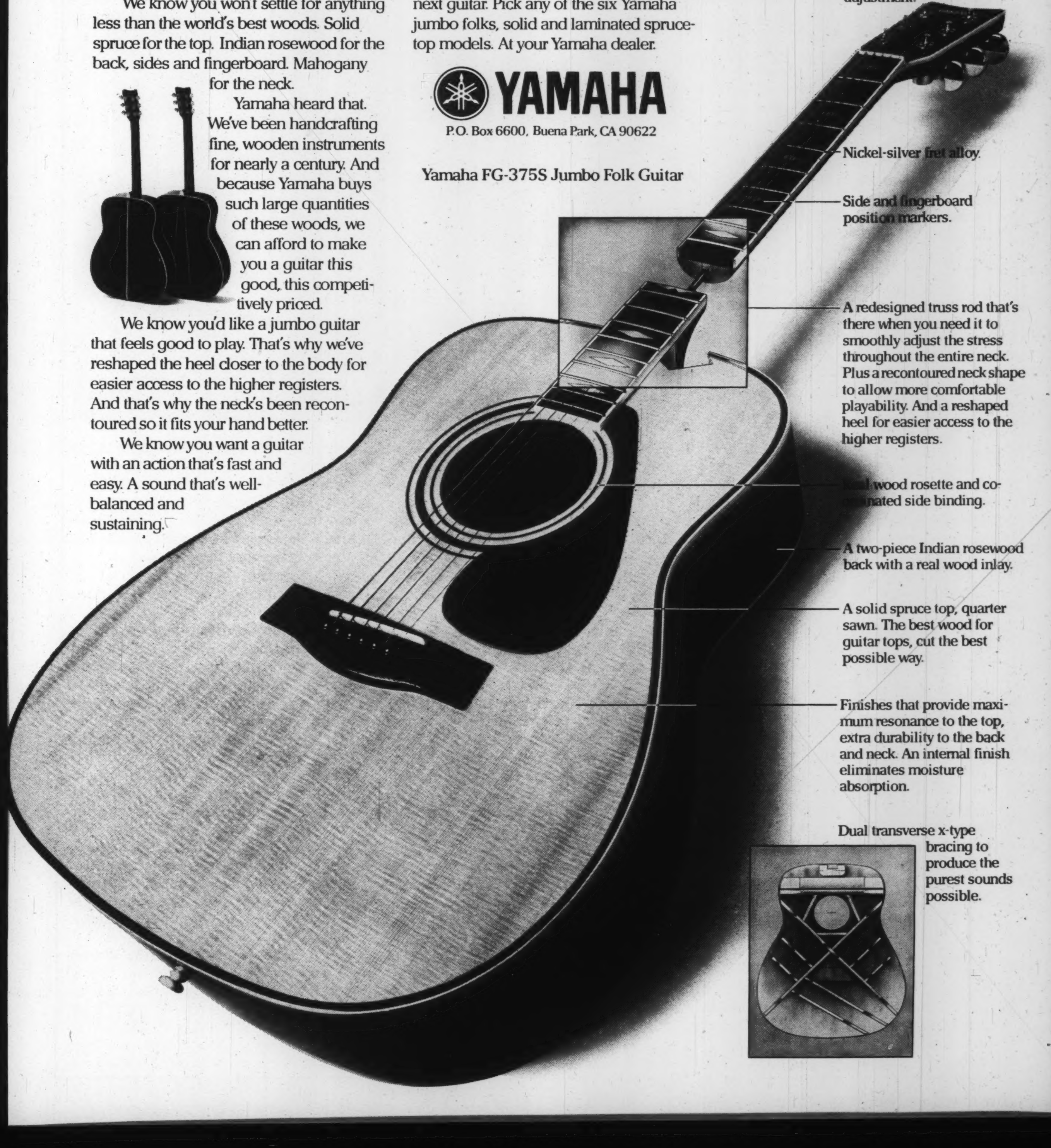
We know you want a guitar with an action that's fast and easy. A sound that's well-balanced and sustaining. Rich and powerful. A jumbo steel string guitar with its own originally unique design. We know all that because Yamaha spends so much time and money to find out.

So take a close look and listen to your next guitar. Pick any of the six Yamaha jumbo folks, solid and laminated spruce-top models. At your Yamaha dealer.

YAMAHA

P.O. Box 6600, Buena Park, CA 90622

Yamaha FG-375S Jumbo Folk Guitar



Permanently-lubricated gold-plated machine heads with a high 15 to 1 ratio to eliminate backlash, and give you the easiest, most precise adjustment.

Nickel-silver fret alloy.

Side and fingerboard position markers.

A redesigned truss rod that's there when you need it to smoothly adjust the stress throughout the entire neck. Plus a recontoured neck shape to allow more comfortable playability. And a reshaped heel for easier access to the higher registers.

Real wood rosette and co-laminated side binding.

A two-piece Indian rosewood back with a real wood inlay.

A solid spruce top, quarter sawn. The best wood for guitar tops, cut the best possible way.

Finishes that provide maximum resonance to the top, extra durability to the back and neck. An internal finish eliminates moisture absorption.

Dual transverse x-type bracing to produce the purest sounds possible.

Party Lines/by Robert Shrum

How Supreme the Court?

PHOTOGRAPH BY OWEN/BLACK STAR

Angry dissents are not new to the Supreme Court, but lately an unusual number have been coming from justices across the liberal-conservative spectrum. Nixon's attempted ideological coup remains incomplete, partly because several of his "strict constructionists" occasionally stray from the fold, and partly because Gerald Ford's sole appointment to the Court was John Paul Stevens, whose frequent liberalism is hardly a model of Republican jurisprudence.

Thus, last summer, when a bitterly divided Court permitted the death penalty to be applied to a crime committed before the penalty was enacted into law, Justice Stevens blasted the ruling as "an archaic gargoyle" on the Constitution.

The unsettled state of the Court makes two new books especially relevant. The first, *Government by Judiciary*, is the work of Raoul Berger, whose fame rests on an earlier study, *Impeachment*, published during the Watergate period. In his latest effort, Berger argues that the Constitution must be taken absolutely literally; all that counts is what its writers intended.

Conservatives are hailing Berger's thesis as a *deus ex machina* to haul the Court out of the activism of the Warren era. William F. Buckley, Jr. has blessed the essay as a "devastating book on the abuse of power by the Supreme Court." And what's more, exclaims Buckley, it comes "under such august auspices": Berger is "a liberal Jewish professor of law at Harvard" whose book on executive privilege laid the groundwork for the Supreme Court's decision in the Nixon tapes case. Buckley was so delighted at his rare find that he forgot to check his facts. Berger is not a professor anywhere, and has never taught at Harvard. And in the tapes case, the Court rejected his notion that executive privilege was only "a myth," ruling instead that Nixon was overclaiming a privilege which the Court unanimously found to be very real.

One also might question the self-professed liberalism of a man who writes that "the key to understanding the 14th Amendment is that the North was shot through with Negrophobia" when the amendment passed in 1868. Asked to explain what this implies in judicial terms, Berger volunteers: "While I despise the beating of Negro prisoners and lynching bees, those questions belong exclusively to the states. The federal courts can't interfere."

The 14th Amendment, guaranteeing "equal protection" and "due process," has been the Supreme Court's means of holding the states to the Bill of Rights. But Berger contends that the amendment's framers had no such purpose. He argues that the courts never should have desegregated the schools. "They should just stay out of racial cases altogether," he says. "They should stop shoving busing down the throats of people." The busing example has an obvious appeal to the Court's critics, as does Berger's belief that *Miranda* and other decisions protecting defendants' rights are extraconstitutional. His book is being taken seriously largely because it suits the mood of the moment: people are skeptical of social exertions, judicial as well as political—of the Warren Court's liberalism as much as Johnson's Great Society. Yet the targets of Berger's assault reach far beyond the standard grievances of Americans who have had it up to here with their government. His cramped reading of the 14th Amendment would permit a state to outlaw the publication of all unorthodox opinions and to admit confessions extorted by torture. Such horrors, in Berger's view, would be "regrettable but not unconstitutional." In short, he would fasten gargoyles onto the Constitution precisely because they are archaic.

"Berger mistakes historical digging for scholarship," says Harvard professor Laurence Tribe, the author of *American Constitutional Law*, to be published this December. Tribe's book begins with an entirely different concept of the Constitution, which he views as "an intentionally incomplete, often deliberately indeterminate structure." He claims that the meaning of the Constitution is a matter of both logic and history—not just the historiography of a given provision's origins, but its development since then and the purpose it can serve now. He regards Berger's sternly "strict constructionism" as historical on the surface but ahistorical in a deeper sense. "It treats the creation of the document as the end, not the beginning, of constitutional evolution," he says.

Tribe concedes that the Warren Court's wide-ranging activism "rested too heavily on its authority and too lightly on any real theory that could support its innovations." But he rejects Berger's theory that, as Tribe puts it, the only choices are "slavishly

Sansui has just raised the standards for budget-class high fidelity: the new G-3000 stereo receiver.

Strikingly attractive new styling. Advanced engineering. State-of-the-art technology. Beautifully pleasing musical performance. The new Sansui G-3000 has it all. (And at less than $280.)* Because Sansui knows how important your high fidelity component music system can be in your life.

The new G-3000 brings a unique new look to receivers. You will be proud to have it in your home. The bright brushed aluminum face is highlighted by a rich gold dial. And the G-3000 is the first receiver available today that is totally symmetrical, with the tuning knob and volume control positioned accordingly.

A pleasure to look at, the Sansui G-3000 is also a pleasure to use. It features an ultra wide frequency-linear dial; separate signal-strength and center-tune meters; an extra-sensitive, large flywheel-assisted tuning knob; stepped-attenuator volume control; two-system speaker selector; and mic-mixing input.

Above all, you'll love to listen to the amazingly pure and clean sound of the G-3000. With total harmonic distortion of less than 0.15% over the entire audible range, you get musical quality and performance usually available only in much higher priced models.

Signal-to-noise ratio is extraordinarily high, stereo separation extraordinarily wide, and distortion extraordinarily low for any receiver in this power class.**

Go to your nearest franchised Sansui dealer. Touch the controls of a G-3000 and listen to its superb tonal quality. You'll know why it represents a tremendous advance in high fidelity developmental engineering.

Sansui. A whole new world of musical pleasure.

Also available is the G-2000 at under $230.*

*Approximate nationally advertised value. The actual retail price will be set by the individual dealer at his option.

**26 watts per channel, min. RMS, both channels driven into 8 ohms from 20-20,000 Hz with no more than 0.15% total harmonic distortion.

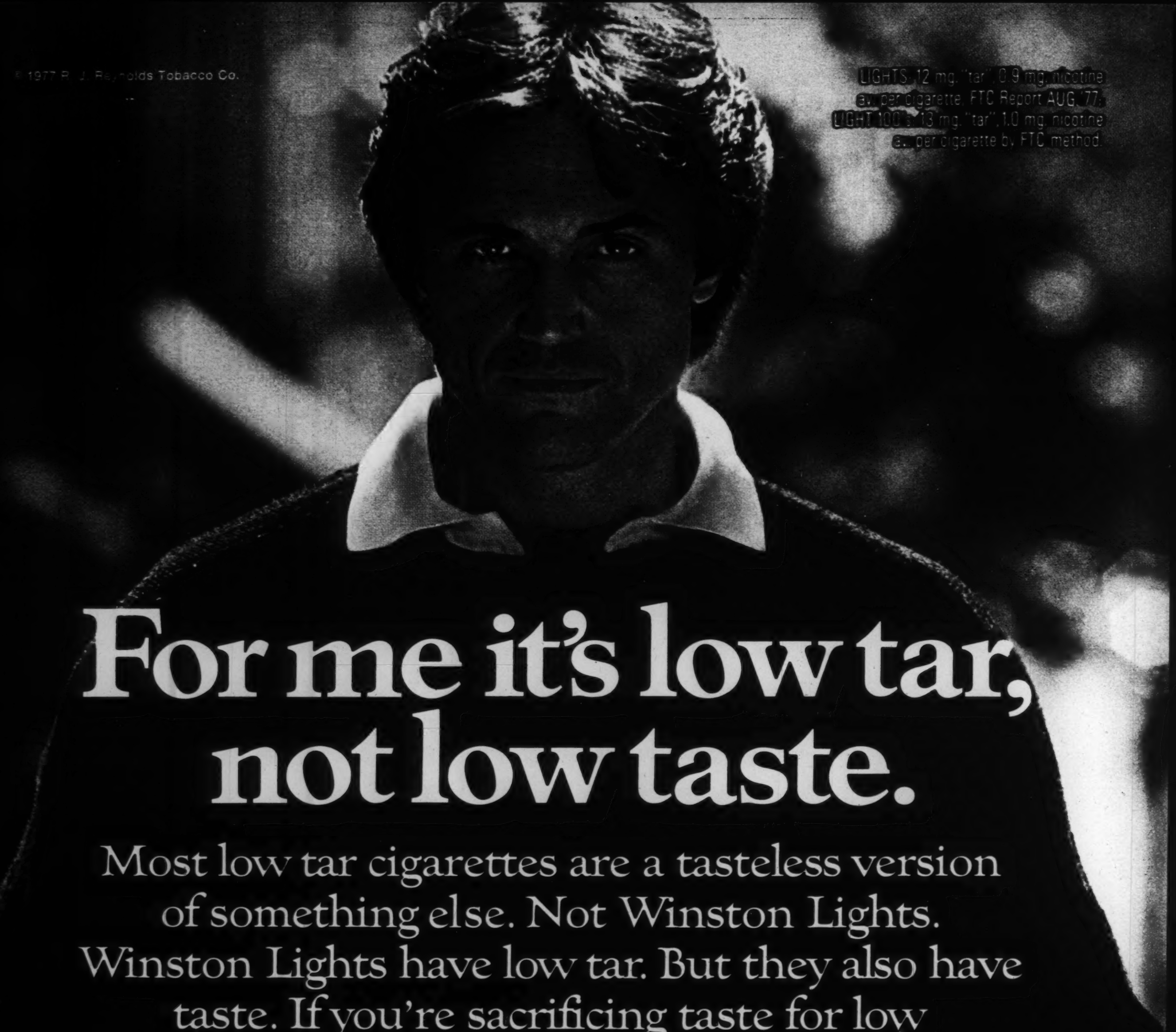
G-2000: 16 watts per channel with no more than 0.15% total harmonic distortion under the same conditions.

Cabinets simulated walnut grain.

Sansui
STEREO RECEIVER
G-3000
FM 88 90 92 94 96 98 100
AM 530 600 700 800 1000 1200 1400
VOLUME
LOUDNESS
TUNING
SELECTOR
POWER/SPEAKERS
BASS
TREBLE
PHONES
POWER OFF
A
OFF

SANSUI ELECTRONICS CORP.
Woodside, New York 11377 • Gardena, California 90247
SANSUI ELECTRIC CO., LTD., Tokyo, Japan
SANSUI AUDIO EUROPE S.A., Antwerp, Belgium • In Canada: Electronic Distributors

Sansui


20 CIGARETTES
KING SIZE
Winston Lights
LOW TAR & NICOTINE
Winston
Light 100's
LOW TAR

© 1977 R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.

LIGHTS: 12 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77; LIGHT 100's: 13 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

For me it's low tar, not low taste.

Most low tar cigarettes are a tasteless version of something else. Not Winston Lights. Winston Lights have low tar. But they also have taste. If you're sacrificing taste for low numbers, you're smoking the wrong cigarette.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Winston Lights. Winston Light 100's.

Special Savings Certificate

NewTimes

☐ *I understand that this certificate entitles me to the special introductory rate of 26 issues of* **NEW TIMES** *for only $10.00. That's $5.00 less than the regular subscription rate. $16.00 less than the single copy price.*

☐ *Payment enclosed*
(mail in envelope)
☐ *Bill me later*
For immediate service call
TOLL FREE 800-247-2160
In Iowa call 1-800-362-2860

Name ____________________ (please print)

Address ____________________ Apt. __________

City ____________________

State ____________________ Zip __________

Additional postage per year: Canadian residents add $2.00 per year. Outside U.S. and Canada add $5.00 per year. 4Y57

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT #52
BOULDER,
COLORADO

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NewTimes

P.O. BOX 2471
BOULDER, CO. 80321

Special Savings Certificate

NewTimes

☐ *I understand that this certificate entitles me to the special introductory rate of 26 issues of* **NEW TIMES** *for only $10.00. That's $5.00 less than the regular subscription rate. $16.00 less than the single copy price.*

☐ *Payment enclosed (mail in envelope)*

☐ *Bill me later*

For immediate service call
TOLL FREE 800-247-2160
In Iowa call 1-800-362-2860

Name ______________________________
(please print)

Address ______________________ Apt. ________

City ______________________________

State ______________ Zip ____________

Additional postage per year: Canadian residents add $2.00 per year. Outside U.S. and Canada add $5.00 per year.

4Y57

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT #52
BOULDER,
COLORADO

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NewTimes
P.O. BOX 2471
BOULDER, CO. 80321

following the intent of the framers or the whim and preference of judges." Tribe constructs a third alternative—"a comprehensive system of thought about constitutional law," involving seven models of argument and decision that connect historical experience and substantive values to specific constitutional principles.

"Tribe compiles in one volume the sum and substance of constitutional law," says Harvard professor Derrick Bell. "No one has made sense of it all in this way before; others have just listed the cases without an underlying theory or offered a theory without relating it to all the case law. We have a century of material since [Supreme Court] Justice Story wrote his treatise on the Constitution. It was easier in an earlier time. Tribe's book is a staggering achievement."

Tribe's models embody a revolutionary, though not simplistic, conception of constitutional liberty. He argues that "physical survival is as indispensable as free speech or voting. People bowed under the weight of poverty cannot stand up for their constitutional rights." Therefore, he suggests, a minimum standard of living for all citizens ultimately must become a constitutional guarantee. Yet the models are not ideologically one-sided. Tribe concludes, for instance, that the Constitution permits a ban on kiddie porn that would destroy the economic incentive for pornographers to sexually exploit children, something government legitimately may forbid. But adult pornography cannot be proscribed, since the only "harm" such material involves is in the mind of the consenting viewer, whose moral condition should be beyond the reach of government.

Berger regards Tribe as "brilliant, a very gifted man, but he's committed to result-oriented jurisprudence." Tribe replies that even a wholly passive Supreme Court, by refusing to review the acts or omissions of government, in effect would settle all issues in favor of the status quo. The Court cannot avoid substantive judgments; the real question is how to make the right ones. Berger objects that it is "anti-democratic" for judges to ask that question. "Who will choose these men to be right?" challenges Berger. "What a collection of sorry men we've had on the Court for 175 years. Now we even have probate lawyers like Blackmun."

Tribe doesn't share Berger's contempt for the Court's relative quality. "There have been a lot more probate lawyers in Congress than on the Court," he says. "And in fact, Blackmun's been a lot better than the puppet Nixon thought he was appointing."

But conservatives worry that even the best judges can do evil as easily as good—for example, by striking down child labor and income tax laws. Tribe admits the danger; but on balance, he writes, that price "is worth paying for the enlightened consensus" that judges can help to form through constitutional rulings—for the progress that otherwise might be blocked by entrenched interests.

No plausible Supreme Court would follow Raoul Berger's theory to its extreme conclusions, choking off progress and justice inside a closed fist. But his book could provide the pretext for further retreats from the Warren era. It reinforces the impression that the Warren Court's rulings represented policy making without constitutional mandate. "That's why Tribe's book will be so important," says California Supreme Court Justice Mathew Tobriner. "We don't need books that tell us just what the cases say, but where the courts should take constitutional law. We haven't had a book like Tribe's in this century. He's giving the kind of guidance sensitive judges will follow." By fashioning a rationale for judicial innovation, Tribe's treatise may make it not only morally but constitutionally right to ask Earl Warren's favorite question of lawyers arguing for a particular result: "But is it fair?" That question, Professor Tribe insists, is the Constitution's central answer.●

Never letting go.

Phoebe Snow's new album is about forever, right now.
"Never Letting Go." On Columbia Records and Tapes.
Produced by Phil Ramone.
® "COLUMBIA," MARCAS REG. © 1977 CBS INC.

Media/By Anthony Haden-Guest

Star Trek Wars

In California, last year, NASA unveiled the space shuttle *Enterprise* as Gene Roddenberry, creator of *Star Trek*, watched uncomfortably. The *USS Enterprise* was rolled out and the band leader raised his baton. Roddenberry, expecting "The Star Spangled Banner," prepared to stand, but a different martial theme was struck up—the theme from *Star Trek*. Appalled, Roddenberry turned to Leonard Nimoy and, with Vulcan pragmatism, whispered, "I don't trust my leaders."

Roddenberry had a lot of reasons not to trust his leaders—though less his national leaders than his corporate ones. *Star Trek* ran on NBC from 1966 to 1969 and was canceled just as its popularity began to crest. In the following eight years it became a national cult: *Star Trek* conventions, college theses (*The Enterprise as Archetype, The Monster Mother*), paperback offshoots (*Letters to Star Trek* went into six-figure sales) and, inevitably, a big-budget motion picture.

Paramount Pictures, which owns *Star Trek*, had been considering the project for a long time. "Years," says Barry Diller, Paramount's president, "*years*." Careful and crisp in his gray pinstripe suit and tasseled black shoes, Diller acted the modern Monroe Stahr: "We've done a number of treatments, scripts, and everytime we'd say—This isn't good enough! If we had just gone forward and *done* it, we might have done it quite well."

Paramount had set a $10 million budget for the picture last year. The producer was to be Jerry Eisenberg, and he brought in a director, Phil Kaufman—a somewhat ironical choice. "George Lucas is a good friend of mine," Kaufman said. "He told me before he made *Star Wars* he'd made inquiries as to whether *Star Trek* was available to be bought. I thought George had a great thing going. When I was asked if I would be interested in doing *Star Trek*, well . . . I felt I could go *through the roof*."

A pair of British writers, Allan Scott and Chris Bryant (*Don't Look Now*), were hired to do the script. With Kaufman, they worked themselves into an impasse with Roddenberry. "Gene and I disagreed on what the nature of a feature film really is," said Kaufman. "He was still bound by the things that he had been forced into by lack of money and by the fact that those times were not into science fiction the way they are now."

Kaufman got his way. *Droit d'auteur*. A story line was worked out, involving some striking changes. William Shatner—who, as Captain Kirk, determinedly ordered the galactic passages of the *Enterprise* for its three-year run—found out about the new format while on the road with his one-man *Star Trek* show. "I was in the middle of nowhere [upstate New York] and I called the producer. He said: 'We're killing you off in the first third, and I think we'll bring you back to life for the end of the movie.' And I say, shit!"

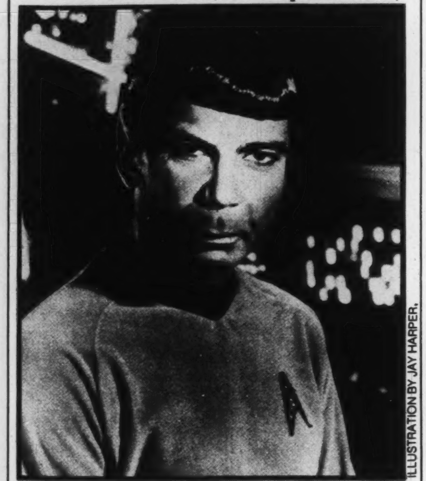


ILLUSTRATION BY JAY HARPER.

That cosmos-politan man: The hair and ears are Spock's, the eyes and nose are Kirk's, the mouth and chin, McCoy's. All these components may be bounced from the new *Star Trek*

So, ultimately, did Paramount. They simply didn't want to waste an asset like Captain Kirk. A much rewritten script went (roughly) thus: *Enterprise* blasts off to investigate the planet Cygrus. Cygrus houses not just the usual Superior Intelligence, but the one which seeded the entire galaxy. Once there, they find the good guys have changed into pure intelligence, leaving bad guys in control. The *Enterprise* crew returns to earth with celerity by means of a Black Hole. Except they find themselves in the earth of some aeons back. As good trekkies should by now have guessed, it is they themselves who are the galaxy-seeding force. Hello Erik von Danneken.

"We were dealing with important things," Kaufman said, "Things that George has a smattering of in *Star Wars*. We were dealing a lot with Olaf Stapledon. There were chapters in *Last and First Men* that I was basing *Star Trek* on. That was my key thing.

"But if you're talking with somebody and they don't really know the possibilities of a Black Hole . . ."

Nonetheless, things got underway. Ken Adam (whose designs have provided the only consistent excellence to the James Bond cycle) was prevailed on to build the cosmos, as was the main artist from *Star Wars*. The original crew re-enlisted—except for Nimoy (he had it both ways with high sales for a book of verses defiantly entitled "I'm Not Spock "). "He would have done it," Kaufman said, "He called me to say good-bye when he was leaving to do *Equus*. And that morning I'd heard that the movie had been canceled. He said, 'I'm sure they can't be serious.'"

They were. "They didn't even wait to see what *Star Wars* would do," Kaufman said, "I don't think they tried to understand what the phenomenon of *Star Trek* was."

Shatner believes that *Star Trek* fell victim to a corporate sideways lurch. Paramount had big pictures out. *Black Sunday* wasn't making the money they thought it should. "But it's inexplicable! Inexplicable that the week after *Star Wars* is out, and grossing like crazy . . ."

Barry Diller was willing to explain. "It was the script. We felt, frankly, that it was a little . . . pretentious. We went to Gene Roddenberry, and said: Look, you're the person who really understands *Star Trek*. We don't. But what we should probably do is return to the original context, a television series. If you force it as a big 75-millimeter widescreen movie, you go directly against the concept. If you rip *Star Trek* off, you'll fail, because the people who like *Star Trek* don't just like it. They love it."

Nor is it irrelevant that Paramount has growing television ambitions. "They had the idea that a fourth

minolta
SR T 201
CLC
MC ROKKOR-X PG 1:1.4 f=50mm
LENS MADE IN JAPAN
MINOLTA 3844291

Minolta by Minolta by Irving Penn.

Save a lot of money. Buy a good used camera.

When should you buy a used camera?

When it's a brand-new Minolta SR-T, the classic 35mm single lens reflex owned by more than three million people.

And especially now when a Minolta SR-T costs less to own than ever before.

What have three million people seen in it?

For one thing, an easy-to-use camera. The patented through-the-lens metering system tells you the correct exposure. You just match up two needles in the viewfinder to set it.

For another thing, the SR-T is a fast-handling camera. The viewfinder tells you everything you need to know to get a sharp, perfectly exposed picture. So you'll never lose sight of your subject while you fiddle with camera controls.

And the Minolta SR-T is a system camera. It accepts any of almost 40 interchangeable lenses that Minolta makes in two series—the advanced Rokkor-X and the moderately priced Celtic brand. And they all have the Minolta bayonet mount that makes lenses easy to change.

So look into a Minolta SR-T. The good used camera that's easy to use. And easy to buy.

For more information, see your photo dealer or write Minolta Corporation, 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446.

MINOLTA

More than three million people own a Minolta SR-T.

network built around *Star Trek* would get them immediate business," Kaufman said.

Diller won't accept the phrase "fourth network." He likes "program service." "We won't be erecting a building on Sixth Avenue and 58th, but we're in competition . . . because of the rise in broadcast advertising revenue. There is now enough to support more than three networks." Paramount is ready to offer "a limited service." It's flagship, *Star Trek*, the most costly TV series ever, at some $2 million for the special and half-a-million for each of the 20 episodes, will be launched next fall. Roddenberry's already under it: "When we started, we used to debate: What would Earth look like from that far out? We *hadn't been up there yet.* On this show we'll be using laser technology, holography, stuff like that."

With the exception of Leonard Nimoy, the original crew have all reenlisted. Nimoy himself is at the center of a controversy that speaks to the magnitude of trekkie-frenzy. A group of soldiers in the war to preserve *Star Trek* as they knew it is asking for a nationwide boycott of all Paramount productions because of the alleged attempt to write Spock out of the new show after two episodes. Claiming to represent over 25 million *Trek* fans, two Florida women's manifesto states that "Nimoy's Vulcan Mr. Spock . . . [is] *essential* to the integrity of the new *Star Trek* series." Roddenberry and company say that they want new, younger faces. With a lack of Vulcan frigidity Nimoy told a Labor Day convention of hard-core *Star Trek* followers in New York, "My heart is broken."

The writers—including Richard Bach—are hard at it. The two-hour special (the plot of which is predictably restricted knowledge) is based on one of the many movie-script rejects; it starts with the old tub in orbital drydock over San Francisco; there is a robot space ship 50 miles long; there is . . . a Mysterious Force. Alec Guiness won't be on board.

The future, as any trekkie will confirm, is not always reliable. Kaufman wonders whether Roddenberry can ever pilot his 23rd spacecraft out of the 1960s. Diller admits that Paramount's television plans are themselves by no means a racing certainty. "If the economy turns," he told me, "that three-plus network evaporates."

"But, even if it doesn't go, we will still do *Star Trek*. Even if a network didn't pick it up, the syndicated value is so high that it would cover a new production.

"And, strangely, it might turn out that this was the way we could make an honest movie."

Beam him up, Scottie.●

Letters

Fish gotta swim

Regarding the issue of animal rights raised on "Riot in Fish Tank II" (October 14)—cast my vote *for* animal liberation.

We do not need to eat their bodies, their milk, their eggs or their honey. We do not need to wear their skins, their fur, their oils or their wool. And no, we don't even need them for research. A legume and grain combination provides enough protein. Dark green leafy vegetables, seeds and nuts can replace milk. Computer simulated models and human tissue cultures can be used for research.

Nermin Buyukmihci
Barto, Pennsylvania

I am a committed advocate of the rights of animals—and support efforts to ensure their preservation and right to a "happy" life. The Kewalo Basin Lab case is essentially a reaction against research by those who do not understand the methods or needs of this sometimes elusive occupation. True, much research is not fruitful—but it is foolish to judge without the benefit of hindsight. The most tragic outcome of this case is that, judging from the account written in *New Times*, Kea and Puka are not better off being free. If they are alive, and not sick, how long can they survive. Are they happy when they are "free?" We seem to assume they are, but for the sake of the animal's happiness shouldn't we find out? What if they are better off in the pools of researchers, in the zoos and in Sea World? Then who is being kind to animals—the liberators or the keepers?

Jerry Bergman
Bowling Green, Ohio

Right-of-way

Thanks for your long-awaited reportage in "America's New Right" (September 30); even a war against an army of dragons has to start some place.

I hope that other liberal readers who, like myself, have an ill-defined impression that something is going wrong with this society, will realize that it may well be we, the liberals of the "New Left," who are much to blame. In retrospect, it seems that, buoyed by surprising successes, we succumbed to the belief that the "Movement" would flourish of its own momentum. We became indifferent with both our active and financial support, and settled back into our own version of the apathetic "good life." In the cynical seventies, we agree to recede into martyrdom. It's not hard to see how we have come to the point Andrew Kopkind describes.

Don Miller
Oakland, California

Thanks so much for featuring "America's New Right." It was almost as delightful to sense the discomfort felt by Kopkind and his trusty source, Aryeh Neier, that so oozed from the article, as it was encouraging to those of us who are finally *winning* the battle for less government, more responsibility and a better world.

Bill McIlhany
Newport Beach, California

Dizzy Lee

I was delighted to read George Kimball's marvelous piece, "The Devil in Bill Lee" in your September 30 issue. Lee seems to me to be a throwback to the Dizzy Dean days. In a sport dominated for the past years by the Cincinnati Reds (who in attitude and appearance make the DAR look like the SLA), it's essential to have a person like Lee to lend some anarchy.

Martin L. Samuels
Shrewsburg, Massachusetts

Hisstory

I welcome almost with tears of relieved rage the clear, solid article by Fred Cook on the framing of Alger Hiss in 1950 ("'The Typewriters are Always the Key'"); and I welcome in particular the evidence that the late J. Edgar Hoover, in addition to Richard M. Nixon, was an odious instrument of a fraudulent prosecution when he was supposed to be directing an impartial, objective inquiry.

Twenty years ago, I tried to tell my friend Alger Hiss that Nixon and Hoover were the reprehensible odd couple in this affair. In 1958, Cook made a beautiful effort in his own book, *The Unfinished Story of Alger Hiss*, to right this awesome wrong committed in an exercise of national paranoia. But the press in America heralded Nixon and Hoover as heroes.

Here is Nixon's first of many crimes revealed. Alger is well into his seventies now but the nation owes him vindication, if only for the redemption of its own soul.

William Rodgers
Centreville, Maryland

Christmas made easy

NewTimes The perfect gift

Only $10 for your first gift . . . and $8 for each additional subscription.

Your Name
please print
Address
apt. #
City
State Zip
☐ please enter or extend my own subscription
☐ payment enclosed
(please mail card in envelope)
☐ please bill me
2Y45

2
Name
please print
Address
apt. #
City
State Zip
The card should read:

1
Name
please print
Address
apt. #
City
State Zip
The card should read:

3
Name
please print
Address
apt. #
City
State Zip
The card should read:

dditional postage per year: Canadian residents add $2.00 per year. Outside U.S. and Canada add $5.00 per year.

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT #52
BOULDER,
COLORADO

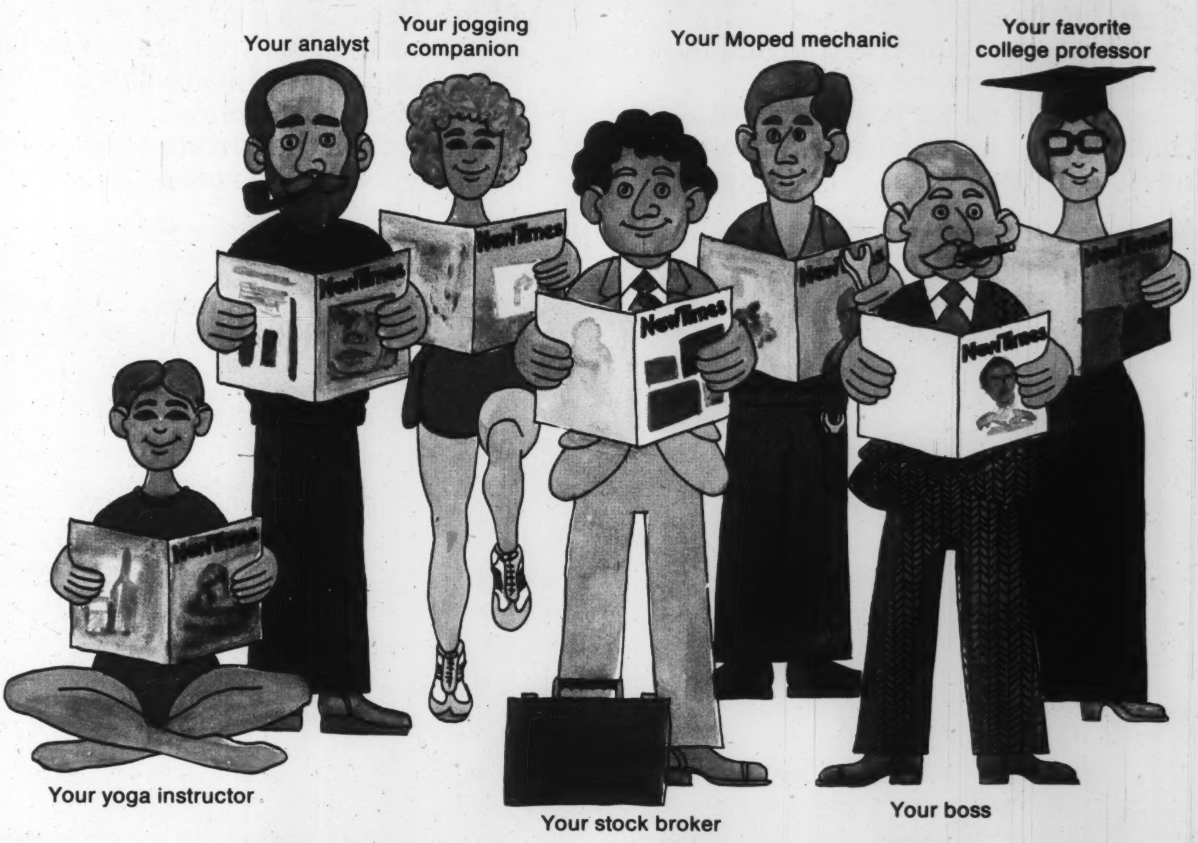
BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
NO POSTAGE STAMP NECESSARY IF MAILED IN THE UNITED STATES

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

NewTimes
P.O. BOX 2471
BOULDER, CO. 80321

Your Christmas gift problems solved!

Put an end to dull Christmas presents with a gift of a whole year of NEW TIMES.


Your analyst
Your jogging companion
Your Moped mechanic
Your favorite college professor
NewTimes
NewTimes
NewTimes
NewTimes
NewTimes
NewTimes
Your yoga instructor
Your stock broker
Your boss

Only $10 for your first gift ...and $8 for each additional gift.

Okay, here are your options. You can give a tie that will hang in your friend's closet all year. Or you can hope that your sister doesn't already have the album you bought her. Or you can give your boss a pen—he can probably use another one of those.

Or you can give 26 issues of NEW TIMES.

There's something in NEW TIMES for almost everyone. On the political front, we've looked at the lavish lifestyle of the Congress, examined Andrew Young's assets to the Carter Administration, and pointed out Bert Lance's liabilities. Ecology buffs were alerted to the hazards of America's water, the potential of solar energy, and the dangers of sugar, hair dye and cosmetics, to name a few.

But we also have our lighter side. Our features have included profiles of Gilda Radner, America's Cup winner Ted Turner, and R2D2. And next year promises more of the same.

So do you really have to think about it? Give a year of NEW TIMES to everyone on your gift list. We'll send a handwritten card in your name in time for the holidays. So beat the rush—order your gifts today.

Mail the card today to be in time for Christmas.

NewTimes

THE PERFECT GIFT

THE 1978 FIATS. FOR PEOPLE

Some people view driving as just a way of getting from point A to point B.

At Fiat, we think there should be some excitement along the way.

So every Fiat we make offers a challenge and a feeling to a driver that's missing in other cars.

You don't just push the pedals and steer a Fiat. Because a Fiat puts you directly in touch with the experience of driving.

You know just when to downshift when you go into a corner.

You can tell the surface of the road from the feel of the wheel.

131 Coupe

128 Four Door

124 Spider

WHO ACTUALLY LIKE TO DRIVE.

You can go through the gears without missing a beat.

And since Fiat owners tend to do a lot of driving in a lot of different places, we build our cars to withstand the most difficult conditions.

And we build them to last.

After all, the most important thing you do with a car is drive it. So doesn't it make sense to check into a Fiat?

FIAT

Nothing drives like a Fiat.

131 Station Wagon

128 Hatchback Coupe

X1/9

NEW

KOOL SUPER LIGHTS

Only 9 mg."tar" in both sizes.

And KOOL's refreshing coolness, too.

At last, a low "tar" menthol cigarette with satisfying taste.

20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
KOOL
SUPER LIGHTS
LOW TAR-MENTHOL
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
KOOL
SUPER LIGHTS
LONGS
LOW TAR-MENTHOL

KINGS LONGS

9 mg.'tar' in both sizes.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

©B&W T CO.

9 mg. "tar," 0 .8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

The Somali hijack deal goes down
Last hurrah of the snail darter
Nixon birthplace opens

The Insider

Politics

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED WARD/BLACK STAR

E. H. Hunt: Self-defense

Oh, come on, Howard. We all know it was Martha's fault

E. Howard Hunt has joined the college lecture circuit, denouncing his ex-colleagues while—surprise!—defending himself. Last week the convicted burglar (whose tour has included stops at Brown and Harvard) visited Yale, where he discoursed on "The Lies of Richard Nixon."

Hunt took issue with Nixon's statement to David Frost that Hunt had tried to blackmail the White House. "There was no blackmail in Watergate," Hunt said, explaining that he had only demanded $150,000 because his superiors had promised it to him. "I define blackmail as getting something that is not your due. We regarded the funds as our due."

It was "young, inexperienced" John Dean who misconstrued Hunt's gentle threats to disclose some of the seamier White House horrors as blackmail. Hunt guessed that Nixon chose to believe Dean's "misleading, simplistic assessment of a complex situation" out of self-protection. "If he could say he was forced into doing wrong by blackmail, it would mitigate his own defense."

In mitigation of his own defense, Hunt said he "never identified himself with Gordon Liddy." He also dissociated himself from his former boss, Charles Colson, whom he described as "very much of a self-server."

As for the possibility of any wrongdoing on his own part, ex-CIA agent Hunt says, "The United States had been doing the same thing for 30 years until the night of June 17. Then I was caught. What more can I say?"

—Jeff Morley

Oh, you say Bakke and I say Bakke Let's call the whole case off!

UPI

REVERSE THE BAKKE RULING
REVERSE THE BAKKE DECISION !!

Bakke protestors: Sorry, no landmarks today

Don't bet the rent money that the Supreme Court will hand down a wide-ranging landmark ruling in the Bakke reverse-discrimination case.

A new request by the nine justices that both sides file further written arguments on the meaning of the 1964 Civil Rights Act as it "applies to this case" is open to several interpretations—none of which have been proferred by the court itself.

Some say the justices may want to duck a ruling on the case by sending it back to the California courts for a firmer decision of the civil rights issue; others say they may want to attack the civil rights law issue head-on to back up a sweeping decision.

But a number of Supreme Court railbirds who have had good handicapping records in the past have a more dismal outlook. To them, the request, when measured against the tenor of the court's recent decisions in civil rights cases, means that key members of the court want to bypass the constitutional question in its broad sense: whether or not blacks and minorities should be given preference in public programs.

Instead, this argument runs, the court will hand down a ruling limited to the application of the federal civil rights law in racial preferences. The decision would hold that, while the Constitution does not necessarily forbid compensatory preferences for minorities, Congress in effect outlawed racial quotas in Title VI of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. The broader question—the validity of compensatory effects on job and educational opportunities—will remain unanswered.

—David Murray

1977's Big Comeback (besides Tommy John): Jack Watson

Among all President Carter's problems these days there stands one bright spot—the once controversial Jack Watson. Last winter, the stories of Watson's struggle with Hamilton Jordan for control of the White House staff filled the political pages of the newspapers. Jordan was not to be unseated as the most privy to the President, and Watson was put on another burner as the man in charge of intergovernmental relations.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Watson: New Life

Watson's burner was not exactly the back one, and he brilliantly managed to turn it into an important position: governors began calling him, not only about policy problems, but about their personal political troubles as well. Watson gathered momentum as a major political force in the Carter administration, one of the few well-coined reputations in the battered administration.

Inevitably, there now emerges talk of making Watson chief of staff at the White House (a position Jordan hasn't filled to everybody's satisfaction), though conventional wisdom says Carter will never freeze out his old buddy.

There Goes the Neighborhood

A meager six-room frame house painted pale yellow with green trim, set in 1.3 acres of southern Californian countryside, was sold recently for $125,000.

It is Richard Nixon's birthplace at 18061 Yorba Linda Blvd., Yorba Linda (100 miles north of San Diego), and the buyers are a group of aged local citizens who have banded themselves into the Richard Nixon Birthplace Foundation.

What do they want to do with it? Make it into a museum, of course. Hurless Barton, an 82-year-old retired Chevy dealer and a close friend of the Nixon parents, Hannah and Francis, is foundation president. Barton has hunted down the original pieces of furniture to refurbish the place.

The bed on which Hannah Nixon gave birth to the disgraced ex-President—a three-quarter size with an iron bed-head—was unearthed, in rusty condition, in Whittier, where Hannah later moved. Barton has scrubbed it up to put in the 8-by10-foot front room at Yorba Linda. The upright piano on which Nixon learned to play and his childhood violin have been found. As have the family's china cupboard and Nixon's preschool books.

Baby Dick: Open house

BLACK STAR

These concerned Nixonians have built a 5-by-10-foot sign with a brass inscription reading "Birthplace of Richard Nixon—37th President" and rested it on a base "made with a rock from every State of the Union," according to Barton.

A custodian for the Yorba Linda school district lives in the house at present.

The foundation bought the house from the school district with a $5,000 down payment, though there could be a hitch. Barton says he doesn't have anywhere near the $125,000—just promises from Nixon's "friends," whom Barton refuses to name.

The ex-president "is all for the project," says Barton. But he hasn't contributed a dime. *—Jane Perlez*

AFRICAPIX/BLACK STAR

Somalis at war: They needed materiel

The *quid* was getting Somalia's official cooperation for the dramatic West German rescue of the hijacked plane at Mogadishu airport. The *quo*, however, may well be increased bloodshed in the already bloody war between Somalia and Ethiopia.

Government and diplomatic circles in Washington and at the United Nations are buzzing with reports that the United States, West Germany and Britain—all of which put a heavy arm on the Marxist Somalis to allow the German police commando team to rescue the hostages—promised aid payoffs for the Somali help. Nor are the reports being flatly denied.

The payoffs, say foreign diplomats and Washingtonians in a position to know, will include hardware and money for Somalia, once nearly without friends in the industrialized countries, to pursue its war against Ethiopia over the disputed Ogaden desert region.

The aid, say these officials, will probably not take the form of lethal military hardware, at least from the United States, but will likely include such items as trucks, medical supplies, packaged foodstuffs and spare parts for equipment, which have civilian and military uses.

Also discussed as the three Western governments tried to strike a deal before the terrorists killed the hostages and more of the Lufthansa crew was the small matter of possible economic credits. "It doesn't take a genius to know that these credits can go to a third country to buy arms," said a West German diplomat.

This fast horse-trading, if the West lives up to the reported promises, came at a particularly bad time, both for the Ethiopians, who are being hard-pressed to defend their territory, and the United States, which had managed recently to lift itself above the dispute.

The Soviet Union, which wants naval facilities in the Horn of Africa, had been supporting Moslem Somalia, which has 3 million souls and a not-bad port. But the Russians saw a chance to make friends and influence many more people (25 million) with support for the left-wing Ethiopian military dictatorship in Addis Ababa as well. It didn't work. The Soviets, because of the increased hostilities in the Horn, were forced to choose. They decided on Ethiopia, with its big population and viable economy.

The United States, whose ideological differences with the Ethiopian dictatorship had opened the way for the Russian move, decided to stay out of the whole thing once the Russians had moved in. Then came the hijacking and the quick deal. Some voices say that the best course open to Washington, London and Bonn is to do nothing overt and wait for the Somalis to complain. At which point the Somalis can be told—with infinite haughtiness—that of course there was never a question of payment for what was a humanitarian act.

—David Murray

WIDE WORLD

Seventies

Except for this, there is absolutely nothing in this issue about Cheryl Ladd

Gib Dannehower, chairman of the Wella Corporation's advertising agency, says his shampoo people are hoping that Cheryl Ladd, a young, outdoorsey beauty, will prove more sympatico with the younger woman than the previous Wella girl, Farrah Fawcett-Majors. Farrah's maturity, according to Dannehower, tantalized 25- to 30-year-olds, but failed to convince teenagers to wash their hair the Wella way. Dannehower says that his people will be "promoting the hell out of" Ladd.

The 26-year-old South Dakotan also stepped into Farrah's TV role, after Charlie's number one angel priced herself out of the show. "Hurray for Farrah," says Dannehower. And no hard feelings. "We're betting that a year from now more people will know more of Cheryl than of Farrah."

So far Cheryl and her tame but slinky coif have filled the covers of *Good Housekeeping, Best Hairdos, TV Guide, US, Superteen* and *People* (twice).

Wella is televising Cheryl's hair during youth shows (*Man from Atlantis, Donny and Marie, Eight is Enough, Love Boat* and *Happy Days*) and of course on Wednesday night, "Wella Night," when Cheryl and Angel partners Jackie Smith and Kate Jackson (Wella's shampoo and deep-down conditioner girls respectively) "walk around with beautiful hair for one whole hour."

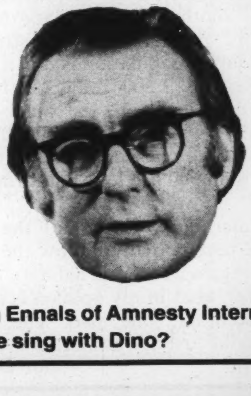
It is Cheryl, the platinum gumshoe (she is married to David Ladd, son of the late Alan Ladd) on whom most promotional labor will be lavished. Blonde highlights better on television than the auburn colors, Dannehower says, and since the conditioner market is less competitive than the shampoo (retail shampoo sales totaled $700 million during the past fiscal year; conditioner sales reached only $200 million), there is "more bang for the buck." Last year, with Farrah's help, Wella's business increased nearly 15 percent. The 73-year-old company foresees a 20 percent annual hike under Cheryl's tutelage.

And the vehicle herself? "It would be a lie to say it doesn't bother me to always be compared to Farrah." Cheryl pauses. Her manicured smile slips away momentarily. "But we're entirely different people. I am also a singer. I perform with a band. And I have a lot of talent to offer."

—Debra Weiner

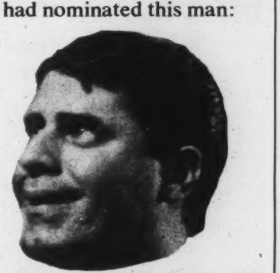
But could Dag Hammarskjold cross his eyes, hang upside down from a chandelier and sing falsetto?

This year, for some silly reason, the Nobel Peace Prize was given to Amnesty International, an obscure organization that has pursued peace tirelessly. One recipient is shown here:



Martin Ennals of Amnesty International: Can he sing with Dino?

This was clearly an egregious oversight when Congressman Les Aspin of Wisconsin had nominated this man:



MOVIE STAR NEWS

Congressman Aspin nominated candidate Lewis on the recommendation of a constituent, Ken Mills, assistant director of instruction at the Gateway Technical Institute community college in Kenoshah, Wisconsin. Despite the fact that Mills expressed a desire to be excluded from any discussion of the nomination, when one devotes energy to the sanctification of Jerry Lewis, the world will want to know why.

"I did it," says Ken Mills, "for two reasons. I had a very personal reason, to return to Jerry Lewis something that he had done for me. I won't say what it was. And of course, also for what he has done for Muscular Dystrophy. When I learned that Mr. Nobel had established the award to be given to those who had caused armies to lay down their arms, but that the guidelines have been liberally interpreted, I said yes indeed, it would be possible for Jerry to win."

Mills prepared a 15-page testimonial to Lewis' character and achievements as "professor, professional entertainer, humanitarian and dedicated family man." "This man has caused," Mills wrote, "indeed millions of people to have loving, charitable and peaceful thoughts and, in fact, to act peacefully, brotherly and charitably. Further, he has done this through his profession as an entertainer, his humanitarian acts, such as his herculean muscular dystrophy efforts, and his reputation as a family man, a working man and a man of high moral character."

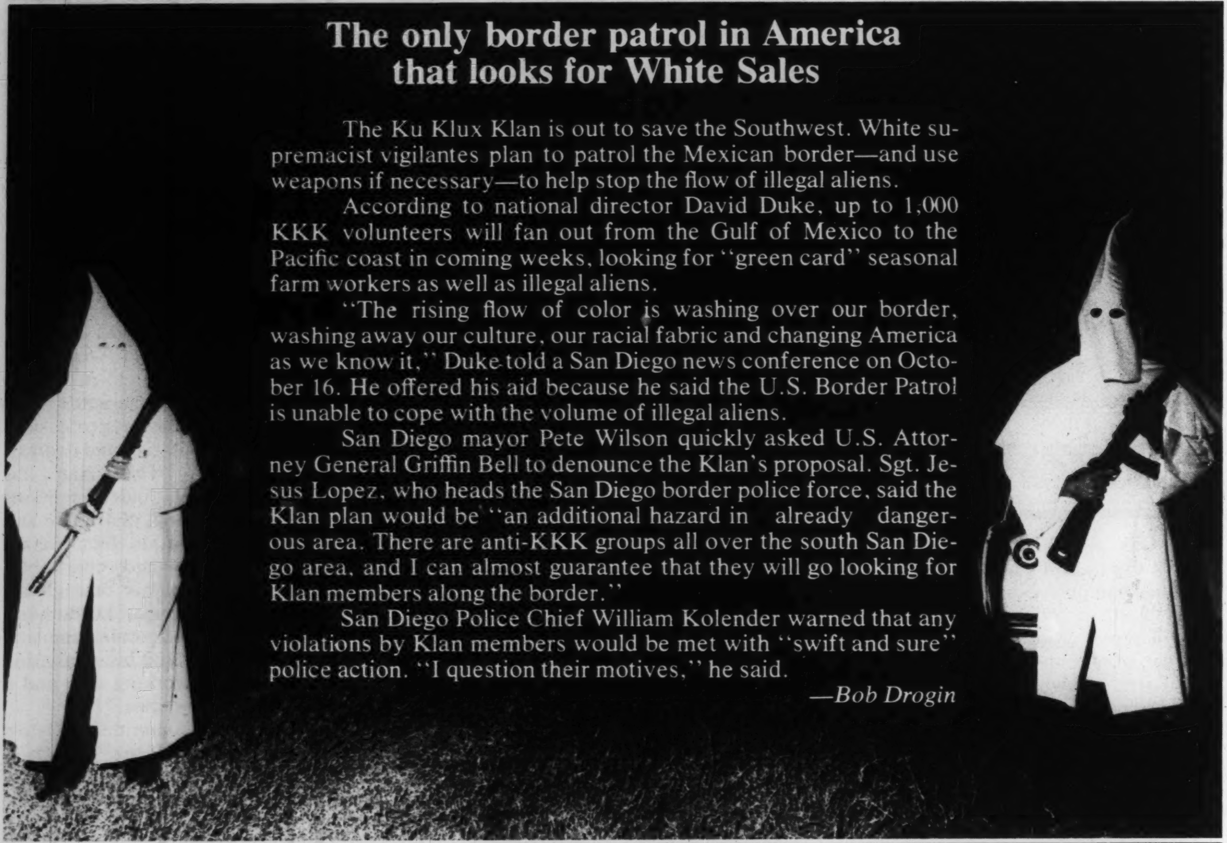
Mills sent the committee in Oslo a 60-minute videotape of the 1976 telethon's highlights, especially Jerry's talks about love, charity and the moving moment in which Frank Sinatra reunited Jerry with Dean Martin.

He included a set of appendices in which Lewis' greatest films were cited (*My Friend Irma Goes West, Martin and Lewis at War with the Army, The Disorderly Orderly*) and, most importantly, pointed out Lewis' work for muscular dystrophy.

This year Jerry raised $26,841,490 in pledges during the 22½-hour telethon. Last year he brought in $21,723,813 in pledges, but when the money came in, the final total was over $23 million. Since he first joined the MDA 27 years ago, when it had $5,000 in the bank and only two doctors and one part-time secretary, Lewis has raised over $300 million, almost half of that from the telethons alone. Understand, Lewis is not just a spokesman, he runs the MDA. And there seems to be no doubt that were it not for him, dystrophic children and adults would still be hidden away like the mysterious child in La Strada; lying in bed in a dark room.

Mr. Mills has strong words for those who don't think Jerry Lewis deserves the Nobel Peace Prize. "My only response to them is that they have never been fortunate enough to give of themselves. You can't be insincere with your heart. Jerry Lewis gives of himself. What I'm trying to say is, we should accept people for the good they give us. Let that stand on its own merits."

—Michael Tolkin



WIDE WORLD

The only border patrol in America that looks for White Sales

The Ku Klux Klan is out to save the Southwest. White supremacist vigilantes plan to patrol the Mexican border—and use weapons if necessary—to help stop the flow of illegal aliens.

According to national director David Duke, up to 1,000 KKK volunteers will fan out from the Gulf of Mexico to the Pacific coast in coming weeks, looking for "green card" seasonal farm workers as well as illegal aliens.

"The rising flow of color is washing over our border, washing away our culture, our racial fabric and changing America as we know it," Duke told a San Diego news conference on October 16. He offered his aid because he said the U.S. Border Patrol is unable to cope with the volume of illegal aliens.

San Diego mayor Pete Wilson quickly asked U.S. Attorney General Griffin Bell to denounce the Klan's proposal. Sgt. Jesus Lopez, who heads the San Diego border police force, said the Klan plan would be "an additional hazard in already dangerous area. There are anti-KKK groups all over the south San Diego area, and I can almost guarantee that they will go looking for Klan members along the border."

San Diego Police Chief William Kolender warned that any violations by Klan members would be met with "swift and sure" police action. "I question their motives," he said.

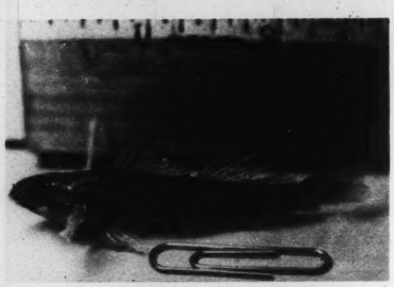
—Bob Drogin

You've seen the movie, now eat the bread

Twentieth Century-Fox can claim another first—the latest *Star Wars* tie-in is a series of trading cards to be marketed not with the traditional slab of concrete bubble gum, but rather, in 70 million loaves of Wonder Bread. In conjunction with the promotion, a massive sweepstakes has been arranged, with prizes ranging from a specially modified *Star Wars* Toyota Celica to copies of the Ballantine paperback.

Meanwhile, *Star Wars*, with a $135 million gross, has just passed *Jaws* to become the latest all-time box-office champ. May the dough be with you.

Builds strong bodies 12 ways



WIDE WORLD

The Darter: Goodbye, little friend

Another species bites the silt

Remember the snail darter, the three-inch-long tan striped perch on the Endangered Species list that stopped construction last February of the Tennessee Valley Authority's 90 percent-completed, $116 million Tellico Dam project in eastern Tennessee? Well, soon the memory will be all that's left: the snail darter is dying out.

"The plain fact of the matter is that the Tellico Dam, whether it is impounded or not, has destroyed the snail darter in the Little Tennessee River," said Lynn Seeber, TVA general manger. The problem is the snail darter breeds only in a 16-mile stretch of the proposed 33-mile reservoir, and nowhere else in the world. And erection of the huge dam, even without flooding the reservoir, has meant the tiny fish have been prevented from swimming upstream to spawn.

On October 20, the TVA agreed to move as many of the fish as they can catch ("100 or 200 at most") to a site a mile above the dam. "We think it's kind of futile, but we've agreed to transplant them," said a TVA spokesman, claiming the fish would just be swept downstream again. "We think they will eventually just pass away." He said the TVA would rather move the fish to another river and be done with them.

It probably soon won't matter. Dr. David Etnier, the University of Tennessee ichthyologist who discovered the snail-eating Percina tanasi in 1973 (one of 117 species of darter, distinguishable from one another only by experts and presumably mother darters), estimates the snail darter population is down from 15,000 then to 3,500 today, although "It's hard to estimate the number of these animals when you can't see them." The TVA is more pessimistic: they figure no more than 500 are left, and dropping fast.

Etnier believes part of the dam should be taken down to allow the snail darter to regain its natural habitat. "That would offer what in my opinion is a permanent solution," he said. The TVA says it would cost $16 million to save the little perch.

—Bob Drogin

Mind & Body

PHOTOGRAPH BY A.J. LEVIN/BLACK STAR

In dyeing there is no death

In our story on California biologist Bruce Ames (*NT*, Sept. 16), we reported that one of the substances implicated in his test for potential carcinogens was hair dye. But here's some reassuring news from Britain: when an Oxford group compared 191 women who developed breast cancer to 561 normal women, they found that the proportion of women in both groups who used hair dyes was so similar (17.3 percent vs. 16.4 percent) that the difference was insignificant. Two of the breast cancer patients (about 1 percent) were hairdressers, but so were 10 (also 1 percent) of the controls.

Chew your steak, but don't inhale

Steak has been slammed because of what it can do to your heart. Now the cancer specialists are hopping on it as well, on two counts:

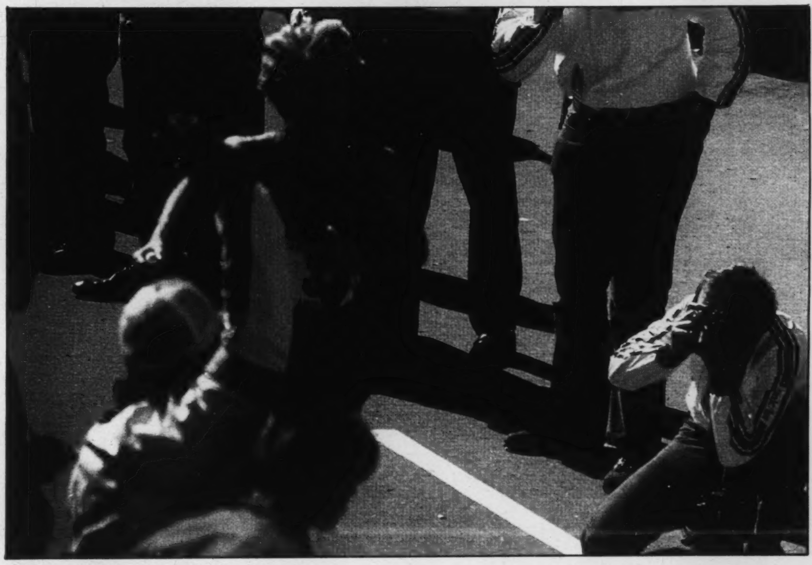
1) A study comparing Americans and Japanese shows that fat in food may increase the likelihood of breast and colon cancer. In Japan these cancers occur at rates half that of the United States; 20 percent of the average person's calories come from fat in Japan, 40 percent in America. 2) Maryland nutritionist Lon Crosby revealed that a person who eats two 12-ounce charcoaled steaks in a *week* gets more tar than from smoking two packs of cigarettes a day.

The American Cancer Society allows that it's "concerned." It is waiting for "overwhelming evidence" before it starts lobbying for "Beware: The Surgeon General has determined that T-Bones are dangerous to your health."

—Larry Frederick

Post Script

And coming across the finish line by a length . . .



PHOTOGRAPH BY NANCY WEINSTOCK/NEW TIMES

Bill Rodgers: Repeat victor

In contrast to the riotous mania that took over Yankee Stadium after the Bronx's series triumph, the New York City Marathon on October 23 was an urban love feast, a paradigm of megapolitan harmony, a Woodstock nation of callous-worshippers. It was the largest spectator event in recorded history: an estimated 800,000 people watched.

Halfway through, *New Times* contributing writer Sam Merrill, who wrote on the obsession of running in "Man on the Run" (NT, October 28), caught up with a woman who was running in bare feet, holding her shoes in her hands. They fell to talking. After a while, the woman, a stranger to Merrill, said, "Gee, Sam, you're doing better than your Yonkers marathon." It was like that all day. *New Times*, one of the sponsors of the marathon, did the official program—which included the Merrill piece. Since almost all the runners there had read the program, they recognized Sam. "Most of them told me that they had already passed it on to friends, saying, 'This is how crazy you can get.'" Merrill himself got crazy enough to run the route in 3:27, a new personal record.

Also finishing quite well was long-legged, sinewy *New Times* publisher George A. Hirsch, who came across the line at 2:40,a new personal record. Waiting for him was a third person in a *New Times* shirt, one who'd come in almost half an hour earlier: Bill Rodgers, 29, of Melrose, Massachusetts, took the marathon for the second year in a row. His time, 2:11:28.2, was not a personal record, but good enough to win by more than two and a half minutes. The massive crowd, not wild in the streets, cheered lustily through the five boroughs.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NANCY WEINSTOCK/NEW TIMES

Publisher Hirsch: Our boy

AT BALL STRIKE OUT INN
0 0 0 9

ROYALS
YANKEES

WILD IN THE STANDS

BY PETER S. GREENBERG

fan (fan), *n.*, enthusiastic devotee or follower: *a sports fan.* [short for FANATIC]

The game started at 9 p.m. last October 18, but the fans began drinking their dinners hours earlier, en route to Schaefer Stadium and in the parking lots outside the Foxboro, Massachusetts, sports complex. By game time, all the participants—the New England Patriots, the New York Jets, the ABC Monday Night Football crew and the crowd—were primed for action. There was plenty of it. While the Patriots were routing the Jets, 41–7, jubilant fans turned on each other, on the cops, and out onto the field. The game was interrupted half a dozen times as eleven rowdies, chased by security guards, tried out the Astro Turf. Twenty-one fans were arrested for disorderly conduct, eighteen were taken into protective custody for public intoxication, two were booked for throwing missiles, two for assault and battery and one for possession of a dangerous weapon. One fan stole another's wheelchair and was charged with larceny. Thirty spectators were taken to a hospital with cuts and bruises, one was stabbed and two died of heart attacks. Foxboro policeman Tom Blaisdell sustained a dislocated jaw and a concussion, and while a local sheriff was administering mouth-to-mouth resuscitation to a coronary victim in the stands, a drunken fan urinated on them both. "It was a tough game,"

HIT THE
BLEACHER
BUM

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICKEY PALMER/FOCUS ON SPORTS

A peace of the action: When L.A. slaughtered the Yanks, there was no blood

said Foxboro police chief John Gaudett as he reviewed that night's blotter. "But I've seen even worse."

This year, it all started to build up again in the ninth inning of the second game of the World Series at Yankee Stadium.

It was a long, easy fly ball to center field on a beer-filled, capacity crowd night. Dodger outfielder Glenn Burke positioned himself for the catch. A dozen feet away, as right fielder Reggie Smith ran behind Burke to watch him make the final putout of the game, he was pasted in the head by a hard, red rubber ball hurled with malicious accuracy from the upper deck.

The ball popped Smith on the button of his cap, driving his head into his neck and knocked him to the ground. He was stunned and dizzy, but miraculously he made it back to the Los Angeles dugout. Forty minutes later, while his teammates were celebrating, Smith sat in front of his locker. He still had his uniform on, and he was mad. "I've got spasms in the back of my neck and pain in the back of my head," he told reporters. "Those people were throwing ice cubes, apples and frisbees. Nothing they do surprises me."

Life in the Dodger bullpen that evening had been at least as dangerous. "The fans above us were going crazy," reported Dodger catcher Johnny Oates. "I was standing out there and I felt something graze my ear. It turned out to be an empty fifth of whiskey. But they were throwing beer cans, smoke bombs, brandy bottles and everything else they could get their hands on."

For obvious reasons, many Dodgers couldn't wait to recross the Hudson River. As pitcher Mike Garman said, "We need three wins at home, so we don't have to come back here and see those animals."

Unfortunately, the Dodgers were not that lucky. For the sixth (and, as it turned out, final) Series game, everyone had to come back to the house that Ruth built. And they came prepared.

Instead of using one of the three main passenger terminals at Kennedy Airport, the Dodgers had their chartered plane land at a deserted hangar usually reserved for cargo. Yankee Stadium officials hired an additional 300 rent-a-cops to patrol the inside perimeter of the ballpark and New York's finest announced that a special contingent of 350 policemen would also be on hand.

Television has allowed people to become professional fans, and some psychologists suggest that stadium rampages may actually be an indirect result of the "instant replay" syndrome

But would they be ready for Rick? The 18-year-old college dropout had arrived two hours early for the night game. Near the left field foul pole, he was drinking his fourth beer with Bob, his underage friend from Connecticut .

"I've waited a long time for this game," Rick said, wiping some spilled brew from his dark blue nylon Yankee warm-up jacket. He started to laugh. "Those monuments," he boasted, pointing to the plaques honoring Gehrig, Higgins and Ruth, "they mean nothing to me. I'm just here to see it happen for myself and get down. And," he predicted with a sly, half-drunk grin, "it's gonna happen. They can't stop us."

Rick and Bob weren't alone. By game time the bleachers and upper decks were teeming with similar white middle-class types, a bizarre menagerie of *Clockwork Orange* and *Happy Days* escapees who had bought their tickets for one apparent goal: kick ass if we lose, and kick ass if we win.

Outside the stadium, and out of view of the ABC cameras, two dozen blue-and-white Dodge arrest vans, mounted police, communications trucks and ambulances anticipated the end of that championship season.

They didn't have to wait long. By the sixth inning, some twenty loyal locals had been forcibly escorted from the game for fighting, and another six had been busted for disorderly conduct.

Despite the activity, the playing field stayed deceptively clear of fans and debris. Until the eighth inning. You could almost feel it coming. With the Yankees ahead by a comfortable 8–3 margin, they started to move. The inside cement ramps leading from the upper decks were jammed with fans, clenching cans, sticks and amber glass missiles of Schlitz, Miller and Rheingold beer bottles. They were scrambling as though on some demented Strategic Air Command mission, to take their self-appointed positions as close to the field as possible.

As if in a predictable and poorly choreographed opera, the rent-a-cops took up positions near the third base rain tarpaulin and by the photograpers' box just off first. The electronic scoreboard, which all evening had exhorted the fans to "CHARGE!" after each Yankee hit, now lit up with a different message:

LET'S SHOW OUR GUESTS THAT NEW YORK FANS ARE NOT ONLY THE GREATEST IN THE WORLD BUT THE MOST CONSIDERATE AS WE WELCOME THE DODGERS INTO OUR HOME . . .

The announcement wasn't even met with the expected chorus of Bronx jeers. It was ignored. Rick was right. It was about to happen. Out in right field, Reggie Jackson was beginning to realize how the other Reggie felt. Jackson had hit three home runs that night, was voted the MVP award, but in the top of the ninth it suddenly didn't matter. He wasn't as much a hero as he was a target.

HOWARD COSELL: Now a fan ran out. A fan ran out to hug Reggie Jackson. Reggie personally escorts him back into the stands. Still another, doing the same thing. Reggie shakes his hand.

P.A. SYSTEM: Ladies and gentlemen, no one is to go on the field at the end of the game.

COSELL: Do you hear the public address now?

KEITH JACKSON: I'm not sure that I

would want to be shaking hands with some idiot that's just running out on the field in the course of a game. In the first place, how do you know how he's going to behave when he gets there?

COSELL: You're just telling it like it is, Mr. Jackson.

But no one in right field was listening. First one, then three cherry bombs exploded around Reggie. He got the message, and the fearless slugger called time and ran toward the Yankee dugout for his batting helmet. In the brief interim a horde of steamed upper deck spectators went on a scavenger hunt for projectiles along the aisles of the high-priced field level boxes.

That started the fights, but they were just the preliminary bouts leading up to the main event. The bell sounded at the third out. The police were helpless. Fans dived, ran, leapfrogged, slithered, jumped, fell or were pushed onto the field, grabbing for players, uniforms, grass, bases, rosin bags and each other.

Reggie Jackson started jogging in from right field but when he saw what awaited him quickly shifted gears. The former high school halfback lowered his head, weaved and dodged, and then rammed into the zealots. He knocked one over, cut another down with a swift chop from his right hand. This wasn't O.J. running for his rent-a-car. This was R.J. running for his life.

So was Yankee Graig Nettles. At the precise moment pitcher Mike Torrez caught the game-ending pop-up, the third baseman was racing across the diamond, punching his way into the sanctuary of the dugout.

Out near the left field bleachers, an area sportswriters call Death Valley because few hitters have ever slammed a

TAKE ME OUT OF THE BALL GAME

BY CLARK WHELTON

In the sixth game of the World Series, with the home team Yankees leading 4 to 3, Dodger manager Tom Lasorda brought in a relief pitcher. As 56,407 screaming Yankee fans watched, the bullpen gates swung open and out came a Toyota carrying relief ace Elias Sosa. Standard procedure called for the car to follow the crushed brick running track around the perimeter of the outfield, past the grandstands, to the edge of the Dodger dugout. But this time the Toyota darted straight across the center field grass, over the infield dirt, to the mound.

"What the hell is this?" the man next to me muttered. "They're driving cars on the field now?"

What the man didn't know was that a special committee of security consultants—led by two ex-FBI men from the office of Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn—had decided that the running track route was just too dangerous. All season long Yankee fans had been pelting the bullpen car with garbage as it passed the stands. In the excitement of the World Series, there was concern that some drunken sot might hurl a brick or bottle right through the windshield. It was not efficiency that sent the Toyota down the center of the playing field. It was fear of the fans.

In the last five years, fear of the fans has become such a crucial factor in major league baseball and other professional sports that an entire industry is springing up to meet a new demand for protection. Both Pinkerton's and Burns International—the two largest security guard companies in America—now have special sections devoted exclusively to crowd control at sporting events. So does the Wackenhut Corporation, another nationwide security organization. All three companies have been doing a brisk business protecting the athletes from the fans and the fans from each other.

"Most of our work is in deterring the situations which produce violence in the stands," says an official at Pinkerton's. "For example, we will screen incoming fans for beer bottles or other objects that might be thrown onto the field. But the root problem is the tremendous decline that has taken place in standards of public behavior. Sports fans today are wild in ways they never used to be."

"You know those nets they raise behind the goal posts at football games?" asks an executive at Burns International. "Well, those nets are not to keep footballs from going into the stands. They're to keep the fans from tearing each other to shreds in fights over the ball."

When skyjacking became a major threat to airline travel in the late 1960s, special seminars were convened by the government to explore the psychology of aerial hijackers. Today, leading psychologists and psychiatrists are being called to meetings organized by the commissioner of baseball, who is seeking some rational explanation for the increased lawlessness at major league games. Seminars on fan violence are not a new idea, however. Back in 1974, the Burns Security Institute—a research and communications arm of Burns International—held a sports security conference in Chicago. According to a report published about the seminar, the meeting was attended by "stadium and professional-team security officers, who discussed the changing requirements for the protection of stadium property, the players, and the fans—prompted principally by growing numbers of disorderly spectators."

My own interest in fan violence was sharpened last spring, when I attended a baseball game at Yankee Stadium. I decided to sit in the bleachers, as I do several times a season. But this year the atmosphere had changed. An ambiance of suppressed menace permeated the crowd. It was almost galvanic. At first I thought it was my imagination, because on the surface everything seemed normal. But as the game progressed, I began to notice that the people around me weren't chattering about batting averages and won-lost records. They were talking about money, and how to get it. If the ballplayers could take home a hun-

---

Clark Whelton is a staff writer for the *Village Voice* and author of *CB Baby,* a novel of America.

dred grand a year, why not them? Two men behind me discussed a plan to extort money from Reggie Jackson, who was standing in right field about 50 feet in front of us, by threatening to shoot him from the bleachers. A couple of guys in front of me were speculating about how much dynamite it would take to bring the upper decks crashing down on the fans in the box seats. In the fifth inning, a bunch of kids in the first row were chucking rubber balls at the visiting outfielders. In the sixth inning, a fight broke out between two men who had bumped in the aisle. It was your standard "watch-where-you're-going-mac" shoving match, the kind that spectators used to break up immediately while the combatants snarled hollow threats at each other. But the bleacher crowd was starved for action. There was a frantic rush for a better view of the fight. It was as if humanity had reverted 20,000 years in 20 seconds. Shouts of "Use your feet!" and "Fuck him where he breathes!" filled the air. When a couple of ushers finally pushed their way through the crowd and pulled the fighters apart, they were peppered with crumpled-up beer cups and deluged with disappointed howls from the hungry mob. And the tension did not subside. An inning later I left the game for the relative security of the subway system.

In case you're thinking that this problem is peculiar to the Yankees or to baseball games, forget it. A security company executive told me that he gave up his season ticket to the Miami Dolphins' games because he just couldn't take the "unpleasant atmosphere" in the stadium. "It was as if the crowd was constantly ready to explode into violence," he said.

And according to Bob Fishel, spokesman for the American League, the Yankees are "about average" in security problems. Fishel was anxious to play down the problem of violence at baseball games and reminded me that it's really nothing new. In the 1934 World Series, St. Louis Cardinals' left fielder Ducky Medwick had to be removed from the game because Detroit Tiger fans were bombarding him with anything they could throw. But Fishel conceded that security problems have become more pronounced in recent years.

A case in point is the incredible fan-player riot that took place during a 1974 game between the Texas Rangers and the Cleveland Indians. It was "Beer Night" (25 cents a cup) at Municipal Stadium in Cleveland. Over 22,000 thirsty fans were in the stands and eager to avenge the abuse which had been heaped on the Indians by fans in Texas the week before. From the first inning there was trouble. Fans ran onto the field, challenged Texas players to fights, and generally raised hell. In retaliation, Texas manager Billy Martin was alleged to have tossed gravel at the people in the stands. The 25 cent beer kept flowing and the fans grew wilder. In the ninth inning, with the score tied, a man leaped from the seats and approached Texas outfielder Jeff Burroughs. A fistfight broke out. Both dugouts emptied; so did a large area of the grandstands. Mayhem reigned. Finally, umpire Nestor Chylak (who was chief umpire in this year's World Series) forfeited the game to Texas.

Two men discussed how to extort money from Reggie Jackson by threatening to shoot him from the stands; two guys speculated about how much dynamite it would take to bring the upper decks crashing down

The repercussions of that Cleveland donnybrook were felt throughout the world of professional and college sports. Stadium managers, team owners, coaches and league officials began to speak openly about the shared problem of fan violence, and what could be done about it. But everyone was cautious.

"You have to understand what a sensitive issue this is," says a spokesman for Pinkerton's. "The sports fan is the bread and butter of the huge sports industry. Everything depends upon the people who buy the tickets. Nobody wants to alienate them. If a team gets the reputation of being unnecessarily harsh with the fans who cause trouble, how will the other fans react? Will they stop coming to games? Our motto in these matters is 'Kid glove crowd control.'"

The extreme difficulty of controlling big crowd sports events was underscored in the 1974 Burns Security conference in Chicago. One of the speakers was George Arneson, security director of the Minnesota Vikings. Arneson discussed the various security problems caused by fans who hold pregame tailgate parties in the parking lot and then enter the stadium sloshed with martinis. One problem was the long walk from the bleachers to the men's room, which some men solved by urinating off the back of the stands. This makes things a little moist for people below and complaints began to come in. In classic style, however, the complainants "didn't want to get involved."

"But this was a serious situation that could not be ignored," Arneson said. Simply tossing the bums out was not the answer, because the local police were "apprehensive about creating a riot situation and innocent bystanders might get hurt." So the following week Arneson was stationed in the stands along with "two attorneys, two policemen, and two private security people." They all witnessed the rainmakers in action and then addressed letters to the offending season ticket holders. They were declared *personae non grata*, and banned from the ball park. But the question of crowd control is sensitive, Arneson said, that "sometimes you cannot oust anyone for profane language without disturbing a whole section and creating a furor."

"The fans come to see an event," says a spokesman for a professional football team. "If security personnel try to eject an unruly fan from the stadium, that incident becomes part of the event, of the spectacle. The fans get involved in the ejection just as they do in the game. They take sides, and root for their favorites, and sometimes help a guilty party to escape."

"When you're dealing with tens of thousands of people," says Bob Fishel of the American League, "You've got to be sure that you don't make a bad situation worse. Sometimes people ask me why—when spectators go onto the playing field—we let them stroll around for a minute or two, hoping they will come off by themselves. The answer is simple. Fans like to root for the underdog. If they see an overweight police officer chasing some kid all over the outfield without being able to catch him, it creates even more of a disturbance. It fosters disrespect for the law. So we try to let the intruder come off by himself, and that's when we make the arrest. The American League encourages all its teams to prosecute people who disrupt games or cause trouble in the stands."

Most professional teams, however, are reluctant to take their fans to court, except in the most serious cases. From a public relations point of view, prosecuting the hand that feeds you is a no-win proposition. Ejection—or banishment—from the stadium is the penalty of choice.

"We inform our fans that they will be subject to arrest and fines if they go onto the field," says Randy Adamak, a spokesman for the Cleveland Indians. "But usually it doesn't happen. We don't go through with it. We just show them the door."

But Bill Hahl, security chief for the New York Mets, takes a harder line. "We had a streaker run naked across the field a few years ago," Hahl says. "We knew we had to crack down fast or we'd have streakers every night. So we took that guy to court. He was convicted and fined $150 or 15 days. Unless the team gets involved, the problems get worse."

"We urge prosecution," says Art

Fuss, a security director with the baseball commissioner's office. "But it's a matter for each team to decide. Most teams are generous."

The Yankees are one of the most generous. After the final World Series game, ecstatic fans began to rip the seats from the concrete. Police officers moved in to make arrests, but the Yankee brass called them off. "The seats are expendable," the cops were told.

Because arrest and prosecution of their fans is distasteful to most professional teams, heavy emphasis is placed upon prevention. Burns International surveyed 17 professional team owners and found that 14 of them had "package inspection programs" at entrance gates. Beer, liquor and objects that might be thrown or used as weapons are confiscated at the turnstiles. Bob Keating, former director of security for the New England Patriots, developed a policy of frisking fans on the way in. "You don't want to jeopardize the franchise and lose fans," Keating told the Burns security seminar. "But . . . if a fan has a can or bottle, he may try to throw it at somebody."

The Burns survey of team owners also revealed that 15 of the 17 executives thought spectator drinking was worse than 10 years ago, 12 pinpointed "disorderly patrons" as their major security problem, and 14 thought that fans were worse behaved than a decade ago. Virtually everyone agrees that the problem of spectator violence has increased. The question that has everybody arguing is "Why?"

"We have come to a few conclusions," says Art Fuss of the baseball commissioner's office. Fuss was reluctant to discuss the specifics of the psychological profiles developed in the commissioner's security seminars. "In general, however, what we know is that all kinds of social barriers have been lowered in the last 10 years. In many cases it's just a question of the social ills outside the ballpark coming inside. If you have violence in the streets, you have violence in the stands. If you have 20,000 people in a stadium, you're bound to have a few troublemakers, just as you would in a town of 20,000 people.

"Another factor is the fan's sense of entitlement. They often feel that they have a right to behave any way they want to. The psychologists call this a 'proprietary' feeling. The ball clubs have been cultivating the fans in recent years with 'appreciation days,' and give-away programs such as 'bat days,' and 'ball days.' This can go to the head of some fan who then thinks he's just about the most important guy in the stadium."

Lawrence Burnett, spokesman for the Wackenhut Corporation, agrees. "We're getting more and more fans who sincerely believe that what they want is more important than the wishes of everybody else around them. A few years

Blue Maguey cactus hearts ripe and ready for distilling at Tequila Cuervo's La Rojeña plant.

Since 1795 Cuervo Gold has been made in only one way. And in only one place.

In Tequila. Where the pampered Blue Maguey plant still flourishes amidst the rich, volcanic soil and perfect climate as it has since 1795.

Where over 182 years of tradition is still a way of life.

This is what makes Cuervo Gold special. Versatile and adaptable. Neat, on the rocks, with a splash of soda, in a perfect Sunrise or Margarita, Cuervo Gold will bring you back to a time when quality ruled the world.

Cuervo.
The Gold standard since 1795.

CUERVO ESPECIAL® TEQUILA. 80 PROOF. IMPORTED AND BOTTLED BY © 1977
HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

ago the crowd would have straightened them out on this point. But now the crowd . . . just watches."

"Athletics have become a direct substitute for war," says Thomas Tutko, a psychologist at San Jose State University. No sport is out of the combat zone."

"If attitudes don't change," says Dr. David Bachman of the Chicago Bulls basketball team, "we're going to have to do what soccer officials have done in South America: put up a fence and moat to keep the fans away from the players."

Fights among the professional athletes themselves are more frequent too. Several professional hockey players have been indicted for assaulting their opponents on the ice. Professional football—already a violent sport (a football player is 200 times more likely to be injured than a coal miner)—is getting even more violent. But when Chuck Noll, coach of the Pittsburgh Steelers, complained about the vicious "criminal element" among the football players, he was fined by the National Football League. If increasing violence on the field is being tolerated, why not increasing violence in the stands?

In attempting to analyze any aspect of human behavior, it is always important to ask "Why?" But an equally important question is rarely asked, and that is "Why not?" Why *shouldn't* a sports fan pour beer on bullpen pitchers, or throw an orange at Hank Aaron (who was struck in the head in San Francisco) or toss ball bearings and rocks at hockey players? Why *shouldn't* a spectator beat up a fellow fan for rooting for the wrong team? Why *shouldn't* a kid in the bleachers hit Dodger right fielder Reggie Smith with a hard rubber ball?

The answer is obvious. Because there will be a penalty to pay if they're caught. You can talk about courtesy and consideration for others and that will get you high marks in a civics class, but when you get down to the dynamics of crowd behavior you're talking about a critical balance between what people want and what they think they can get away with. We know *why* people behave outrageously, or dangerously, or illegally, at sports events: because they enjoy it. There have always been people who get a kick out of hurting or disturbing other people. There may be some profound psychological reason why they behave the way they do, just as Hitler's problems with his mommy may give us interesting insights into World War II. But the immediate question is not how to understand such people, but how to prevent them from injuring others. The traditional answer has been to set penalties for their behavior that they are not willing to risk.

Today those penalties have dwindled in their power to dissuade. While I was watching kids throw rubber balls from the bleachers last spring, I tried to think of what I could say to discourage them. And it occurred to me that, by recent standards, throwing something at a baseball player is hardly worth worrying about. In New York, a juvenile offender convicted of first degree murder—*first degree murder*—is typically sentenced to 18 months in a reformatory, with weekends home. On a scale where murder rates 18 months, what can you do to a kid who interferes with a baseball game?

The situation for adults is not much different. Courtrooms around the country are filled with felons. Prison populations are at record levels. Serious crime in America has increased 40 percent in the last five years. Against this background, what could our judicial system do to discourage a man from urinating in a grandstand in Minnesota?

Although American sports fans have become much more violent and disruptive than ever before, it's important to remember that very few people are involved. It's also important to remember that it only takes one person out of 60,000 to disrupt a ball game. Unless fans are caged in the stands, there is probably no way to keep the disruptive few from interfering with the game, or with other fans.

As the last game of the World Series drew to a close, it was obvious the Yankees would hold their 4-run lead and win. With the last Dodger batter at the plate, squads of uniformed security guards filed onto the edge of the field. The announcer warned the fans not to go onto the field at the end of the game, but hundreds of people were already hanging over the edge of the stands, waiting for the final out. When it came, the field was instantly covered with swarming fans, most of them kids. The Yankees had hired an extra 300 guards for the occasion, but they were overwhelmed. Even mounted policemen, galloping around the outfield, didn't have a chance. The cops hauled a few dozen fans away, but they couldn't make a dent in the mob.

Then I noticed something. The stadium crowd hadn't moved. There might have been 2,000 or 3,000 people on the field, but that left another 54,000 in the seats. And they were watching. They weren't cheering, or booing, or celebrating their victory. They were watching the cops and fans battle it out on the field. The entire crowd seemed frozen. For a full five minutes, hardly anyone left the ballpark. They just stood and stared, transfixed by the swirling scene before them. If the bullpen gates had swung open and a pride of lions had trotted into the arena, the crowd would have roared with anticipation.

The Romans knew that, of course. The professional sports teams know it, too. It's just that until lions are legalized, they'll have to depend on the fans.●

baseball there, the cops had their hands full. Helmeted police were being attacked with everything from a barrage of red delicious apples to a two-by-four hurled from the main level.

The bases had already been ripped off, home plate had been ripped up, and now the bottles were ripping away, hitting cops and fans. At least 50,000 onlookers remained in the stands to watch the bloody postgame show. "We're busy, and we're beating heads," yelled 21-year-old stadium cop John Cwikla. "These people are fuckin' crazy." He stopped momentarily to lead his partner to a first-aid station inside the stadium.

The action moved quickly from the reddish dirt warning track of center field, littered with the remains of blue plastic bleacher seats, to the pitcher's mound. Almost instinctively, a few hundred of the crazies ripped up the infield sod, turned to face the ABC booth and responded to Humble Howard's earlier fan diatribes. With fists raised, they chanted "CO-SELL SUCKS . . . CO-SELL SUCKS." There they were, the Bad News Bears in a Brave New World Series, destined to go down as one of the most violent in history.

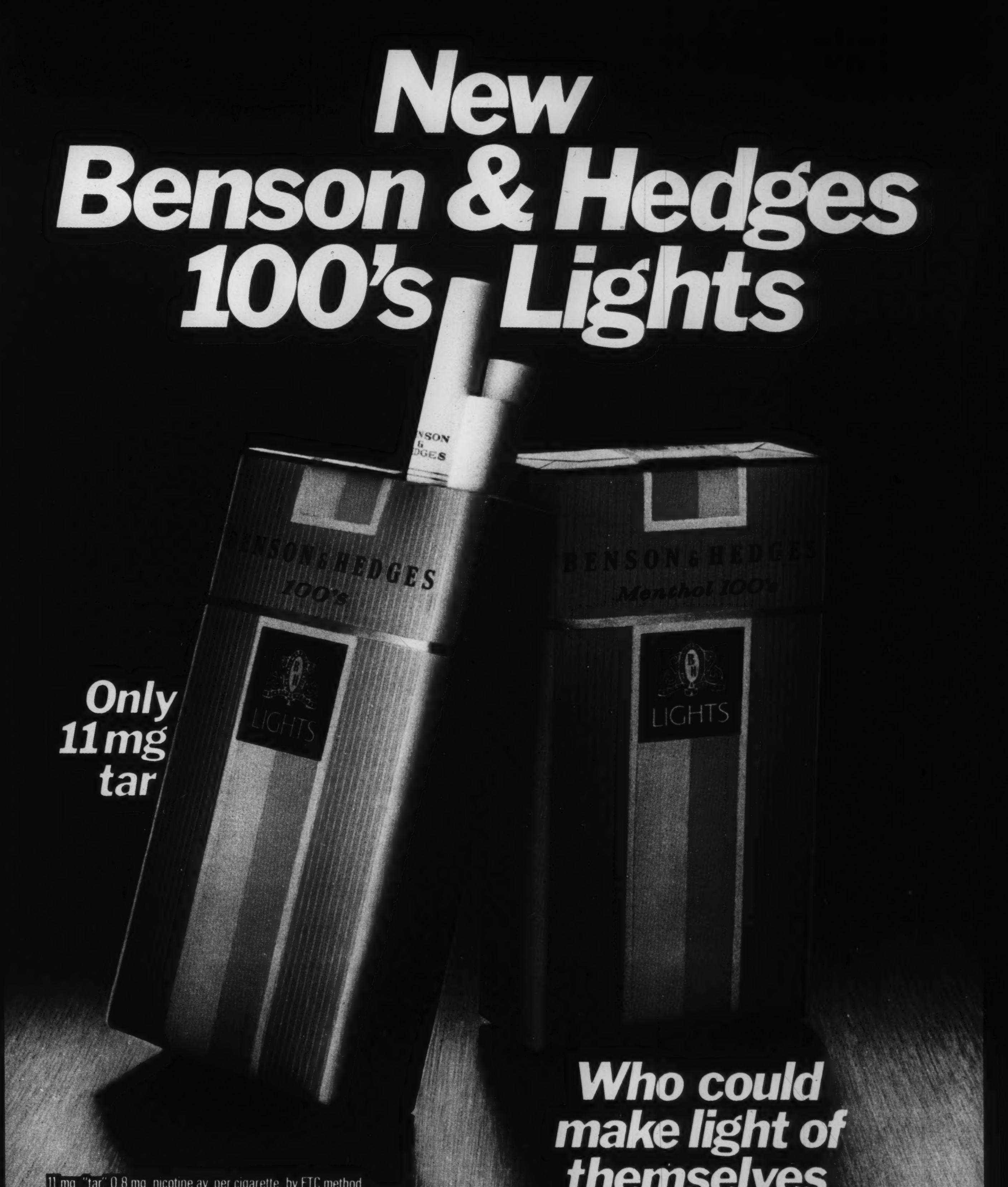
"The NCAA won't like this," says the ABC college game-of-the-week technical director, "but it's almost becoming a controlled riot out there"

Near third base, an injured fan was on the ground, bleeding from a head wound inflicted by a fast-moving bottle of Early Times. The cops had already handcuffed one of his assailants, but some of the vicious Lilliputians just didn't like the guy. They surrounded him while a few of their number punched and kicked him. It lasted for a few minutes. One fan took particular pleasure in going for the man's kidneys. "C'mon, Larry, let's go home," begged his date, tugging unsuccessfully at his jacket. "No, let's stay," he smiled sadistically, digging the right toe of his hiking boot under the fan's rib cage. "This is history."

Fear and loathing in the stands is certainly not a new phenomenon, but mass recreational violence has never before been so rampant in the sports arenas of America.

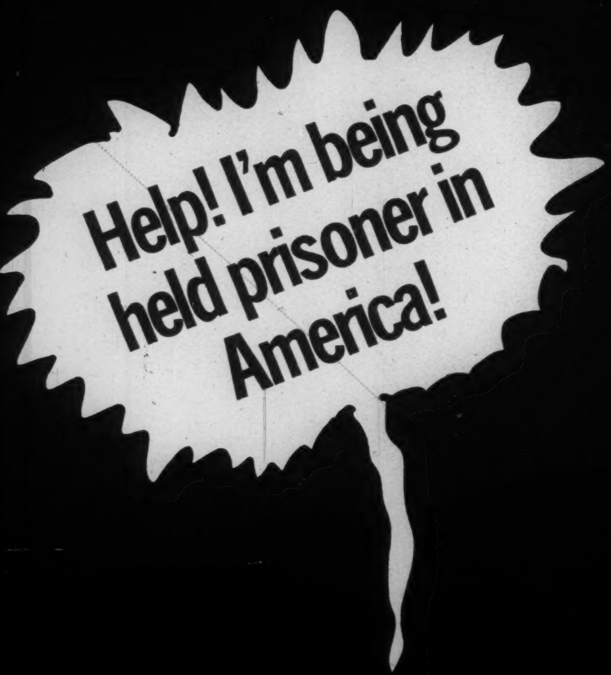
On one hand, the attendance sta-

continued on page 62


New
Benson & Hedges
100's Lights
Only
11mg
tar
BENSON & HEDGES
100's
LIGHTS
BENSON & HEDGES
Menthol 100's
LIGHTS
Who could
make light of
themselves
better?

11 mg "tar," 0.8 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.


Help! I'm being held prisoner in America!

GERONIMO LIVES

Jimmy Carter doesn't need to look to the Soviet Union to find violations of human rights. He could consider the saga of San Quentin prisoner B40319

T.D. ALLMAN

He has sent Rosalynn to Latin America, to impress his abhorrence of torture and political imprisonment on half a dozen ruling juntas.

He has sent Andy Young to Africa, to let the Boers know that his commitment to racial justice and political liberty is non-negotiable.

He has told the UN of America's "historic birthright" to assure the success of freedom not just within America's own borders, but around the world.

Yet recently Jimmy Carter seemed to modify his commitment to human rights, to draw back from his willingness to speak out for the victims of political repression. "The only comment I am free to make . . . is that I hope justice will prevail," the President answered, when asked about a group of political prisoners whom Amnesty International (the Nobel Peace Prize-winning human rights organization) says are in jail not for what they have done, but for what they believe. Carter conceded he was "concerned about this particular case." But he said there was nothing he could do.

This acknowledgement by the President of the United States that he was powerless to intervene against repression in a country with hundreds, perhaps thousands, of political prisoners—a country where, more than any other, his struggle for human rights should be focused—seemed a melancholy admission, coming so soon after his pledge to "combat abuses of individual freedom" with "undeviating commitment until the last day I'm in office."

The country in which Carter feels powerless to intervene is America.

The political prisoners, who Amnesty International, after careful investigation, concluded "were not arrest-

The difference between good and great.

Taste the difference Seagram's 7 Crown makes. Add one part sweet vermouth and a dash of bitters to three parts Seagram's 7. Stir with ice and strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with a maraschino cherry. Or pour over ice in a rocks glass. Either way, you've got a great Manhattan.

Seagram's 7 Crown
Where quality drinks begin.

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. AMERICAN WHISKEY—A BLEND. 80 PROOF.

ed for the crimes with which they are charged, but because of their political work," are not Russians or Chileans. They are American citizens—members of the "Wilmington Ten," nonviolent civil rights workers now serving a combined 282 years in a North Carolina prison. (See box)

The President's corollary to the Carter doctrine—that he has the right and duty to intervene for human rights everywhere in the world except America—represents a marked change in personal tactics. Only six years before he indicated that constitutional propriety barred him from even expressing sympathy for the Wilmington Ten, Jimmy Carter had reacted far differently to another case where many also believed the accused was imprisoned not for what he had done, but as part of a political vendetta. Then Governor Carter of Georgia had not shirked from laying his beliefs on the line and proclaiming a day of official state support for William Calley.

Driving north from San Francisco, after crossing the Golden Gate Bridge, one suddenly approaches a tunnel, its high, arched entrance painted startlingly like a rainbow. The tunnel marks the entrance to Marin County; the rainbow represents the philosophical premise of life there as depicted by the California Department of Highways.

Ten miles beyond the rainbow sits San Quentin prison and a darker side of the American dream.

Like the palm-fringed harbor at Recife, where Mrs. Carter condemned torture in Brazil, like the wine-dark bay at Cape Town, where Ambassador Young denounced apartheid, San Quentin (which no presidential envoy has visited) is a setting of deceptive beauty. A vast, pale yellow palace surrounded by walled gardens, the penitentiary occupies a promontory overlooking the mountains and blue waters Sir Francis Drake discovered; he called it New Avalon.

For Geronimo Pratt, it is more like Hell.

The names of Solshenitzyn, of the Panovs, and Andrei Sakharov are household words in America. But who is San Quentin prisoner B40319? Who is Elmer "Geronimo" Pratt?

He is an American who lives in a five-by-nine cell, a lifer at the age of 30, by all available evidence framed by state and federal authorities for a murder he almost certainly never committed—because of his political beliefs.

He is a man whose wife, then eight months pregnant, was brutally murdered, possibly at the instigation of FBI provocateurs, her body dumped on a Los Angeles freeway. No arrests were ever made, no murder trial was ever held.

He is an American war hero who for five-and-a-half years was put in chains whenever he left his cell, who never heard a radio for three years or saw television for five years, who even now is denied access to the prison library. After nearly seven years, he still is held in maximum security—a prison within a prison—all because of his political beliefs.

Because of his political beliefs, Pratt has been hounded and shot at, surrounded by spies and betrayed by informers. His house, his family, his "right to be let alone," which Justice Douglas called "the beginning of all freedom," have been assaulted by the police and the FBI. His rights under the Freedom of Information Act, under the Privacy Act, under the Civil Rights Act, under a dozen articles and amendments of the U.S. Constitution—all have been stripped from him, because of his political beliefs.

In sum, Prisoner B40319 is one of those "prisoners of conscience" whom so many Americans, high and low, claim to be deeply concerned about these days. Were he Russian, Pratt by now no doubt would have aroused the official concern of the United States government—would, perhaps, even nave received a letter bearing the personal signature of the President. Were he South African, our UN ambassador by now might well have condemned, on the floor of the General Assembly, the government which imprisons him. Were he Guatemalan, Mrs. Carter by now might have raised his case with the chief of state.

But Geronimo Pratt is none of those things. He is just one of thousands of U.S. citizens whose constitutional rights, under the Johnson and Nixon administrations, were systematically violated by what the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence Activities has described as a 15-year government operation "aimed squarely at preventing the exercise of First Amendment rights of speech and association."

So while the American press corps in Moscow waits en masse at the gates of Soviet mental institutions, a journalist at San Quentin always seems

THE WILMINGTON TEN PLUS FOUR

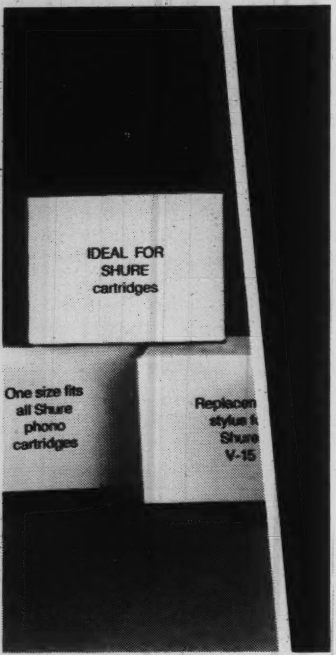
by Edwin Chen

Amnesty International, the worldwide human rights watchdog organization, classifies 14 Americans as political prisoners in their own country—prisoners who were arrested "for their beliefs, color, ethnic origin or religion." It does not make the claim lightly. Indeed, the London-based organization prides itself on its reputation for accuracy and impartiality, a reputation that not only earned it the 1977 Nobel Peace Prize, but that has made it a source of information on human rights violations for both Congress and the State Department.

The 14 "prisoners of conscience" include the "Wilmington Ten," the "Charlotte Three" and a former Detroit black militant named Imari Abubakari Obadele who is serving a 12-year sentence in a federal prison for obstructing FBI agents during their armed raid on a Mississippi house—though he was six blocks away at the time.

"It's impossible to estimate the total number of political prisoners in the United States," says Larry Cox, Amnesty International's New York spokesman, "but there are almost certainly other cases of which we are ignorant. Unlike in other countries, people here are not officially imprisoned because of their political views or actions, or because of their ethnic origins. But in some cases it's difficult to avoid the suspicion that an individual's imprisonment may be due to his political actions rather than the crime which he or she is alleged to have committed." Adds a North Carolina civil rights lawyer, "Charging dissenters with criminal offenses is a wise tactic from the government's viewpoint because it isolates them, makes it harder to build a political defense and deters supporters."

Sometimes, the subtleties of political prosecutions are not easily recognizable; but to Amnesty International, and to many others, there is nothing subtle about the case of the Wilmington Ten. UN Ambassador Andrew Young

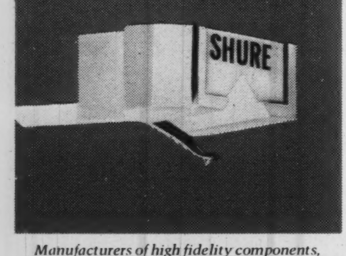


Needle in the hi-fi haystack

Even we were astounded at how difficult it is to find an adequate other-brand replacement stylus for a Shure cartridge. We recently purchased 241 random styli that were not manufactured by Shure, but were being sold as replacements for our cartridges. Only ONE of these 241 styli could pass the same basic production line performance tests that ALL genuine Shure styli must pass. But don't simply accept what we say here. Send for the documented test results we've compiled for you in data booklet # AL548. Insist on a genuine Shure stylus so that your cartridge will retain its original performance capability–and at the same time protect your records.

Shure Brothers Inc.
222 Hartrey Ave., Evanston, IL 60204
In Canada: A. C. Simmonds & Sons Limited

SHURE®



Manufacturers of high fidelity components, microphones, sound systems and related circuitry.

has said that President Carter's human rights policy "is based on the fact that we ourselves are not perfect. The Wilmington Ten, for example, are innocent."

The Wilmington Ten are the Reverend Benjamin F. Chavis Jr., eight black high school students, and a white, female antipoverty worker, all of whom were convicted in October 1972 in North Carolina of conspiring to firebomb a white-owned grocery store in a black Wilmington neighborhood. The fire culminated a string of civil rights demonstrations that began in 1971 when black students boycotted high school because they were not allowed to commemorate the birthday of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. A series of racial disturbances followed. Reverend Chavis, then a 29-year-old black Raleigh minister, was asked by concerned community leaders to come to Wilmington to calm emotions. The state prosecutors later charged Chavis with having masterminded a plot to firebomb Mike's Grocery and to shoot policemen and firemen when they responded to the blaze. A black youth was shot dead in the gunfire on February 5, the night of the fire at Mike's.

Chavis and his co-defendants all had been active in civil rights, church and youth organization activities in North Carolina. None had had any previous brush with the law.

During jury selection at their first trial, Jay Stroud, the prosecutor, developed prolonged stomach pains—after defense attorneys had accepted a jury of ten blacks and two whites. The judge then declared a mistrial. At the second trial, in which the jury included ten whites and two blacks, the defendants were convicted, largely on the testimony of Allen R. Hall, who had pending against him charges more serious than those against the ten defendants. The defendants received sentences totaling 282 years—the most severe punishment ever in North Carolina for arson that did not involve death or injury.

But last year, Hall and two other prosecution witnesses publicly recanted their testimony. A post-conviction hearing was ordered on the basis of their statements and those of a white minister, the Reverend Eugene Templeton, and his wife, who now live in New Jersey, who said they had been intimidated from testifying as defense witnesses in 1972. All five persons appeared last May at the hearing in Burgaw, North Carolina.

Hall was considered to have been the chief prosecution witness because of his testimony that he had heard Chavis urge the firebombing and the "ambush" of police and firemen. But in his public recantation, Hall said: "I did not know Ben Chavis or the other Wilmington Ten until [prosecutor] Stroud told me their names . . . I did not see any of the Wilmington Ten do anything wrong . . . The detective told me that if I did not go along with them that they could put me in prison for life. But I will go to court and tell what Mr. Stroud and them made me do . . . The police and Mr. Stroud told me what to say in court."

Hall, who was 23 at the time, said also that prosecutors had told him that Chavis "was going to have someone kill my mother or one of my brothers." According to court records, Hall has an I.Q. of 78. His recantation went on to say, " . . . and so then, like, they told me what to say in court because I had gotten mad and I had said that for them to just give me a gun, that I would kill Chavis, you know. And so Stroud said, 'No, uh . . . that the best way to get him is through law,' he said, 'because law has so many quirks and turns in it.' And so, like, I went along with that."

That wasn't all. Hall also swore that Treasury agent William S. Walden, who had investigated the firebombing of Mike's Grocery and interviewed Hall, showed him how to make Molotov Cocktails and told him to testify that he had seen dynamite in the basement of the Gregory Congregational Church, where the Templetons were with Chavis and the others. Still later, another youth, Eric Junious, who was 13 at the time of the trial, said Stroud had given him a minibike and a job, at a gas station owned by Stroud's relatives, in exchange for his testimony against the 10 defendants.

While the post-conviction hearing was in progress, Hall twice retracted his recantations in taped telephone conversations with Stroud that were later played in court. In still another taped phone conversation that also was played in court—this one with the chief defense counsel—Hall then retracted *that* retraction. Says Reverend Chavis, who is serving a 29–34-year sentence, "Hall is as much a victim of the state justice system as we are. I have nothing but compassion for him."

After sifting through two weeks of conflicting testimony, North Carolina Superior Court Judge George Fountain refused to grant the Ten a new trial because, he said, he could find "no substantial denial" of their rights. The ruling is now being appealed to the North Carolina Court of Appeals, and Governor James Hunt has been petitioned to pardon the nine men and one woman. Meanwhile, U. S. Attorney General Griffin Bell has ordered the Justice Department to investigate the handling of the Wilmington Ten prosecution and present its findings to a federal grand jury. "It's not good to let something like this fester," says Bell.

to wait alone. And while chic fund-raising cocktail parties are held in Marin County for Russians and Chileans, Geronimo Pratt—like hundreds of other Americans—remains an unknown political prisoner in his own country, his liberties annulled, his every channel of appeal closed, his volunteer lawyer about to abandon a suit against federal and state authorities for violation of Pratt's civil liberties because he cannot raise the $5,000 to keep the case in court.

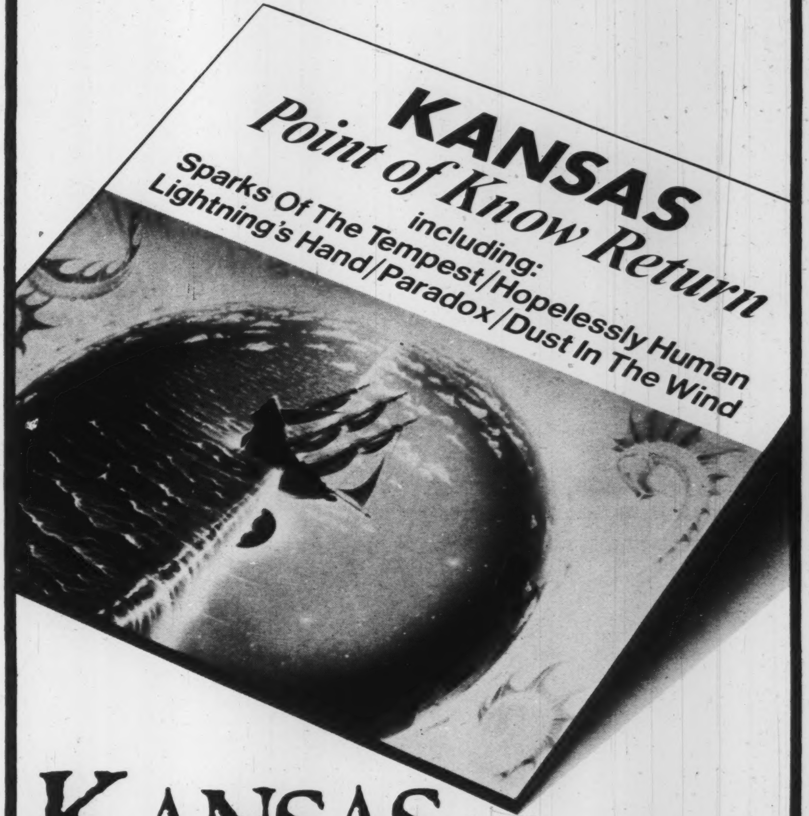
Pratt's education in a "separate but equal" one-room schoolhouse left him a functional illiterate

The gates of San Quentin swing open at 6:00 a.m. to let out the guards on night shift and to receive the delivery trucks of morning. A little later, carefully screened visitors are allowed in.

I always enter San Quentin prepared to be overwhelmed by pity for a broken man. But I never am. There is nothing broken about Geronimo Pratt. Caged, yes. Broken, no. During my last visit, we discussed Tito and Jerry Brown and growing up in Louisiana. Geronimo, who describes his philosophy as "eclectic," talked about the Ionian philosophers and the Maroon Revolt and asked me about the Indian elections. He praised *All God's Dangers* and was critical of *Roots*. We disagreed strongly on Kim Il Sung and the Trilateral Commission. Geronimo said he was looking forward to starting *Falconer*. As he was about to return to his cell, I mentioned that I faced ten hours at a typewriter; he replied, "Cheer up—I find every day brings something good."

Pratt's story is related to those of thousands of other American dissenters who, under COINTELPRO, were harassed, spied on and sometimes framed for crimes they never committed. But Pratt's story is more than that. From the race hate of the Deep South to the explosive ghettos of California, from the brutality of Vietnam to the moral awakening of Watergate, his story is our story.

He was born 30 years ago in rural Louisiana, born black in a white man's world. At the age of 9, he was hauled before a magistrate and accused of "speaking disrespectfully to a white woman." (Pratt says that the white woman pointed out the wrong black kid—not the last time he would discover that, to some white witnesses, all blacks look alike.) At 17, after an education in a "separate but equal" one-room schoolhouse, he was a functional illiterate. He volunteered for the army because "my father

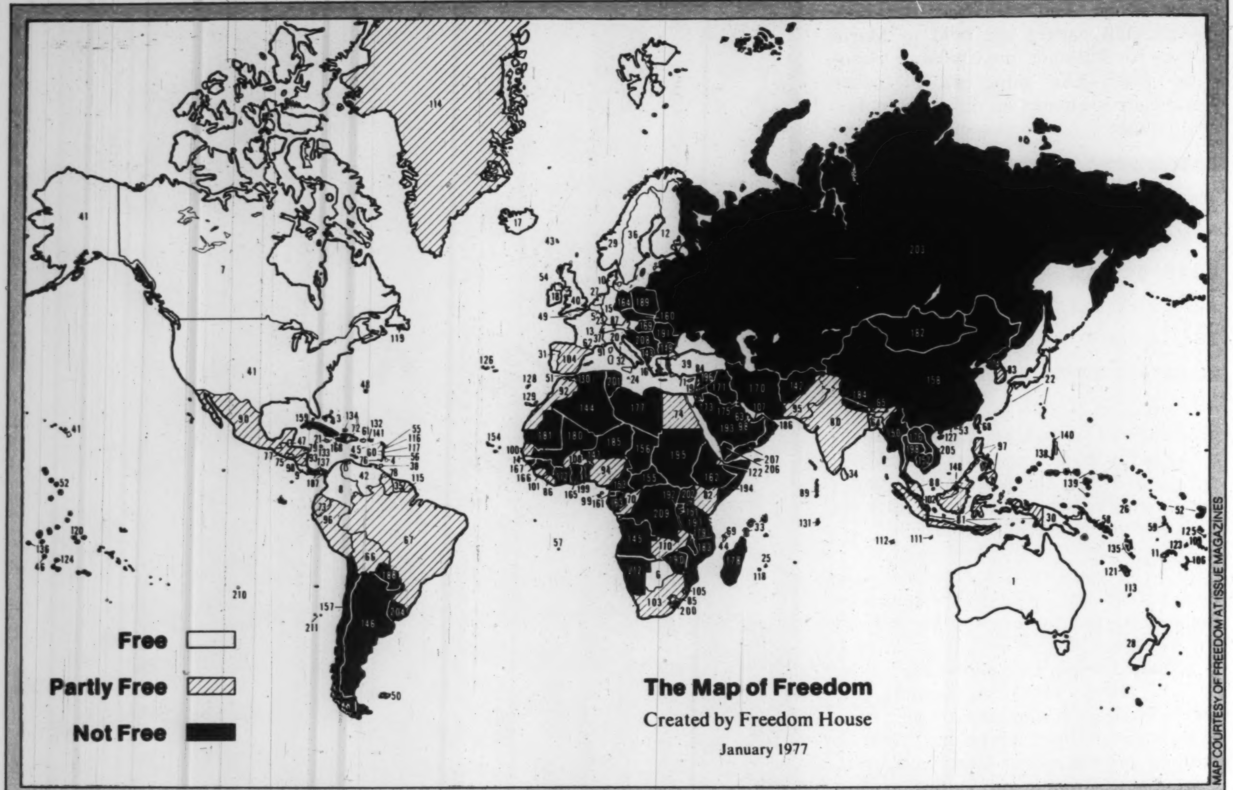

KANSAS
Point of Know Return
including:
Sparks Of The Tempest/Hopelessly Human
Lightning's Hand/Paradox/Dust In The Wind

KANSAS INVITES YOU TO A "POINT of KNOW RETURN."

On Kirshner Records and Tapes.

Distributed by CBS Records. Produced by Jeff Glixman. Management: Budd Carr, BNB Assoc., Ltd.

© 1977 CBS INC.



The Map of Freedom

Created by Freedom House

January 1977

MAP COURTESY OF FREEDOM AT ISSUE MAGAZINES

Free

Nations

1 Australia
2 Austria
3 Bahamas
4 Barbados
5 Belgium
6 Botswana
7 Canada
8 Colombia
9 Costa Rica
10 Denmark
11 Fiji
12 Finland
13 France
14 Gambia
15 Germany (W)
16 Greece
17 Iceland
18 Ireland
19 Israel
20 Italy
21 Jamaica
22 Japan
23 Luxembourg
24 Malta
25 Mauritius
26 Nauru
27 Netherlands
28 New Zealand
29 Norway
30 Papua-New Guinea
31 Portugal
32 San Marino
33 Seychelles
34 Sri Lanka
35 Surinam
36 Sweden
37 Switzerland
38 Trinidad & Tobago
39 Turkey
40 United Kingdom
41 United States
42 Venezuela

Territories & Dependencies

Denmark:
43 Faroe Islands
France:
(Overseas Territory)
44 Mayotte
Netherlands:
45 Antilles
New Zealand:
46 Niue
United Kingdom:
47 Belize
48 Bermuda
49 Channel Islands
50 Falkland Islands
51 Gibraltar
52 Gilbert Islands
53 Hong Kong
54 Isle of Man
55 Montserrat
56 St. Vincent
57 St. Helena
58 Solomons
59 Tuvalu
60 West Indies Ass. States
United States:
61 Puerto Rico

Partly Free

Nations

62 Andorra
63 Bahrain
64 Bangladesh
65 Bhutan
66 Bolivia
67 Brazil
68 China (Nat.)
69 Comoro Islands
70 Congo (Rep.)
71 Cyprus
72 Dominican Republic
73 Ecuador
74 Egypt
75 El Salvador
76 Grenada
77 Guatemala
78 Guyana
79 Honduras
80 India
81 Indonesia
82 Kenya
83 Korea (S)
84 Lebanon
85 Lesotho
86 Liberia
87 Liechtenstein
88 Malaysia
89 Maldives
90 Mexico
91 Monaco
92 Morocco
93 Nicaragua
94 Nigeria
95 Pakistan
96 Peru
97 Philippines
98 Qatar
99 Sao Tome & Principe
100 Senegal
101 Sierra Leone
102 Singapore
103 South Africa
104 Spain
105 Swaziland
106 Tonga
107 United Arab Emirates
108 Upper Volta
109 Western Samoa
110 Zambia

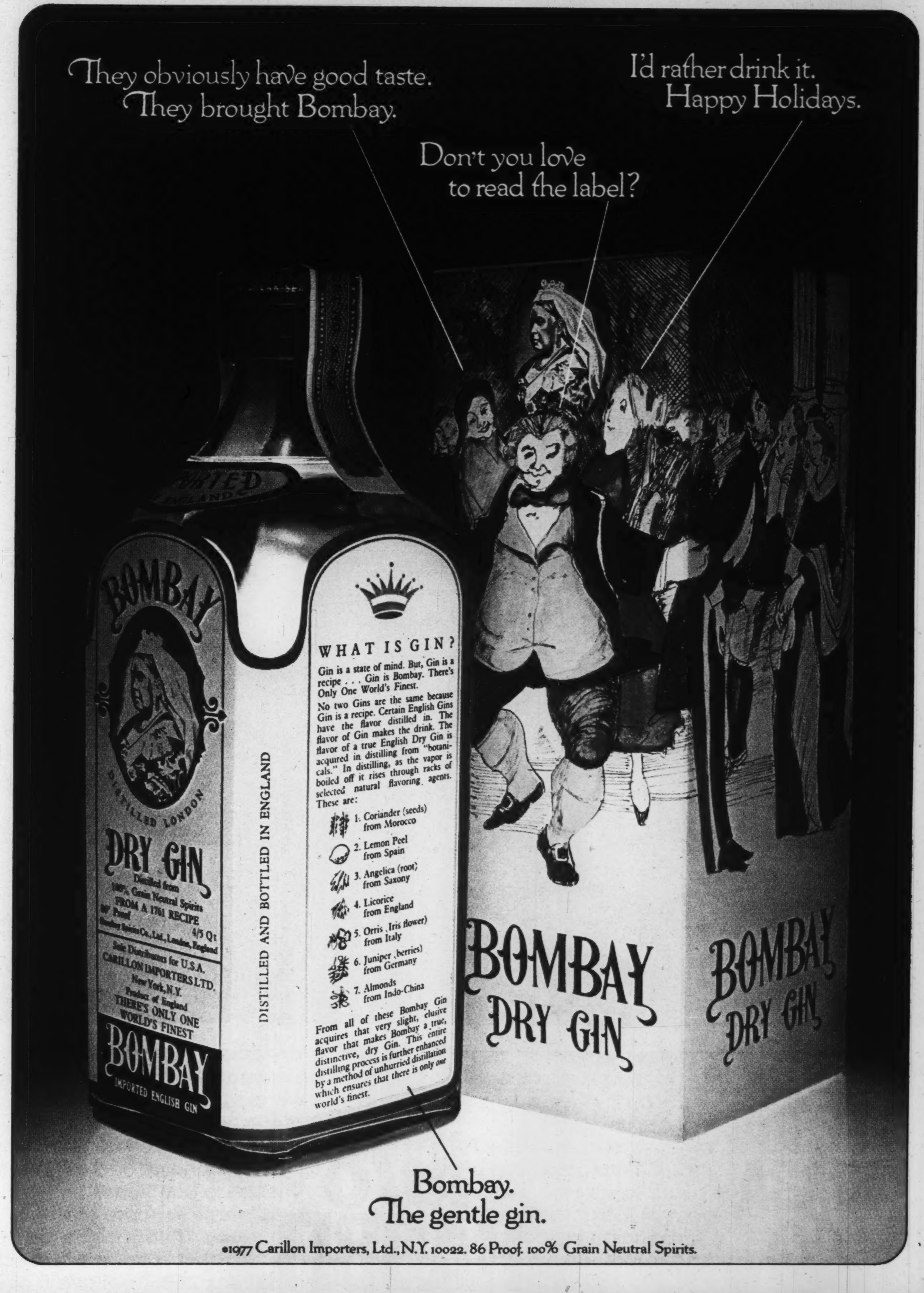
Territories & Dependencies

Australia:
111 Christmas Island
112 Cocos (Keeling) Islands
113 Norfolk Island
Denmark:
114 Greenland
France:
Overseas Depts.:
115 French Guiana
116 Guadeloupe
117 Martinique
118 Reunion
119 St. Pierre & Miquelon
Overseas Territories:
120 French Polynesia
121 New Caledonia
122 Territory of Afars & Issas
123 Wallis & Futuna
New Zealand:
124 Cook Islands
125 Tokelau Islands
Portugal:
126 Azores
127 Macao
128 Madeira
Spain:
129 Canary Islands
130 Places of Sov. in No. Africa
United Kingdom:
131 British Indian Ocean Territory
132 British Virgin Islands
133 Cayman Islands
134 Turks & Caicos
135 New Hebrides (British-French Condo.)
United States:
136 American Samoa
137 Canal Zone
138 Guam
139 Micronesia
140 Northern Marianas
141 Virgin Islands

Not Free

Nations

142 Afghanistan
143 Albania
144 Algeria
145 Angola
146 Argentina
147 Benin
148 Brunei
149 Bulgaria
150 Burma
151 Burundi
152 Cambodia
153 Cameroon
154 Cape Verde Islands
155 Central African Republic
156 Chad
157 Chile
158 China (Com.)
159 Cuba
160 Czechoslovakia
161 Equatorial Guinea
162 Ethiopia
163 Gabon
164 Germany (E)
165 Ghana
166 Guinea
167 Guinea-Bissau
168 Haiti
169 Hungary
170 Iran
171 Iraq
172 Ivory Coast
173 Jordan
174 Korea (N)
175 Kuwait
176 Laos
177 Libya
178 Malagasy Republic
179 Malawi
180 Mali
181 Mauritania
182 Mongolia
183 Mozambique
184 Nepal
185 Niger
186 Oman
187 Panama
188 Paraguay
189 Poland
190 Rhodesia
191 Rumania
192 Rwanda
193 Saudi Arabia
194 Somalia
195 Sudan
196 Syria
197 Tanzania
198 Thailand
199 Togo
200 Transkei
201 Tunisia
202 Uganda
203 USSR
204 Uruguay
205 Vietnam
206 Yemen (N)
207 Yemen (S)
208 Yugoslavia
209 Zaire


They obviously have good taste.
They brought Bombay.
Don't you love
to read the label?
I'd rather drink it.
Happy Holidays.
BOMBAY
DISTILLED LONDON
DRY GIN
Distilled from
100% Grain Neutral Spirits
FROM A 1761 RECIPE
86° Proof
4/5 Qt
Bombay Spirits Co., Ltd., London, England
Sole Distributors for U.S.A.
CARILLON IMPORTERS LTD.
New York, N.Y.
Product of England
THERE'S ONLY ONE
WORLD'S FINEST
BOMBAY
IMPORTED ENGLISH GIN
DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND
BOMBAY
DRY GIN
BOMBAY
DRY GIN
Bombay.
The gentle gin.

WHAT IS GIN?

Gin is a state of mind. But, Gin is a recipe . . . Gin is Bombay. There's Only One World's Finest.

No two Gins are the same because Gin is a recipe. Certain English Gins have the flavor distilled in. The flavor of Gin makes the drink. The flavor of a true English Dry Gin is acquired in distilling from "botanicals." In distilling, as the vapor is boiled off it rises through racks of selected natural flavoring agents. These are:

1. Coriander (seeds) from Morocco
2. Lemon Peel from Spain
3. Angelica (root) from Saxony
4. Licorice from England
5. Orris (Iris flower) from Italy
6. Juniper (berries) from Germany
7. Almonds from Indo-China

From all of these Bombay Gin acquires that very slight, elusive flavor that makes Bombay a true, distinctive, dry Gin. This entire distilling process is further enhanced by a method of unhurried distillation which ensures that there is only *one* world's finest.

©1977 Carillon Importers, Ltd., N.Y. 10022. 86 Proof. 100% Grain Neutral Spirits.

THE 1978 RABBIT.

It's just a wonderful car.

True, we had a big advantage: we started with a wonderful car and made it even better.

Over a million people all over the world have been impressed enough to buy them.

What's so impressive?

Easy. If you trade up to a Rabbit from a Mercedes Benz 280E,† believe it or not

---

*Based on 1977 EPA Gas Mileage Guide. 1978 data not available at press time.
†1977 Mercedes Benz acceleration (0-50 mph) from Car and Driver, March 1977.
© Volkswagen of America

you'll get better acceleration.

If you trade up to a Rabbit from a Cadillac Seville, you'll get more trunk space. And there are 32 cars you can trade up to a Rabbit for more people space.

The Rabbit is so roomy, there was even room for improvement.

The '78 Rabbits look better than ever. Handsome metallic colors. Touches of chrome here and there to make them even snappier.

The biggest news of all for '78 can't be seen. And barely heard. We've refined the Rabbit's fuel-injected engine to make it quieter and more efficient.

All in all, we are very proud.

Once we were famous for making a car that looked ridiculous.

Now we make one that makes the others look ridiculous.

VOLKSWAGEN DOES IT AGAIN

Menthol Fresh
Salem

©1977 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.

Isn't it time you enjoyed smoking?

I do. Because my cigarette is Salem. Salem gives me more of the great taste I want from a cigarette, plus fresh menthol. Isn't it time you enjoyed Salem?

Salem King & 100's.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

KING: 18 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine, 100's: 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77

The L.A. raid was part of a U.S. government plot to "neutralize" the entire top leadership of the black militant movement

was too sick to support the family, and I couldn't get a job that would pay more than army base pay."

It was then that America first showed Pratt its dazzling potential for lifting a boy up, as later it would show him how it can crush a man down. After three years in the army, including two battle tours in Vietnam, he had won two purple hearts, a silver star, two bronze stars for valor, a soldier's medal, an army commendation medal, an air-medal, three combat infantry badges and master paratrooper's wings. More important to Pratt than the medals, he had won for himself in the army the skills he never had been taught in school. With two battle tours behind him, with the G.I. Bill of Rights ahead of him, the recruit who three years earlier had been unable to read his enlistment forms began taking college entrance examinations.

By 1968, Pratt was a student in political science at the University of California. He was also a Black Panther. His army experience not only had turned him from an illiterate into a university student—it had transformed him into a political militant, determined to struggle in America for the same freedoms he had been told he was fighting for in Indochina.

However, 1968 was a bad year to come marching home to fight for the American Dream. It was the year of Tet, of the King and RFK assassinations. It was the year that Richard Nixon, promising peace, lowered voices and an end to government interference in private lives, was raised up to supreme power.

Perhaps most importantly, 1968 was the year that J. Edgar Hoover's personal contempt for America's freedoms became bureaucratically institutionalized. For by 1968, the FBI had some 4,000 paid spies and provocateurs at work under its "Ghetto Informant Program," as well as 1,500 infiltrators disrupting groups ranging from the Southern Christian Leadership Conference to the Inter University Committee for Debate on Foreign Policy. The FBI also had in place what the Senate Select Committee later described as a network of university students, teachers and administrators paid to spy on their classmates and instructors.

The FBI was not alone in these un-American activities. By the time Pratt

Music gets you up. Our new AD cassette will take you higher.

Lead singer Jim Dandy of Capricorn recording artists Black Oak

Music should be white hot, clear through to its soul, like live music. If your music at home doesn't cook like the real thing, check your cassette--the high frequency sounds, where lead guitars, synthesizers and the like really live, are probably getting lost or distorted. ■ Our new AD is designed to deliver those critical highs. The lows, mid-range and highs open up, your music breathes all the way through. ■ AD performs its magic in any cassette recorder, at home, in the car or portable, with or without a 'Normal' bias/EQ setting. And AD is especially well suited to Dolby* or other noise reduction systems. ■ AD's ultra-reliable super precision cassette comes in 45, 60, 90 and 120 minute lengths. Backed by TDK Full Lifetime Warranty.

*Dolby is the registered trademark of Dolby Laboratories, Inc.

TDK®

The machine for your machine.

TDK Electronics Corp., 755 Eastgate Blvd, Garden City, NY 11530. In Canada contact Superior Electronics Ind., Ltd.

Family fun from BRUNSWICK®! Everything from billiards to pinball and Air-Hockey®!

BRIARWOOD™ SUPER STAR™ HOME PINBALL WITH ELECTRONIC SCORING

First commercial quality pinball designed for home use. Regulation pinballs, flippers, bumpers, flashing lights. Loaded with fun and excitement!

BRUNSWICK
Since 1845™

ORLEANS™ BILLIARD TABLE

An elegant 1" framed slate billiard table with excellent styling and features. Just one of the many fine billiard tables from "The Number One Name in Billiards™."

BC® BRUNSWICK

Mail this coupon to:
BRIARWOOD DIVISION MARKETING SERVICES
BRUNSWICK CORPORATION
One Brunswick Plaza, Skokie, Ill. 60076

I'm interested in the following BRUNSWICK® products: Dept. NT-117
☐ Billiard tables ☐ Game tables
☐ Home pinball ☐ AIR-HOCKEY®
Please send me more information and the name of my nearest dealer.
In Canada, phone (416) 277-9561

Name__________
Address__________
City__________
State__________ Zip__________
Phone__________

Fuel of the future.

A basic introduction to the uses of solar energy in the home, written in easy-to-understand language for the layman. It includes the adaptation of existing heating systems, the preparation of solar collectors, storage units and distribution systems, and the realities of installation costs. Fully illustrated with photographs and diagrams.

The Complete SOLAR HOUSE

By Bruce Cassiday

$8.95

DODD MEAD

79 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

"Outrageously researched!"
—William Burroughs, Jr.

by Peter Stafford

Psychedelics Encyclopedia

Chronicles the drugs that revolutionized a generation and changed the word. A mind-expanding archive of a unique period of our lives.

Botany • Pharmacology • Effects • Cultivation • LSD • Cannabis • Peyote • Mushrooms & Cacti • Leary, Huxley & Alpert • Amazon Indians & Chinese Emperors • Pot Prohibition • Haight-Ashbury & Woodstock • And much more from our psychedelic roots.

To order: Send $7.95 plus 50¢ postage & handling to: And/Or Book Conspiracy, Box 2246, Berkeley, CA 94702. Expect 2-6 weeks for delivery. No cash or C.O.D. please.

And/or Press • Berkeley, California

returned from Vietnam, the CIA—under programs code-named CHAOS, MERRIMAC and RESISTANCE—was directly spying on 7,500 Americans, assembling detailed dossiers on the personal lives of 14,000 others and indexing for future targetting no less than 300,000 U.S. citizens. "About 1,500 army intelligence agents," Congress also later discovered, "were engaged in monitoring civilian protests in 1968."

It did not take long for this vast network of domestic spies to target the young black veteran at UCLA. As soon as Geronimo's involvement with the Black Panthers became known, the United States committed the first of many violations of Geronimo Pratt's constitutional rights.

Without warning or explanation, the Veterans Administration cancelled all of Geronimo's GI rights. His tuition and educational living allowance were stopped. Even medical treatment for his war wounds was stopped. In Vietnam, he had been point man on 14 volunteer missions and had been wounded three times; in his left arm he carried a large grenade fragment. Now every benefit he had earned was stripped from him.

During the following year, while Panthers like Pratt tried to build up black pride, black unity and black self-reliance, Hoover ordered his Racial Intelligence Unit to "disrupt, misdirect, discredit and otherwise neutralize the activities of black nationalists" with "hard-hitting measures aimed at crippling the BPP" and its leaders. While Pratt was trying to raise money to fight drug addiction and run a free breakfast program, the FBI was paying confessed saboteur Darthard Perry $75,000 to subvert, wreck or burn out black community projects, including the Watts Writers Workshop, the area's privately-funded cultural center. While Pratt tried to turn ghetto youths from crime to civic action, the FBI spent millions of dollars in an effort, as Congress later reported, "to pit the Blackstone Rangers, a heavily armed, violence-prone organization against the Black Panthers."

According to an FBI memo, written on December 1, 1969, as Geronimo Pratt was emerging as one of the most respected black militant leaders in Los Angeles:

> The Los Angeles office is furnishing on a daily basis information to the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Office and the Los Angeles Police Department Intelligence and Criminal Conspiracy Divisions concerning the activities of the black nationalist groups in the anticipation that such information might lead to the arrest of these militants.

But no arrests came.

And as the months passed, what seemed to frustrate the FBI more than anything else was that the Black Panthers always stayed within the law.

What was to be done with subversives who committed no crime, with traitors who consorted with no enemy? There must be something.

At 4:30 a.m. on December 8,

The Censured Alibi

On December 18, 1968, the day Mrs. Caroline Olsen was killed in Santa Monica, California, Geronimo Pratt—who was convicted for the murder—claims he was not in southern California at all. Instead, he says, he was some 350 miles away, in northern California, attending a series of Black Panther meetings in Oakland.

Three months before the murder, in September 1968, J. Edgar Hoover had targeted the Panthers as "the greatest threat to the internal security of the country." At the time Mrs. Olsen was murdered, all important Panther leaders were being constantly shadowed by FBI agents. Their telephones were illegally tapped, their homes bugged. Their meetings were infiltrated, and daily, detailed reports on those attending the meetings were filed by the FBI's Racial Intelligence Section.

"Geronimo Pratt has an ironclad alibi," asserts his San Francisco lawyer, Stuart Hanlon. "Dozens of official FBI documents—the records of Panther meetings he was attending in Oakland when the Santa Monica murder took place—must prove his innocence. The problem is getting the FBI to release them."

In theory, there should be no problem at all. Both the Freedom of Information Act and the Privacy Act—passed by Congress in reaction to Watergate abuses—give Pratt and his lawyers the right to examine all official documents concerning him. But in practice both laws have been constantly obstructed by bureaucratic delays, and subverted by official reluctance to implement them.

Rhetoric aside, little has changed under Jimmy Carter, who so far has failed to order the FBI to implement the freedom of information laws. One batch of 500 documents dealing with Pratt, when finally released, consisted entirely of blanked-out pages; every word had been censored, ostensibly for reasons of national security. After more than a year of requests and appeals, the FBI finally released additional documents. All of them were heavily censored, and the earliest of them was dated one month *after* the murder occurred. —*T.D.A.*

1969, Los Angeles police, directed by FBI special agents, reinforced by armored cars and helicopters, launched a coordinated, unprovoked, premeditated, illegal—and therefore criminal—military assault on the Black Panther house in Los Angeles where Geronimo Pratt, his wife and seven other people were asleep.

They served no search warrant. They pressed no charges. They made no arrests.

They wanted no prisoners.

The attack came exactly four days after two other Panther leaders in Chicago, Fred Hampton and Mark Clark, had been killed in an almost identical police attack. Like the killings in Chicago, the L.A. assault was not merely an attack on a few politically unpopular blacks. It was an attack on our entire tradition of liberties going back through the Bill of Rights to the Magna Carta.

And it was more. It was part of a government plot to "neutralize" the entire top leadership of the black militant movement in the United States. Panther treasurer Bobby Hutton had been killed while trying to surrender to Oakland police 18 months earlier. Co-founder Huey Newton was in prison and Eldridge Cleaver had been driven into exile. Mark Clark and Fred Hampton were killed in the Chicago raid. During the months preceding the assault on Pratt's house, three other Panther leaders in southern California—John Savage, Sylvester Bell and Walter Pope—were murdered. During the same period, still other Panther leaders were murdered in Seattle, in Connecticut, in Chicago, in northern California. Between September 1968, when J. Edgar Hoover decreed that the Black Panther Party was "the greatest threat to the security of the country," and December 1969, when the police and the FBI turned on Geronimo Pratt and his friends, 14 Black Panther leaders were killed as part of COINTELPRO.

But Geronimo lived.

Because of his war wounds, Pratt was obliged to sleep on the floor. During the L.A. attack, the empty bed in the room where he slept was riddled with bullets. (As with the Chicago attack, floor plans of the house had been obtained by FBI informants and passed on to the local police.)

A second reason that Pratt survived was that in the pre-dawn morning, as the police attack began, several people, disregarding their own safety, rushed to the Panther's aid. They shouted at the police and called on them to stop firing. In the dawn, mothers with children, teen-agers, old people and finally the press appeared on the scene. After a five-hour barrage, the firing stopped.

At the ensuing trial, a curious inversion of American justice occurred, one characteristic of the COINTELPRO era: Pratt was not the chief witness for the prosecution; he was, rather, the defendant, on trial for "conspiracy to assault policemen." The predominantly white jury, however, did not see it that way, and Pratt was acquitted of all dozen major charges against him.

Convicted only of the lesser charge of "conspiracy to possess an illegal weapon," Pratt was released on bail. But fearful for his life in Los Angeles, he jumped bail and went underground, to Texas, where an FBI informant spotted him. Pratt was returned to prison to begin a one-to-five-year sentence.

At last, the FBI had him where they wanted him. But to many people, Pratt was not a convicted criminal, but a kind of hero. Indeed, by sending him to jail, the FBI had not condemned him to political oblivion, but instead had made him a leader respected in black communities all over America.

And that was not what the FBI had wanted. Not at all. "Prevent militant black nationalist groups and leaders from gaining *respectability*," Hoover had emphasized. "You must discredit these groups and individuals to, first, the responsible Negro community and to 'liberals' who have vestiges of sympathy for militant black nationalists simply because they are Negroes. Third, these groups must be discredited in the eyes of Negro radicals."

It was nearly a year after they had

The living language of Jazz.

"V.S.O.P.—The Quintet," a unique jazz event. In one month 150,000 people heard Herbie Hancock, Wayne Shorter, Ron Carter, Freddie Hubbard and Tony Williams prove that jazz remains a vital American art form.

The Quintet came together to play acoustic jazz. Despite their separate electronic journeys with their own bands, together they conclusively show that their collective music has gained new maturity and resonance. Besides, master musicians tend to remain masters no matter what style of music they make.

What the audience applauds on this historic live album is five musicians conveying their message with amazing grace, power and precision to a new generation of enthusiasts.

"V.S.O.P.—The Quintet." On Columbia Records and Tapes.

Produced by David Rubinson & Friends, Inc. Ron Carter appears courtesy of Milestone Records.

® "COLUMBIA," MARCAS REG. © 1977 CBS INC.

attacked his house that they came to his cell and told him he now was going to be tried for brutally murdering a white woman.

Caroline Olsen had been killed two years earlier, on December 18, 1968. She and her husband, Kenneth, had been on a Santa Monica tennis court when the attack occurred. Her husband had been seriously wounded; she had been needlessly, senselessly, pointlessly killed. The murderer had taken $30 from her purse and run away.

A conviction on such a charge would destroy Pratt's reputation among radicals, for whom revolutionary violence was one thing, a cheap killing, for kicks and 30 bucks, quite another.

It was all very tidy. An FBI informer obliged the prosecution by writing a letter not purporting that he had seen Pratt commit the murder, but merely claiming that he once had overheard the defendant say that he had committed the murder.

Pratt was confident that he could beat the charge. For after searching his memory and consulting with friends, Geronimo felt reassured that his recollection was correct—that on the day of the murder in southern California he had been 350 miles away from the scene of the crime, in Oakland, northern California, attending a series of Black Panther meetings. Pratt remembered it. Dozens of other people remembered it.

It seemed an iron-clad alibi, but it made no impression on the husband of the murdered woman who, by his own account, had seen the murderer only once, for only a few minutes, four years earlier. After weeks of meetings with federal and state officials, he unhesitatingly, positively and repeatedly identified Pratt to his face as the murderer. As a result, nearly three years after Richard Nixon had put the Black Panther party on his enemies list, Geronimo Pratt was sentenced to life in prison. He was convicted on the testimony of a witness who, understandably, had a strong, emotional desire for vengeance; a witness who previously, and far less understandably, had unhesitatingly and repeatedly identified an entirely different person as the murderer.

And something else. Not four years after the murder, but only a few months after it occurred, the same witness had told police that the man who killed his wife was a very tall, very black man. Pratt, however, is relatively short, less than five-feet-nine-inches tall. And because of his mixed Haitian, Irish and American Indian ancestry, his skin is more brown than black. Indeed, with his high cheek bones, Pratt looks as much like an Indian chief as one from Africa.

That is why everyone calls him "Geronimo."

The jury was told none of this.

Pratt has spent his seven years in maximum security giving himself the university education the Veterans Administration took away from him. Since he is not permitted to use the prison library, other prisoners give him their books when they are released; others send books to him. He reads the dialogues of Plato, the Koran, the Bhagavad Gitas and Confucius. He has read the Bible and Das Kapital and the U.S. Constitution over and over again. He says that he maintains his "optimism and mental hygiene by reading all the good books I can, by fasting, exercise, meditation, by writing, and always remembering that human beings are basically good."

No human rights campaign in the White House, no retrial, can bring back his murdered wife, or the unborn child who was killed in its mother's womb. But late last year, Pratt was married again, this time to a young prison reform volunteer, half-Japanese, half-black, named Ashaki Session.

"Sometimes I'm depressed when I drive up to the prison," she says. "But Geronimo always cheers me up." They sit quietly talking every morning in the visitors' room, separated by iron bars and two inches of bulletproof glass. Unlike ordinary prisoners at San Quentin, Geronimo Pratt is not allowed conjugal visits with his wife, so the political crimes of the father are visited on the unconceived son he dreams one day will continue the struggle he began.

"Cheer up," Pratt tells his visitors, but the years of his life are slipping away like quicksilver. So he is waiting, waiting for Jimmy Carter to redeem his repeated commitment to political liberty and human rights.

In awarding Amnesty International the Nobel Peace Prize, the Nobel Committee noted that the award marked 1977 as "prisoner of conscience year." Even at this late date, President Carter can do much to lend substance to such a year—to do in his own country what he can only exhort those in other countries to do. "The basis for peace in the world must be justice for all human beings," noted the Nobel Committee. Jimmy Carter has it in his power to do much to promote justice—and eradicate injustice—for thousands of Americans. His recent appointment of Judge Frank M. Johnson as the new director of the FBI is a promising first step.

"Why not the best?" Carter challenged us, as he sought the presidency. And at his inauguration he added, "Because we are free, we can never be indifferent to the fate of freedom elsewhere." But so long as he—and we—remain indifferent to the fate of Americans like Geronimo Pratt, our sermons to others will ring hollow, and the "best" America has to offer the world will remain only a sullied ideal.●

THE MILK OF THE GODS

GRAND PRIX
Greek DRY Apéritif
OUZO
BY
METAXA
Produce of Greece
Produced and Bottled by S. & E. & A. Metaxa
Piraeus-Greece

That's Ouzo by Metaxa®
Made the authentic way from the original Metaxa family recipe.
Sip it over ice with water and watch it turn into the Milk of the Gods. Ouzo by Metaxa —the ultimate ouzo experience.

OUZO by METAXA
The Milk of the Gods.

©1977. 90 Proof. Imported by Austin, Nichols & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ky.

TUESDAY WELD LIVES DOWN HER NAME

Ain't it a shame

by Tom Burke

The problem isn't really the name, though after a week of trying to make appointments with Tuesday Weld, it seems to be: "Tuesday's not available Wednesday, but maybe Monday, or even . . . Tuesday. I mean, could you see Tuesday Tuesday?" Press agents for *Looking For Mr. Goodbar,* in which Tuesday Weld is making a comeback, of sorts, try not to break up reciting that.

Nor is the problem Tuesday's role in *Goodbar,* the most depressing movie since *The Legend of Lylah Clare.* The part of Katherine, Theresa Dunn's sweet, debauched sister, is the kind Tuesday has always played successfully, the kind that augments the legend of Tuesday Weld, and has made her high priestess of the Tuesday Weld cult. "I've always been kinda freaky," Katherine asserts, somewhere in *Goodbar* between pick-up sex and group sex in foul-smelling little apartments; and so, of course, is Tuesday Weld herself too freaky for the superstar career her undeniable gifts might have afforded her. She hasn't bothered to work in pictures for five years, since *Play It As It Lays,* and is well-remembered only for that, *Lord Love A Duck* and *Pretty Poison;* but mention you're going to write about her, and the smirks at her name ("One of those identical blonde starlets from the beach-blanket sixties") quickly change to an expression both alert and appreciative: "She was the one who was really *good.*" At a time when star mystiques have been desiccated by media overkill, the Tuesday Weld aura remains impenetrable. "Why doesn't she work more?" they ask. "I heard she's wacko, a nympho, a dipso, a junkie. She probably can't work, but she *should.*"

But in the seventies, she hasn't. Maybe cultural evolution is to blame. The pubescent bad girl she played in the sixties was intriguing partly because she sensed the American way was as jaundiced as the Yellow Brick Road; she wouldn't walk it. Now, though, the adolescent rebellion turned grown-up neurosis that is Weld's screen persona seems anachronistic, a nagging relic. In this new age of mental health, when even Tony Perkins, Weld's male equivalent, has shed his boyish angst, and Diane Keaton, *Goodbar*'s star, exhibits qualities appropriate for the cover of *Time,* Tuesday Weld is too contrary: screw mental health is what her screen presence states, follow impulses, follow the heart. "I made my mind up, back in Chelsea, when I go, I'm going like Elsie." Paul Rosenfield, the L.A. *Times* entertainment reporter, offers, "She's too much a sixties character to be a seventies star, but she'll always work: when they need an eccentric, they call Tuesday."

Other media mavens doubt she'll be interviewed at all: she's known to detest the press, and there are myriad stories about her non-communication, her professional sullenness. A studio executive who doesn't want to be named asserts, "On one picture, Tuesday pointed to a member of the crew and said, 'Does *he* have to be here while we work?' They told her, 'Tuesday, he's the *cameraman.*' She said, 'Well, if you're going to be *that* way about it!' " The last reporter who cornered her was Arthur Bell, who wrote about her in 1972. "She depressed me so much," he claims, "I went from her hotel to Bloomingdale's and shoplifted, and I've never done that before or since."

Her puzzling ambiance is felt even before you meet her: through Paramount, which released *Mr. Goodbar,* appointments with her are made and ominously broken a few hours later. She's in England, where she now lives with her second husband, comedian Dudley Moore. She will be in L.A., but no one seems to know exactly when. Freddie Fields, once goad of CMA, Tuesday's first agent and producer of *Mr. Goodbar,* and Richard Brooks, who wrote and di-

Tom Burke counts Jackie Onassis among his fans. His last article for New Times was "The Bella Abzug Show."

It ain't easy breaking into pictures. There are days when a struggling young actress will do almost anything just to keep body and soul together. Sometimes the whole thing backfires; sometimes it works. Take Marilyn Monroe: Everybody thought it was curtains when a gossip columnist released the now-famous nude calendar shots. As it happened, the fans were ready for an all-American cupcake; and what could have ruined her career a few years earlier only turned studio heads. By the time Tuesday Weld got a contract (with Fox in 1959), the publicity mills had realized that sweet sex sells. But rather than making life simpler, this new relaxed attitude only complicated matters; and a starlet was still put through her paces. Pose for silly photographs. Assume a silly name—which wasn't that odd, considering almost everyone *else* in Hollywood had an equally silly name (most often inspired by an animal, vegetable or mineral) and that the trend would be revived in the late sixties when rock stars named their offspring after whole *conti-*

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK BEZ/GLOBE PHOTOS

PHOTOGRAPH BY ORLANDO/GLOBE PHOTOS

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK BEZ/GLOBE PHOTOS

nents. Maybe this was Hollywood's way of keeping us from taking sex seriously. Even later on, when Chubby Checker threatened to take up where Elvis left off, what started out down and dirty on the dance floor...on film looked downright wholesome. But Tuesday Weld—God bless her!—survived it all: the name, the pin-up poses, the twist parties with Bob Hope and the publicity shots with Steve McQueen. Her films, she'd be the first to admit, included a lot of dogs, but they prepared her, in the long run, for *Dog Soldiers.*

ORLANDO PHOTOGRAPH BY//GLOBE PHOTOS

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM CLAXTON/GLOBE PHOTOS

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL KOBRIN/GLOBE PHOTOS

Come to where
the flavor is.
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES
FILTER CIGARETTES
Marlboro
100's
20 CLASS A CIGARETTES

Marlboro Red or Longhorn 100's—
you get a lot to like.

17 mg''tar,'' 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug.'77

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

rected the movie, are both enlisted to call her transatlantically. Neither seems to have her phone number. When a date is finally set—it is on a Tuesday—one reserves a suite in the Chateau Marmont on Sunset Strip, forgetting that the Marmont is where Tuesday lived for several years. People who stay at the Marmont say that it is the *old* Hollywood, so much more *real* than the Beverly Hills Hotel. The truth is that no one at the Marmont is doing quite well enough professionally to afford any better. For instance, Myrna Loy lives there. The Marmont has a grand lobby, really more a living room, like the one in Pickfair, but the odors in the upper halls are dubious; the suites' kitchens have servants' entrances and stoves with griddles, but cabinet doors lack hinges, and their glass is often cracked. Persons who have not managed their careers, or their lives, very well live here. Presently staring into the suites' east windows, is the 40-foot face of Al Pacino as *Bobby Deerfield*, in opulent racing white, a stern reminder of how to manage a career and a life correctly. Tuesday Weld lived with Al Pacino in his New York apartment for an unspecified length of time.

Tuesday calls the hotel from a house up on Doheny Drive; on the phone, she's pleasant, even intimate, but she really can't make it today, or tomorrow. She is shooting a new TV movie. She will call back. She doesn't. Freddie Fields is again consulted. He will get on the case. No, a screening of *Mr. Goodbar* isn't possible before seeing Tuesday. *She* hasn't seen it either. It isn't quite ready. Not ready, and it opens in New York in a few days? In *Play It As It Lays*, Maria Wyeth (played in the movie by Tuesday Weld) is a young film actress whose career and life are at a standstill. Her agent is Freddie Chaikin, and on the phone with her he stifles yawns. She says to him, "What are you doing right now, Freddie? Are you sitting there playing with a Fabergé Easter-egg?" Her gay, pill-popping, brain-fried movie-producer friend (played by Tony Perkins) calls. "Did I catch you in the middle of an overdose, Maria?" He asks her to a party, "unless you've got an *à deux* going at the Marmont."

So, lacking a good *à deux*, and watched by Bobby Deerfield, one has time to consider Tuesday's statistics, and career: She was born in New York August 27, 1943, in a Salvation Army hospital; her father died, or at least vanished, when she was four. She was christened Susan, nicknamed Tu-tu, which became forever Tuesday. Her mother, whom she will refuse to discuss, was also legendary in the industry, ambitious in a way that made Madame Rose in *Gypsy* a mere musical-comedy cartoon. Sensing she'd given birth to a breathtaking alien, Mrs. Weld decided to make the most of her luck, like the homely, coarse

BEEN DOWN SO LONG IT LOOKS LIKE SANDRA DEE TO ME

Yvette

Sandra

Connie

Annette

Barbara

Jane

Ann-Margret

Roger

Tony

Pat

George

Troy

Tab

Richard

Elvis

If Tuesday Weld has proven herself to be one of the film industry's more ecologically sound investments—she has, after all, been recycled *how* many times?—what about the other starlets and actoroons who gamboled similarly through the sixties?

Yvette Mimieux, oft-confused with Ms. Weld, demonstrated how snugly a part could fit an actress when she portrayed Olivia de Havilland's beautiful but mentally defective daughter in *The Light in the Piazza* (1962). Twelve years later she showed her true mettle with *Hit Lady*, a TV movie about an artist-turned-assassin, which she not only starred in, but wrote.

Sandra Dee, also confused with Ms. Weld—though the confusion exists primarily among hairdressers—failed, alas, to transcend her roots.

Connie Francis, the nightingale of Early-Bubblegum rock who provided the vocal pathos for *Where the Boys Are*, filed a major lawsuit against Howard Johnson's after being raped and robbed in one of their franchises en route to a comeback.

Annette Funicello retired, and with her a game of Mad Libs that played off her euphonious last name: Funicello, Funiviolin, Funiharp, etc.

Barbara Parkins, Ryan O'Neal's heartthrob in the TV version of *Peyton Place*, seemed destined for roles in films like *Valley of the Dolls*. Lately she's turned up thinner, wiser and better than ever (good B-movie actresses are born, not made) in such TV extravaganzas as *Captains and Kings* and *The Forgotten Kennedy*.

Jane Fonda is not only Hollywood's favorite recycling story, she's their sentimental favorite, a prodigal daughter returned to the fold. Jane, as you may recall, went from a foxy all-American girl in *Tall Story* to an expatriate Barbie Doll in *Barbarella*. Then she got politics. Now, in *Julia*, the sixties radical plays a thirties radical.

Ann-Margret, guided by Roger Smith's velvet gloves, took herself seriously in *Carnal Knowledge*. So did everybody else.

Roger Smith, see above.

Tony Perkins was always taken seriously as a deeply disturbed but reassuringly Ivy League young man. When he decided to grow up, his audience was still there; some people swear he was even better than Burton in the Broadway play *Equus*.

Pat Boone was on the cover of *Rolling Stone* not so long ago. His daughter, Debbie, has the hottest single on the charts. How's that for recycling?

George Hamilton peaked when he was dating Lynda Bird Johnson, but seemed totally at home in the screen version of Jackie Susann's *Once Is Not Enough*.

Troy Donahue played Charles Manson in a low-budget exploitation flick, *Sweet Saviour*.

Tab Hunter, oft-confused with Troy Donahue, is currently appearing as Dodie Goodman's husband in *Forever Fernwood*.

Richard Chamberlain, who'd already shed his Dr. Kildare image in *Petulia*, decided to go all the way and joined a Shakespeare troupe.

Elvis Presley, Tuesday Weld's costar in *Wild in the Country* (1961), knew he had a good thing going—in his case the audience was recycled, the star held still—and in passing proved that our pasts live on forever.

—Tracy Young

L. to R.–GLOBE PHOTOS (4); TRINDL/GLOBE; GLOBE PHOTOS (3); CAFFREY/GLOBE; DICK MILLER/GLOBE; FELLER/GLOBE; ORNITZ/GLOBE; MAX MILLER/GLOBE; GLOBE PHOTOS (2)

> **"I think men resent women because women bear kids, and seem to have this magic link with immortality that men lack. But they should stay home for a day with a kid, they'd change their minds"**

Marseilles fishmonger parents of the exquisite Noelle Page in *The Other Side of Midnight*. At age three, Tuesday was modeling infants' clothes professionally. In 1956, because she looked older than she was, she starred in *Rock Rock Rock*; the picture was shot in a Bronx studio in nine days, overseen by Mrs. Weld. Freddie Fields got her a seven-year 20th Century Fox contract in 1959, and though she worked memorably in *Rally Round The Flag, Boys*, playing Comfort Goodpasture, an apprentice nymphomaniac, her rebelliousness caused Fox to drop her option. She told reporters her mother was dead; she was said to wander the nighttime New York streets carrying a half-empty Gallo jug. She was hopelessly in love with Lenny Bruce, and would knock tearfully on his door at any hour. She demolished cars, and shoplifted. She tried suicide.

But she did work, and her peccadillos abetted the mystique, built her a public. So did her inaccessibility: cult figures should not be too available. When employed, she was wierdly controlled, sober, on time, and very good. Her name sold tickets. Occasionally, she'd play the career game: she dated Tab Hunter and was photographed by *Photoplay*. When featherweight properties like *The Five Pennies*, or *Sex Kittens Go to College*, or *Return to Peyton Place* needed the leverage of a foxy girl who could also project depth, they called Tuesday. In Hollywood, she became noted for turning down any role she didn't respond to viscerally: she refused *Lolita*. "I didn't like it," was the reason she gave. She liked *The Cincinnati Kid*, *I Walk The Line*. She liked television acting, and in the fine original TV version of *The Legend Of Lylah Clare* (as opposed to the vile screen edition) she gave, in the title role, one of the most shattering performances ever filmed. She survived a disastrous 1966 marriage to George Harz, who used to be Roddy McDowell's secretary, at least that was his title. It's something else she doesn't talk about.

She wants to meet here at the hotel, not at her house, though the Marmont whispers too incessantly of its past. She is very late. One calls the desk: Has a Miss Weld shown up, is she lost within the hotel? "You mean *Tuesday* Weld?!" There is a rustling in the hall, like cats; the face on the old brass doorknob tilts quizically, like the faces on the doorknobs in *The Haunting*. She is beyond the door, in a long black witch's skirt which trails on the mustard carpet, a little black peaked witch's cap, huge black glasses. She holds two large wilted carnations and an empty diet soda can. She is still in her TV movie makeup; beneath it she looks healthy, stunning.

"Well, they repainted this place," are her first words. "I liked it better the old way. It smelled homier then. I lived in lots of different rooms in here. The little red message lights on the phones used to bother me. Hmm? Yeah, I guess I did put in my own phone, eventually. I think so." She's moving around the suite's living room, restlessly, rather than theatrically. "Listen, could I get a sandwich? You could order from Greenblatt's deli, down on the Strip. Oh, turkey, lots of macaroni salad, a Tab. Do you have a way for me to get home? Well, we could call a cab. Could I have, like, ten dollars? I don't have a cent with me, British *or* American."

This has carried her to the sofa,

PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL KOBRIN/GLOBE PHOTOS

Starlet Weld discovers the meaning of auto-eroticism

GLOBE PHOTO

Troy-oops-*Tab* Hunter escorts a young Sandra, uh, Tuesday

GLOBE PHOTO

A Comedy Groupie? Schmoozing with Steinberg

where she stretches luxuriantly, aware that her aura has now pervaded, commanded the room. Methodically she lights one of the chocolate-colored cigarettes that everyone in Hollywood who has quit smoking smokes. She chains these. Politely, she awaits a question; let's get on with it, no social chatter. You sense instantly that she won't or can't answer direct questions, yet you try, an easy one, and she tries.

"Oh, I *love* acting for TV, I *started* there, about 150 shows, *Dobie Gillis* and so on, when I was a kid." She will italicize one word per phrase, purposefully. "I love the TV *pace*, a couple of weeks for even a heavy part. Great! Too much thinking about a role doesn't ever work for me. Long work periods are *disaster* for me, and movies today are always shooting *way* over schedule. They take so *long*, they didn't used to. Producers know the money for overtime will always come, from one of those big parking lots that own movies but for me, it's such a *drain*. Let's *do* it, get it *done*. A lot of discussion, thought, and I get *very* tired, I can't act well."

She doesn't say it, but everyone who's worked with her claims she is the most concentrated actor they've ever seen. Mention this, and Tuesday makes the first of her moues, expressing the ridiculousness of us being here in this repainted *à duex* suite, of Hollywood interviews, of the idea of anyone ever attempting to examine her closely, except her analyst—and lots of luck to him. "Hmm?" she asks, and laughs; the laugh is somehow out of place, like giggles at High Mass. "Yeah, I *do* concentrate, no I have never had to work on it, it comes very easily to me. *Acting* comes very easily, the whole process of it was always there in me, so I never had to concentrate, um, on concentrating . . ." Her thought is spinning up, and out; she could be talking after sex, or during it, her reading is that opulent. "But it's very hard for me, playing a depressed person, which I'm *always* doing. Not only *Goodbar*, I just did *Dog Soldiers*, played the junkie girl, had to go in and out of withdrawal for three months of shooting, after that I said, '*Never* again, *no* more depressed parts,' and now this TV thing, which is another *heavy* emotional number . . ."

In a breath, she can flex a reading, from somber to satirical; she does that now, and somehow "heavy emotional number" is hilarious. Why doesn't she act comedy? "That's what I *want*!" She's on her feet, sweeping across the room, flouncing her black skirt. "They never let me! All these *lost* people I do, Maria Wyeth, saying 'Nothing applies.' That's bullshit! No, forget the 'bull,' one syllable's better. *Everything* applies! I am not Maria Wyeth, or Katherine in *Goodbar*, or any of these schleps!" She is trying very hard to convey her togetherness. "Oh, I do seem to have a *very* great reservoir of pain to draw on, which is why they cast me like they do. What I want is that one day, I'll be able to say, 'No, I *can't* do that part, because I don't *have* that much pain to draw on anymore.' To act, I do have to get directly in touch with real pain, *I* can't trick it. If I try, nothing happens. Well, you tap into your pain for weeks of movie shooting, and you are sunk *permanently* into mire."

Did she study acting? Moue two, at the leaden question. "No, I was always working too much to study, I never stopped working until a few years ago, from age three. Once I wanted to study, so I had an interview with Lee Strasberg at the Actors Studio. It was *horrendous*. He asked me these *stock questions*. I hate stock questions. He said, 'Who's your favorite actor?' I said, 'Constance Ford.' He said, '*Who*?' *Very* sarcastically. I don't *have* favorites, I don't *think* about actors, she just seemed to me good. Obviously, that was not the *right* answer. I guess the Actors Studio is OK for people who *want* to act all the time, so when they're not working they can put on their own plays, keep acting—well, I *don't want that*. I want to act some part I like, and then *stop*."

Unlike, say, Al Pacino. No, she absolutely will not talk about Al, but she studies the *Bobby Deerfield* signboard through the windows, contemplating an artfully managed, machine-tooled movie-star career, smiling inscrutably. "Hmm. Without my life, and my family, I could not work." Oh? Watching her, a creature from Alpha Centauri, you try to test the statement, for holes and air bubbles. She appears to mean it. "When I've stopped work, it's always been because I felt without *roots*. I can't delve into the pain without them, I come apart. Like, when my house burned down, in one of those Hollywood Hills fires, I just took my little girl, Tasha, and . . . traveled. Flew, went by boat, everywhere, without purpose or direction. We went to France. I didn't know *anybody* in France. I was looking for a totally new existence. I didn't find one. I would have come apart, except for my daughter, traveling . . ."

This is why she is fascinating: when she says 'traveling,' she is moving, psychically, and you move with her. "I've been traveling for years, now I'm going to settle here, Dudley wants to, it's a good place to raise children." She knows this is not glamorous-sounding, and for a microsecond her smile is apologetic. With her chocolate cigarette, she sketches a house in the air. "At the beach. I will do no socializing whatsoever that has to do with the *career*. No way. No A and B parties. That can drive you round the bend, I'm not *that* secure. I'll work for the same reasons I always have—because a director, not an agent, calls me, and says, 'There is this *part*.' I will know in one reading if I should play it, like always."

Like a cult goddess. What does she think of that statement? It's time to get tough with her, her of the chocolate cigarettes, but her smile's also tough. "I *love* the cult thing. Love it! Why? It's *fun*. And it has endurance. When you're that, you don't have to *do* anything to keep being it! You don't have to work, it's better you don't, great, knowhatimean?"

Her sandwich has been delivered, she attacks it with great gusto, and consumes a mound of mistakenly sent potato salad without bothering with napkins. As with most good actors and public figures, other personalities move through her person in rapid succession, like hurried guests: it is not that Tuesday Weld strikes a chord in us, but all the chords. Explain that to her, she nods, not especially interested. "Hmm," she says, examining the Marmont ceiling. Except for the movement of her smoking hand, she could have lapsed into catatonia. She does not now want to talk, or hear a question, but after nearly four full minutes of silence, one suggests discussing *Mr. Goodbar*. Her harsh laugh rends the brooding Marmont air.

"Well, but how can we do that? I haven't seen it. Even if I had, I wouldn't want to, because when I finish a part, I pack it up and leave it behind. I don't think about it again, I can't discuss it." The incongruous giggle is out of *Sex Kittens Go to College*. "I knew who Katherine was, as soon as I read the book, I've been there. I didn't even think about it as a whole movie, you know? Whatever Richard Brooks was doing with it, that's his problem, I don't want to hear. No, I don't know why I thought it'd make a good movie, that novel, I just did, and then put it out of my mind. I hate to *dwell* on things. Why are *we* here? Talking, doing this? Yeah, I *do* know why."

If you ask actors that, they will say, "Because you are a good writer," especially if they do not read, or, "Well, the studio has been very decent on this picture, and I think it *says* something to

Selling Shiksa

The reason Diane Keaton looks so, uh, redundant on the cover of *Time* is that the movies, taking their usual time-outs to launder our fantasies, remain a consistent eight beats behind the pulse. So now, what began as an obsessional riff from the closets of literature appears, through a scrim of nostalgia, on film: The Shiksa Syndrome.

Jewish guys want goyish girls: long-limbed! clean-featured! upright and Arctic, oh-you-kid-in-the-argyle-knee-socks, *plu*-perfect girls. The implications of such courtship tend toward the embarrassingly Freudian; as Jewish men flee from their mothers' wet kisses, they lust after women who dress like their Dads. Still, popular novels lead us to believe that the erotic formula is really quite simple and direct: it's easier to screw creatively when you're doing so with your moral/intellectual/historical inferior, a poor-little-rootless-dumb-as-shit-but-keep-up-just-what-you're-doing-WASP.

This obsession has been so thoroughly exploited in books that recent novels parody it. In *How to Save Your Own Life* Erica Jong sends her *heroine* off to bed with a shiksa, the most remarkable bit of literary cross-dressing since Albee was accused of writing *Who's Afraid of Virignia Woolf* about men. But Jong's scene is more than satire; it's the exhausted author's last ditch attempt to write sex 'dirty.'

When the idea of 'dirty' sex translates from a private medium to a public medium, from books to movies, it loses something; it comes clean. There are a number of reasons, not the least of which is that shiksas are rarely shrewd enough about the economics of lust—money is dirtier than sex to a WASP—to allow themselves to be marketed as sex symbols. (Marilyn Monroe was the obvious exception, but she converted to Judaism anyway.) Yet a shiksa's polo coat charm seems to be an astringent aphrodisiac to a public as suffocated by sex as Portnoy was by his mother. Thus Diane Keaton, ascending through the culture in *Annie Hall*, is quickly turned into a self-contained cover girl reminiscent of Cybill Shepherd (whose face on *Glamour* ensnared Peter Bogdanovitch), and her most ravenous lover ends up being the fashion industry: an ad for Macy's Junior department reads, "Oh, la-di-da."

Not even *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* can save her now, because *Goodbar*, in attempting to wax moralistic about lust, is too stacked against the heroine for her to let loose; Keaton's sex scenes do nothing to heat up her image. By the same token, *Goodbar* does succeed in pointing out just how much hostility sleeps with this shiksa obsession. When Keaton is bludgeoned to death at the end of the film, it's not because she puts out, it's because she's so thoroughly old-fashioned she's modern. She's come full circle. She is, in fact, a tease. And what a tremendous catharsis this climax must provide for all the guys who set her up, but couldn't get her off.

So, what's a shiksa princess to do, now that she's graced the covers of her Pop's favorite magazine and its counterculture clone? Like Grace Kelly before her, Diane Keaton could do us a favor and run off with a prince. Or, better yet, a sheik.

—Tracy Young

Why you should judge a receiver on specs, but buy it on PPR.

Specs are fine. They tell you how much performance, technology and power you'll get from a receiver.

PPR, the price performance relationship, is even better. It's Technics way of telling you how much receiver you'll get for your money.

Stereo Receiver	Sugg. Ret. Price*	Min. RMS Power Per Channel Into 8 Ohms (From 20Hz to 20kHz)	Total Harmonic Distortion at Rated Power (Max.)	FM Selectivity	Stereo Separation (at 1kHz)
SA-5370	$329.95	48 watts	0.1	70dB	45dB
SA-5270	279.95	35 watts	0.3	70dB	45dB
SA-5170	229.95	25 watts	0.5	65dB	42dB

FM sensitivity for all receivers is 1.9μV (IHF '58) or 37.2dBf (stereo—50dB, IHF '75).
*Technics recommended price, but actual retail price will be set by dealers.

Look at the chart. You'll discover one simple fact: Technics gives you a lot. A lot of power. A lot of technology. And a lot of performance. For a lot less money than you would expect.

If we sound this good on paper. You should hear how great we really sound. There's solid power for solid rock 'n roll. Reserve power that'll even blast the cannons in Tchaikovsky's *1812 Overture*. And a phono section that will uncover the hidden dynamic range in your oldies. To turn them into goldies. With a powerful 78dB S/N IHF.

And when you turn on to FM, you'll tune in clear reception. Even from over-crowded bands or marginal signals. With little noise or interference. As well as outstanding separation and negligible distortion. Thanks to Technics flat group delay filters and Phase Locked Loop IC's in the tuner circuitry.

Technics receivers. A lot more than you would expect. For a lot less.

Technics
by Panasonic

people, I want to contribute to the making of that statement, you *know*?" Tuesday Weld studies your face for 30 seconds with her devil's daughter smile, and says, "*To get Freddie Fields off my back.*"

And we laugh together, heartily, for the first time since she entered. "He wanted to line up five or six of these, I said no, I don't want to do publicity, I've never had a publicity agent, talking about myself is meaningless to me. *I do not ever want to become a huge star.*" Now she's a child, driving tacks with a hard-rubber hammer. "Maybe I'm torn inside, but I will *not* be in daily living, my life *will* be simple." Abruptly, she's doing quotes from the old studio publicity mills, except that they are, apparently, what she means. "I've kept it simple for about twenty-five years, I'm not about to stop now. I can *not* be torn both when I act, and when I *live*. Um, when I say no to something, I say *no*. I think that from here on, I should be *paid* to do interviews. And do them myself. I should be sent the questions, and write the answers."

She has wished to be detested, and has accomplished it. Okay, Tuesday: this difficult air, isn't it just a mystique builder? She isn't listening. "I mean, an interview isn't going to get me a job, or make me act well, it's of no use. I mean, *can you make me a star?*" Naturally, that's unbearably funny to her. "I mean, *Goodbar* is Diane Keaton's picture, fine with me, I *love* small parts, less work, I've worked practically my whole life and I *absolutely never* felt ambitious! My mother's ambition? Look, when a kid starts working at three, that matter's pretty self-evident, isn't it? Like Lenny Bruce: I was seventeen then, doing *Wild in the Country* with Elvis, and I loved Lenny very passionately, and he was fabulous, and we could really *play*. Next question: Hmm? Yeah, my mother and I are friendly now. These deli pickles are really delicious."

Suddenly, one is ready for her to leave, but she has settled in. Besides *Lolita*, is it true that she turned down *Rosemary's Baby*? This also breaks her up. "*Why*? Do you really *care*?" Her laugh is like one prompted by a chocolate cigarette loaded with Ti-stick. "Because they asked me to test for it, and I will *not* test! Roman Polanski didn't even want me to *test*; Paramount did. And I will not be fucked with by studios. I've never tested for anything and actually gotten it. To test is the ultimate humiliation. No, not quite: my daughter was very young then. Do you know what it is *like*, stuck in a house all day with an infant? Monstrous! Did you ever have to talk to a five-year-old, day in, day out? I did! I was suddenly playing this wife role, cooking, cleaning, mothering, it was *worse* than testing! I did not understand my role! Women who can play that role are very gifted, but my God, with men going out where the power is, making decisions, *thinking*, and you are stuck with baby talk, I did not think I would survive that. Suicide, yes, but *that*? I think men resent women because women bear kids, and seem to have this magic link with immortality that men lack, but they should stay home for a day with a kid, they'd change their minds." She and Dudley Moore have a young son. "Okay, maybe *that*'s a reason I'm working a lot now: I *won't* repeat that old stay-at-home character."

Alcoholism? She laughs at every question now, but she still doesn't move. "Oh, I dunno. Sometimes, I drink a lot, sometimes, not at all, like now. I was in analysis, it's . . . comforting. And this great *friend* of mine was in it for eight years, she's an alcoholic, and after all that time, five days a week, what she learned was that she is an alcoholic. That's the whole analysis story: just learning who you are, and accepting that. So how did *you* enjoy analysis? Oh, you *haven't*? Are you *against* it?"

What *is* this? What it is is probably the only kind of intimacy that Tuesday Weld is capable of, except possibly sex, yet the eye-contact silences, and monologues, are becoming too spooky. More questions.

"I got *bored* after awhile," she begins loudly, "with analysis, with me-me-me! Could that be one of the pur-

1978 FORD
FORD LTD II
FORD DIVISION
Ford
75 ANNIVERSARY

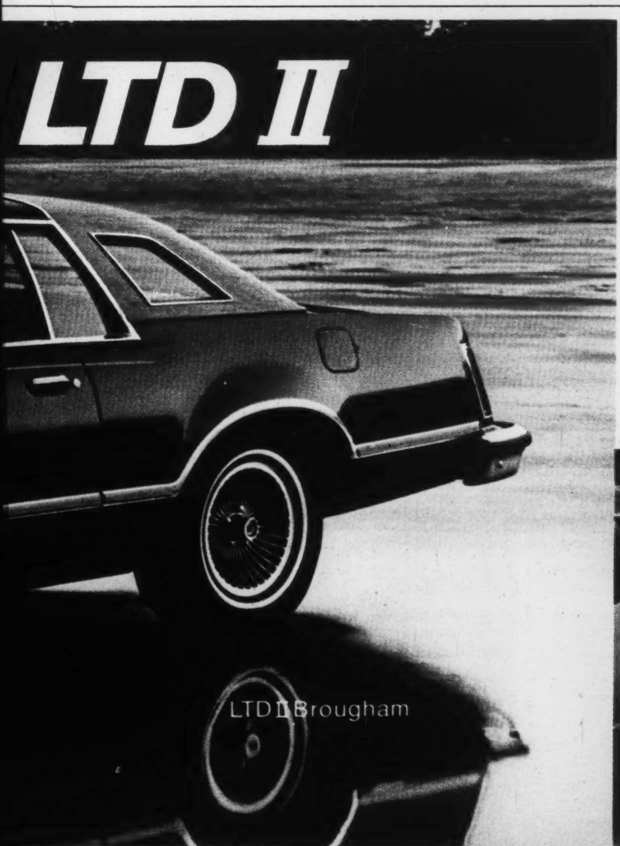
Cutting-up amidst Danish Modern

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK BEZ/GLOBE PHOTOS

poses of it, you get so bored with self-absorption? Enough, already, getting yourself together is *preferable*. It is so *uncomfortable*, all those personal things you're supposed to say, except I never did, I *never* opened up totally." Now the laugh's triumphant: pity her shrink. "The most I ever open up is when I act."

One points out to her that since she's come in, the room's mood has changed at least a dozen times, as she well knows. "Well, *do* I 'well know?' I know that I could not have done that alone." If this conversation had been filmed, one offers, it would look like a *Mr. Goodbar* out-take. "Yeah, well, you were actually very annoyed, when I told you why I was *really* here. About Freddie Fields bugging me. So you've got an ego, so what? That's okay. I got very angry today at the hairdresser, because he thought I was Sandra Dee. Demeaning. *There*'s a word. I hear people talking about women's parts today being demeaning. Bullshit. I mean, 'shit.' Who cares? A part's a part. The feminist thing, it just doesn't affect *me*, *my* life. I've *always* had my own identity, I've *always* been liberated, yes, even as a mother."

In New York, a young Neighborhood Playhouse student has said of her, "I hear that Tuesday Weld has this automatic built-in bullshit detector. That if a scene, as written, is wrong, she will instantly know, and argue until it's changed to be right. For *her*. I'll bet she turns out to be like that as a person, too." Put that to Tuesday Weld, and she considers gently, briefly. "God, that is an awfully nice thought. I guess it's true: I never could take shit. If I had taken it, or could, my career would have been different, but what's a different career? Faye Dunaway's, yes, is different: she does *everything*, doesn't she? I guess that's okay for her. I know why I am cast: *because I am good*. That's enough to satisfy me. What? Do I read? Oh yes, I read lots of books, history, and . . . Hmmm? You mean *scripts*? Oh, no, not many. I don't have anybody sending them to me, you know? I've always had this strong feeling that if you go for "career," then something else much more important will be taken from you. Love? People? If I'm a symbol of something, I guess it's . . . independence. Okay, now what else could we talk about? Do you want to talk about death? It just hit me about a year ago, that I was going to die. It hits us all about now, right? In our mid-thirties. Well, it just came over me, one day, it was *devastating*, I could not move for weeks. Then I started to really grow up. That's the big change in me now. Yeah, I think we have lived before: reincarnation. Yes, I think there is evidence of that. I know that for me, I . . . No. No, I don't want to discuss it. Listen, if I could have ten dollars? I'll call the cab myself."●

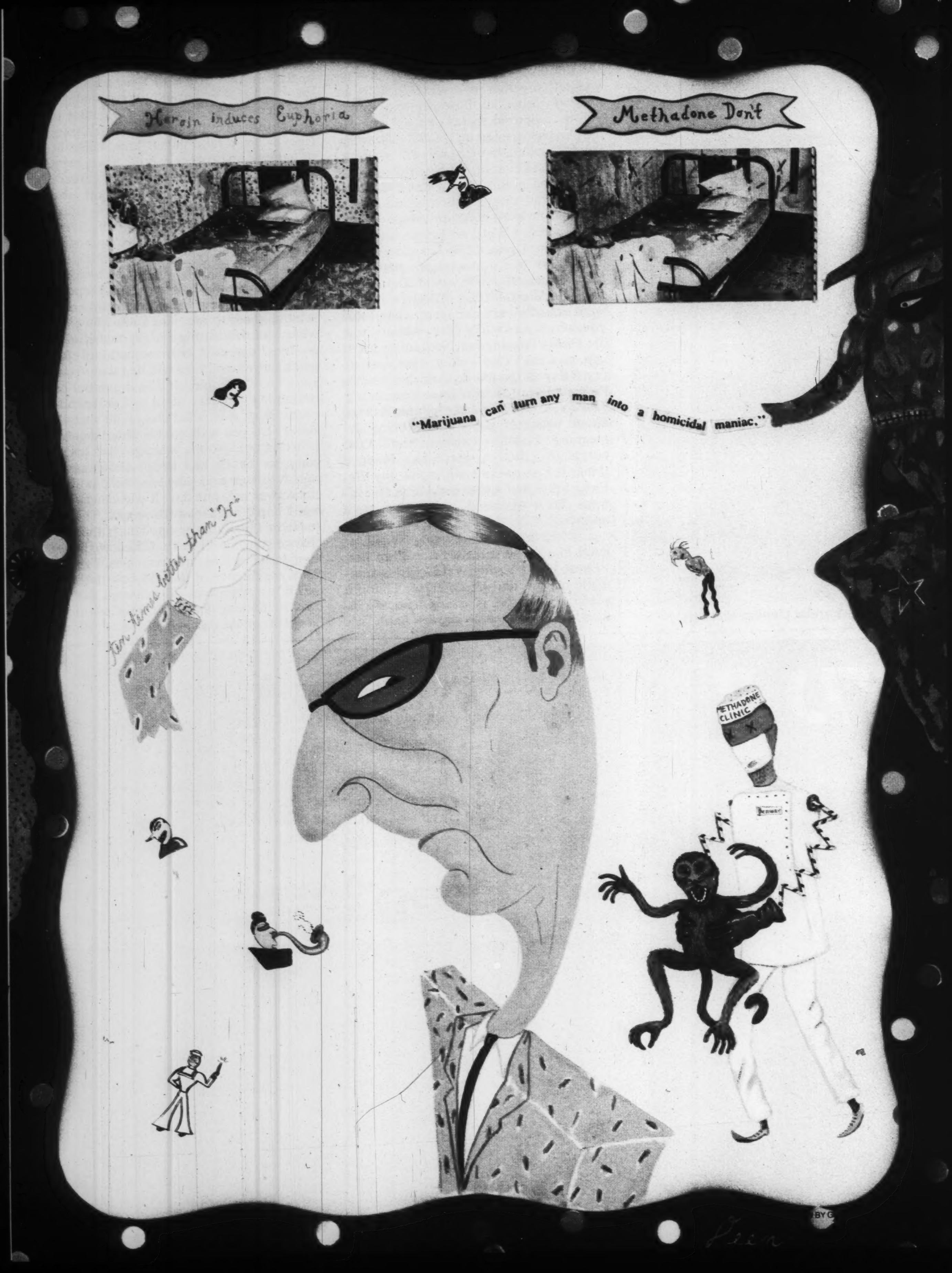


The trimmer, sportier, mid-size LTD at a trimmer price.

The quality and luxury LTD is famous for is the whole idea behind LTD II. You get room for six, and a long list of standard features not found in most mid-size cars. Automatic transmission, power steering, power front disc brakes, V-8 engine, steel-belted radials.

Test drive LTD II at your local Ford Dealer. It's the LTD of mid-size cars.

FORD When America needs a better idea, Ford puts it on wheels.


Heroin induces Euphoria
Methadone Don't
"Marijuana can turn any man into a homicidal maniac."
ten times better than "H"
METHADONE CLINIC
BY G

HERON MAINTENANCE

Methadone kills you faster than junk

BY WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

"Any form of maintenance is immoral," the late Mr. Anslinger stated flatly. By his tireless work in closing all legal access to narcotics, by his relentless pressure not only in America but throughout the world to stop doctors from prescribing for addicts ("missionary work" he called it), he may be regarded as instrumental in creating the present heroin plague. Consider the situation before Harry J. Anslinger, a former Prohibition agent, took over as commissioner of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics. Though the Harrison Act was in force since 1914, and similar legislation had been passed in all Western countries, little attempt was made to jail or harass addicts. Street heroin was easily procurable at moderate prices, $28 per ounce compared to $5,000 or more at the present time. However, the use of heroin was largely confined to the criminal classes, the entertainment world, the decadent rich, bohemians and eccentrics. In a middle-class high school such as I attended in the 1920s, the use of any drug other than alcohol was completely unknown and would have been regarded with horror, evoking the Dope Fiend, his face a ghastly green color, his body covered with suppurating sores, his drug-crazed mind capable of any atrocious act: a figure of archetypical evil.

William S. Burroughs, author of *Naked Lunch, The Wild Boys: A Book of the Dead* and *Junky*, knows whereof he speaks.

So addiction was contained in a social quarantine. There were, in the 1920s, several attempts to set up maintenance programs, and many doctors freely prescribed morphine for addicts. The basic rationale of maintenance is very simple: quarantine the problem. If addicts have legal access to the narcotics they need, there will be no black market and no profit; the condition will not spread, because no one will have a motive to spread it. For years this system worked well in England, where any doctor could prescribe any amount of morphine or heroin for an addict. When I first visited England in the mid-1950s, there were about four hundred addicts in the whole United Kingdom, and only two narcotics agents for all metropolitan London. Doctor John Dent, who introduced the apomorphine treatment for addicts and for many years headed the British Society for the Study of Addiction, recalled an occasion when he had invited a narcotics agent to address the society. Asked how many agents were operating in the London area, the agent replied, "Well, there's me and George." There were few pushers and a tiny black market, since the addicts obtained their drugs free under the National Health.

Methadone is certainly as addictive as morphine and forms a habit that is harder to kick than heroin

This more or less stable situation was drastically altered by the policies of Anslinger. "The laws," he insisted, "must reflect society's disapproval of the addict"—a disapproval which he carefully fostered by manipulating the image of the evil and fiendish addict. Addiction, he said, was a police and not a medical problem. Addicts were criminals by Act of Congress and must be treated accordingly. His indefatigable "missionary work" finally prevailed in England, and English doctors stopped prescribing for addicts. England now has a huge black market in heroin, thousands of addicts, and squads of narcotics agents. In 1960 I made a cut-up of an article entitled

"Fighting Drug Addiction," and the following phrases emerged: "Traffic in exchange narcotics revealed a Typhoid Mary who will spread the narcotics problem to the U.K." And an American doctor from Lexington told Doctor Dent: "I've got a hunch you English will have our heroin problem in a few more years."

Meanwhile, in America, the manifest failure of Anslinger's Bureau to contain addiction, and the mounting toll of thefts committed by addicts to maintain habits now costing $50 to $100 per day, led to experimental maintenance with methadone. Methadone is the first successful synthesis from the morphine formula, developed by the Germans in World War II. As a pain-killer it equals or surpasses morphine. Methadone maintenance was inaugurated in a flood of misinformation about the drug itself: methadone was not addicting, or at least not as addicting as morphine or heroin; in any case, methadone dependence was easier to treat and, even more important, methadone was not as enjoyable. "It does not produce *euphoria*," they said, "and it prevents the addict from getting euphoric on heroin." This tissue of horseshit was passed on to the media and repeated verbatim.

What are the facts about methadone? It is certainly as addictive as morphine and forms a habit that is harder to kick than heroin, owing to the longer duration of the withdrawal symptoms with methadone dependence: two to three months, as opposed to a month or less with morphine or heroin. The doctors in charge of methadone clinics say that very few addicts on the program have been able to discontinue use of the drug even when reduction is carried out under careful supervision. If addicts on methadone obtain no reprehensible kick from heroin, it is merely because they are already saturated with a similar drug. The slow absorption of oral methadone (which incidentally renders the oral preparation quite useless for acute pain, since the patient could go into shock and die before the drug acts) does indeed cut down euphoria, by spreading it over a longer period of time. But the euphoria of relief from withdrawal symptoms is still experienced.

Methadone, administered over a period of time, seems to have more unfavorable side effects than natural opiates. And, contrary to Mr. Anslinger's misinformation, morphine addicts who maintain a reasonable hygiene can live to a ripe old age. I know of a morphine addict who lived to be 92; the English poet Crabbe lived into his late 70's, and DeQuincey lived to be 74. The long-range effects of methadone are not so predictable or well-established, and certain ill effects have already been observed in the programs. The tissues of some addicts fill up with fluid, giving rise to unhealthy fat and a bloated appearance. So why choose a drug the effects of which have not been fully ascertained, which has no advantage over heroin, morphine or opium and actually has substantial disadvantages, establishing a habit that is more difficult to break? It would seem that semantic considerations were involved. Methadone is simply not the same *word* as opium or morphine, and perhaps misrepresentation was the only way to get any maintenance program started. Methadone in the oral form is a long-acting drug, but so is oral opium, and no doubt heroin or morphine could be administered in a long-acting suspension.

Methadone maintenance has done little to halt the spread of heroin addiction, which has now reached epidemic proportions and has spread to middle-class youth. So we are pushed into a position of either letting a very bad and very costly mess continue to get worse and cost more, or taking a further step in the direction of decriminalizing addiction. Some doctors I have talked with think that the ideal drug for maintenance would be oral opium. It is a long-acting drug that holds the addict for 24 hours. The effects are well known, and reduction or discontinuance under supervision is comparatively easy. DeQuincey was able to cut his daily dose from five grams to less than half a gram by a self-imposed reduction schedule. Opium maintenance would still leave heroin—which is not even manufactured in this country—outlawed, and no doubt a black market would continue. Perhaps a maintenance program with opium, and heroin in certain cases by prescription, would be the answer.

UPI

Mr. Misinformation: Harry Anslinger

And what possible solutions to the problem can be found in our increased knowledge of the whole mechanism of addiction? Progress has been impeded by the Narcotics Bureau. Indeed, how can an illness be objectively studied when it is regarded as criminal, like madness was in the Middle Ages? The Narcotics Bureau has repeatedly blocked research that turned up findings with which they disagreed. The then-Secretary of the Treasury said that Mayor LaGuardia had "performed a disservice" by publishing his report concluding that cannabis is neither harmful nor habit-forming. On the other hand, the most preposterous research "proving" that the use of cannabis results in brain damage has been lauded and subsidized. "Marijuana can turn any man into a homicidal maniac," said Anslinger. Over the years, that unctuous, pompous, evil voice droned on and on, giving out ridiculous misinformation to the waiting media: heroin creates addicts at first use, addicts invariably die within a few years, there is no cure for addiction. In short, objective research was not reinforced. An English doctor who specialized in treating addicts before the advent of narcotics legislation around 1910 stated: "The general health of morphine addicts is excellent." I can well imagine the stream of vituperation with which Anslinger's Bureau would have greeted such a statement. What a "disservice" to say such a thing.

The Federal Narcotics Hospital at Lexington, founded in the 1930s, was set up to treat addicts and carry out research into the mechanism of addiction and the action of various drugs. What precisely did this so-called research consist of? It is difficult for the taxpayer to find out. There are research bulletins issued from Lexington, but only an experienced bureaucrat can lay hands on them. These bulletins are couched in convoluted, sententious and confusing language, reminiscent of the periodicals subsidized by the CIA (like *Encounter*) or the utterances of narc Harry J. Anslinger. We do know that countless experiments were carried out in addicting various animals to morphine. It has been established that all animals can be addicted, with the exception of cats, who go into acute mania when injected with morphine, so that death would supercede before addiction could be established. We know that Doctor Isbell of Lexington even demonstrated "the addiction liability of decorticated canine preparations"—in plain English, dogs with the cerebral cortex surgically removed. We have no record of experiments with fish, reptiles or invertebrates. We know that in the early 1950s, on behalf of the CIA, experiments with LSD and other "behavior modification" drugs were carried out on prisoner volunteers who were not told what drugs they were receiving. In fact, many experiments on prisoner volunteers were carried out over the years. In one experiment I recall hearing about from an inmate, the volunteers were allowed any amount of morphine for nine months, at the end of which period they had to kick cold. In another of these experiments, the volunteer was built up to 45 grains of morphine a day—enough to kill 15 men—thus establishing that tolerance to opiates is virtually unlimited; which fact has been known for hundreds of years. Could a humble taxpayer inquire as to the precise relevance of such experiments? They seem redundant to say the least.

It seems likely that there is a pre-addictive metabolism involving a congenital deficiency of endorphin; addicts may simply need a supplement of this natural pain killer

What new methods of treatment have been turned up at Lexington? The treatment there is methadone reduction from the existing heroin dosage. The reduction cure, whether slow or fast, whether carried out with opium, morphine or substitute drugs, is the oldest known form of treatment. Forty-five years and countless millions of the taxpayers' money to develop a form of treatment which dates back to before DeQuincey? Couldn't they do any better than that? Or were they deliberately concealing data? Consider the drug lomotil, which can be used to control the diarrhea of withdrawal. It was found that lomotil *greatly reduced the need for opiates*. After further tests had established that lomotil was not habit-forming, it was released as a prescription drug *with the stipulation that it was not to be used in conjunction with narcotics*. The use of lomotil to treat addicts, enabling them to get by on minimal doses of narcotics, was *deliberately suppressed* in America by a so-called research center. Lomotil has been used to treat addicts in England with considerable success. In fact, several addicts with whom I am acquainted have been cured by the use of lomotil.

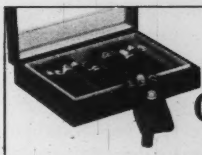
Experiments recently conducted at the National Institutes of Mental Health and Johns Hopkins University have revealed some of the basic mechanisms of addiction, and may result in a final solution of the problem. The researchers found that in the brains of all vertebrates, even the most primitive fish, there are opiate receptors: tiny "locks" into which opiates fit like keys. They deduced that the brain itself must produce opiate-like substances to fit these "locks." The receptors are located in the most primitive brain areas, being absent in the cerebral cortex. So now the relevance of Doctor Isbell's experiments with "decorticated canine preparations" becomes apparent. Doctor Isbell knew 30 years ago that the addiction centers are located in these primitive centers. The question of negligence is open.

There is an excellent article in *Saturday Review* (March 5, 1977) which I briefly summarize here: An opiate-like substance has been isolated from calf and pig brains. This substance has been called endorphin, and is seemingly produced by the pituitary gland. Acupuncture apparently stimulates the production of endorphin, which must be a much stronger pain-killer than morphine since major surgery has been performed with acupuncture, and not even minor surgery can be undertaken with morphine alone. Morphine is most effective against stable post-operative pain. The discovery of endorphin reveals the basic mechanisms of addiction: continued use of morphine or heroin blocks the receptors, and the body stops producing endorphin. When the heroin is then withdrawn, the body remains deprived of its natural pain-killer so that pain or discomfort which would normally be scarcely noticeable becomes excruciating until the production of endorphin is resumed. Withdrawal symptoms, then, result from the absence of endorphin.

It seems likely that there is a pre-addictive metabolism involving a congenital deficiency of endorphin; so addicts may simply need a supplement of this natural pain-killer, just as a diabetic needs insulin. Researchers think that endorphin, since it is a substance naturally produced by the body, may not be habit-forming. If so, endorphin will solve not only the problem of addiction but the problem of pain as well. Of course this is still conjecture, and many questions remain unanswered. Will endorphin, in supplementary dosages, show any of the side effects of opiates: constipation, respiratory depression, loss of sexual drive? We don't know—but let's see.

Why not stop trying to enforce unenforceable laws and spend the money now going into ineffectual enforcement on endorphin research? This would involve not only the isolation, synthesis and testing of endorphin but also the study of various methods to stimulate its natural production, such as acupuncture and biofeedback. No doubt people could learn how to metabolize their own fix. And once endorphin is isolated, a number of related compounds can be developed.

So the whole question of maintenance makes a full circle back to DeQuincey—curtains drawn at four, a fire in the hearth, candlelight on a decanter of laudanum; back to the days when anyone could buy his opium in the nearest chemist's shop, before a drug problem was created by the Harrison Act, before Mr. Anslinger mobilized society's disapproval of a metabolic deficiency. Except for the ignoble experiment of opiate Prohibition, the whole question could have been quietly solved years ago. ●



The Georgetown Collection

This special collection of handmade cigars is a tasteful timeless gift drawn from the finest cigar producers in the world. Included are Royal Jamaica, Punch, Los Puros, Joya de Nicaragua, Montecruz, among others...all guaranteed fresh. Executive and Standard collections packed in walnut humidor.

Executive Collection (56 cigars) $75.00; Standard Collection (26 cigars) $45.00; Gift-boxed Collections: A (28 cigars) $25.00; B (14 cigars) $12.75; C (8 cigars) $7.00.

All prices are post paid. Send check, M.O. or charge AmExp, BAC, MC, include no. and expiration date. Catalog 50¢—Free with order.

Georgetown Tobacco

3144 M St., NW Dept. NT
Washington, D.C. 20007
(202) 338-5100

PSYCHIC

Can bewitch (mesmerize) loved ones, others to your bidding: write requests. Donations appreciated.
(503) 342-2210 or (503) 484-2441
JAMIL
P.O. BOX 10154 DEPT. E
EUGENE, ORE. 97401

NOTICE: RECORD RATERS WANTED

(No experience required) Each month you will receive nationally released albums to rate. THERE IS NO EXTRA CHARGE for the LP's you receive. You pay a small membership fee which covers all costs of the LP's. We pay postage. In return for your opinion, build your LP collection. "First come basis." For application write: EARS, DEPT. NT Box 10245, 5521 Center St., Milwaukee, WI 53210.

New Times Subscriber Service

Address Change: Please attach the label for your old address here and write in your new address below.

Inquiries & complaints: We can serve you better and faster if you will enclose your label with all correspondence

Mail this whole form to:
New Times
PO Box 2474
Boulder, Colorado
80322

Note: Your present subscription will end with the issue noted in the upper right corner of your mailing label

Entering a new subscription?: Check the box and fill in your name and address below. (To order gift subscriptions please attach a separate sheet).

Renewing?: Check the box below and make sure your mailing address is correct. There is an additional charge of $2.00 per year to cover postage and handling of issues to Canada.

Please send New Times for 1 year, $13.00
☐ New subscription ☐ renewal
☐ payment enclosed ☐ bill me later

Name (please print)

Address

City State/Province Zip/Postcode

Wild *continued from page 30*

tistics are impressive. Thirty-one million fans—a regular season record—paid to see major league baseball games in 1977. Twelve million more will see National Football League contests during the next few weeks. And the National Hockey League expects more than nine million Americans at the rinks this winter.

But while America continues to celebrate the jock, an old sports maxim is sadly being rewritten for players, officials and even spectators. It's not whether you win or lose, it's whether you can survive the fans that counts.

Since the days of the Roman gladiators, spectators have reveled in the violence of the arena. But now, stadium violence has followed seasons of vicarious thrill-seeking and emotional identification with individual teams and players, and the fans are turning thumbs down on just about everybody. "We get rowdy," says Michael, a 19-year-old San Francisco Giants fan, "when we start losing. It's a frustration at the team's performance. So it's the only way you can contribute to the game, throwing bottles and stuff. I mean, your team's losing," he explains, "so what can you do?"

Well, you can always try to kill yourself. In 1973 a Colorado man put a gun to his head after his favorite team, the Denver Broncos, had just fumbled seven times in the course of losing badly to the Chicago Bears. "I have been a Broncos fan since the Broncos were first organized," he scribbled before pulling the trigger, "and I can't stand their fumbling any more."

Appropriately, he also fumbled, and lived to see the Broncos lose again.

Sometimes, the nature of the game itself is sufficient to provoke a rampage. In 1974, while shooting *Rollerball* at the Olympic basketball stadium in Munich, director Norman Jewison needed a few hundred extras to play fans for the filming of the futuristic game, a contest hypothetically designed to let society take out its aggressions in gory no-win, no-survive combat. Surprisingly, before they were able to finish the bloody championship battle of Houston versus Tokyo, real and unexpected fights broke out in the stands.

Many students of fan behavior believe that by identifying with a team the fan is afforded the chance to affirm his own worth and quality. But, as in the near-fatal Denver case, he often does it at some risk. If his team wins, he feels good about himself. But if defeat is snatched from the jaws of victory, he feels like a loser, and the resulting violence is channeled inward.

More often than not, however, the spectator directs his attack at players, officials or other fans. "Nobody abuses a fan like another fan," says N.Y. *Daily News* sportswriter Dick Young. "The fan in the upper deck pours beer on the fan in the lower deck . . . The fan in the row behind shouts to Reggie Jackson 'You bleeping so and so . . . ' and pretty soon there's a free-for-all."

The stands were teeming with a bizarre menagerie of *Clockwork Orange* and *Happy Days* escapees who had one apparent goal: kick ass if we lose and kick ass if we win

The class warfare between the cheap and expensive ticket holders, and between fans and players cannot be underestimated. "The socioeconomic distance is so great between most fans and highly paid athletes," says behaviorist Dr. Arnold Beisser, a professor of psychiatry at UCLA, "that the athletes don't seem like real people. So the fans are more apt to be callous towards them."

Within the anonymity of a crowd of 50,000 people, callousness is often transformed into unprovoked retaliation for a host of real and imagined problems.

To be sure, we have entered into a new era of sports addiction. In the recent past, an athletic contest provided an often healthy, temporary escape into a world of heroics, a quasi-religion of physical combat and ritualized violence.

But for many fans, that ephemeral sporting sojourn has become an all too easily embraceable lifestyle. "In the old days," says Beisser, "the sports fan yelled 'Kill the umpire.' The new fan tries to do it."

In one game, a fan almost succeeded. On December 28, 1975, the Dallas Cowboys and Minnesota Vikings met for the NFC championship at Metropolitan Stadium in Bloomington, Minnesota. With only 20 seconds to go and the Cowboys trailing, Dallas quarterback Roger Staubach dropped back to pass. Downfield, Cowboy end Drew Pearson was tightly covered by Viking defensive back Nate Wright, but Staubach nevertheless lofted the ball toward Pearson. In what has gone down in football folklore as the "Immaculate Reception" play, Pearson pushed Wright aside, caught the ball, and raced into the end zone for the go-ahead touchdown. The Viking bench was outraged by the infraction—Fran Tarkenton screamed from the sidelines—but no offensive interference penalty was called. With that, an incensed Viking fan hurled a bottle at veteran official Armen Terzian. It struck him in the head, cutting him so badly that a bandaged Terzian had to leave the gridiron.

Refs are vulnerable to fans-turned-tigers outside the stadium as well. After a high school football game in Odessa, Texas, a few seasons ago, a hawk-eyed but tortoise-slow official was ambushed by indignant spectators and penalized four broken ribs and a concussion for his earlier flag throwing.

In many Central and South American countries sports officials are forced to live life in the fast lane as a matter of uncontrollable tradition. Fan violence toward referees and other fans there has added a terrifying dimension to most soccer games. The problem has been that some fans don't consider the contest decided until countless spectators have been injured and the referees have been either beaten unconscious or killed.

Five persons were hacked to death at a Guatemala City soccer match when hometown fans, bitter over their loss, advanced against the winning team with machetes.

In Lima, Peru, nearly 300 spectators were killed and another 500 injured in 1964 during a brawl following a disputed referee's call. In 1971, 66 fans were crushed to death in a Glasgow, Scotland, stadium stampede.

When players and spectators disagreed with a call made by a soccer official in Buenos Aires in 1948, they beat him to death, and after the 1964 Peru-Argentina game, referee Angel Pazos secured himself from angered fans in his steel-doored dressing room. Frustrated, the crowd next took on the police, then the scorekeeper, who locked himself in his booth.

And who could forget the 1969 Honduras-El Salvador "soccer war"? Riots accompanied all three World Cup soccer matches between the two countries that June. Following the last game and hundreds of serious fan injuries, diplomatic and commercial relations were severed, and the El Salvadorean army, aroused by rumors of "genocide" against their fans in Honduras, mobilized and moved across the border.

While many league officials and team owners deny the presence of a fan violence problem, many are quietly taking a hard look at the sale of alcohol at sporting events—the common denominator at almost every major fracas.

Many stadiums, like Cleveland's Municipal, now selectively ban the sale of alcohol. At Chavez Ravine, the Dodgers no longer sell beer in the notorious outfield pavilion area. And Schaefer Stadium has banned the hawking of suds in the stands. Fans there now must walk to concession stands for their brew.

There is also concern over the subtle but strong role the media plays in inciting fans to leave their seats. Television has allowed people to become pro-

Sports Fans' Greatest Hits

Sports pages abound with incidents of fear and loathing in the stands. Just in case you haven't had enough already, here are some more horror stories:

☐ An argument at a high school football game in Florida was resolved when the business manager of one school shot and killed the rival's assistant principal.

☐ During the U.S. Grand Prix auto race in Watkins Glen, New York, four years ago, young rowdies shoved private cars and fellow fans into "The Bog," a muddy ditch along the circuit.

☐ At the 1977 U.S. Open at Forest Hills, a tennis fan was shot in the thigh. In the same tourney the year before, a traditionally tame crowd jeered the flamboyant Romanian star Ilie Nastase until it "lost all semblance of rationality and degenerated into a malevolent, bloodthirsty mob," according to one sportswriter.

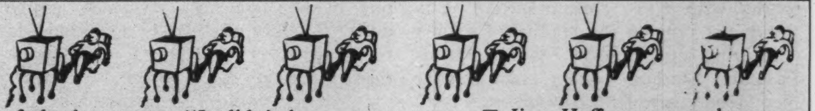
☐ Playing in a 1974 World Team Tennis match for the now defunct Baltimore Banners, Jimmy Connors was so riled by a fan shouting disparaging comments about his romance with Chris Evert that he tore into the stands after him.

☐ In the race immediately following the 101st Kentucky Derby, fans in the Churchill Downs infield hurled beer cans and paper cups at horses speeding down the backstretch. In the sixth race at Long Island's Roosevelt Raceway on November 8, 1963, six of the eight horses pulled up because of an accident. Fans wanted the race declared "no contest," but the stewards made the results official. Spectators thereupon rioted, smashing the scoreboard, trashing concession stands, burning a sulky and upsetting cars in the parking lot. Firemen were called in to soak the rioters with water, and the track's security chief died of a coronary.

☐ On December 9, 1974, Pedro Soto, a popular undefeated boxer from Puerto Rico, fought Mike Quarry in the ring at New York's Felt Forum. Quarry totaled Soto and won a unanimous decision, but Soto's boosters, who had bet heavily on their man, saw the fight differently. So they ravished the Forum, tearing out seats and ceiling panels and toilets, and setting the place on fire.

☐ Detroit pro-sports fans had back-to-back victories one late October weekend in 1971. First, Doug Barkley, the 34-year-old coach of the Detroit Red Wings, quit his post just before his team took the ice against the Pittsburgh Penguins at Detroit's Olympic Stadium. Said the hassled Barkley: "I just could not live with the pressure of 15,000 fans booing." The next day, Detroit Pistons head coach "Butch" van Breda Kolff resigned. He too had been hounded by hostile home crowds, even though his team's record at that point in the NBA season was 6-4. *—Peter M. Lincoln*

Words on Plays



☐ Yankee manager Billy Martin to his players as they left the locker room after losing game two of the World Series: "Get some sleep and don't get mugged."

☐ Yankee third baseman Graig Nettles as champagne flowed after the sixth game: "I'm glad we won. The fans get really vicious after a loss. It's too bad. A guy's career could be ruined."

☐ Yankee owner George Steinbrenner: "I'm not embarrassed or alarmed by our fans at all. They waited long enough for a World Championship. They deserve it."

☐ Reggie Jackson, receiving a $10,000 car as Series MVP, on what he was thinking when fans lobbed cherry bombs toward him in the ninth inning of the last game: "It didn't have any effect on me. If you get hit, you get hit. If you don't, you don't. You just try to stay out of the way."

☐ Phil Esposito, 15-year veteran center in the National Hockey League: "We've been fighting for years in this league. What's a few fights in the stands? The fans need some excitement the way we play."

☐ Fred Schuchmann, assistant supervisor of security at New York's Madison Square Garden, on that facility's approach to outbreaks in the stands: "When you build up fans emotionally, something's got to burst. New Yorkers have to have a chance at winning something, even if it's a fight. That's why we try to prevent fights instead of breaking them up."

☐ Jim Heffernan, spokesman for the National Football League, explaining the installation of nets in the end-zone stands: "They're not there to save footballs. I mean, we give away countless balls during the season anyway. The nets are there to keep the fans from scrambling all over each other chasing after PATs [points-after-touchdowns] and field goals. The cost of a football is hardly worth fans falling down flights of stairs."

☐ John Joyce, the National Basketball Association's director of security, on which comes first, the rotten tomato or the rotten egg: "A coach is the orchestra conductor. If he rants and raves, he charges up the crowd."

—Peter M. Lincoln

---

fessional fans, and some psychologists suggest that stadium rampages may actually be an indirect result of the "instant replay" syndrome. "Violence in sport is magnified by television," says sociologist Harry Edwards. "The [television] fan can identify with violence in terms of what he would like to do with the forces he cannot control."

Once at a game, however, fueled by previously televised instant replays of football cheap shots, hockey square-offs and basketbrawls, along with the hope of perhaps getting a little air time himself, the fan seeks his new identity.

Professional games are not the only events victimized by these lost souls. Many college football games have been transformed into an alcoholic Knute Rockne story directed by Sam Peckinpah.

"Our cameramen get hit with stuff at almost every game," says John Allen, an ABC technical director, who has worked every college game of the week since 1968. "The NCAA won't like hearing this," he says, "but it's almost becoming a controlled riot out there. The fans are getting worse and worse. Ten years ago, even during the antiwar days, it was never this bad. At LSU they throw Coke bottles, in Alabama they come to the game with bags of oranges. But Colorado is the worst. One of their favorite tricks is to make snowballs with rocks inside, and they throw them at us if they start losing. The problem," Allen charges, "is that they take this damn shit so personally. It's just a goddamn college game."

Nevertheless, "winning [one for the gipper] isn't everything . . . it's the only thing." Unfortunately, that famous Vince Lombardi quote, which the high priest of victory attempted to retract before he died, lives on. "There's been a progressive, paranoiac desire to win," says Arnold Mandell, former team psychiatrist for the San Diego Chargers, "and violence is a natural product of that. Win or be killed is where it's at."

In some cases of fan violence, the players on the field have responded in kind. Once, during a Yankee-Red Sox game, a fan persisted in shouting accusations about Ted Williams' sex life that could be heard throughout the entire lower level. When the legendary outfielder came to bat, Yankee catcher Yogi Berra asked him how he could take the verbal abuse. Williams simply asked Berra for a favor. "Tell him to pitch it inside," he said, and the pitcher obliged. The fan, sitting down the line in foul territory, had a half dozen line drives sprayed at him. He got the message and left.

On April 22, 1976, the fans' verbal barrage provoked four Philadelphia Flyers to charge into the stands at Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens. Players Bob Kelly and Joe Watson were charged with assault and heavily fined.

It has reached the point where stadium architects and police have begun to experiment with new forms of crowd control. "They had five hundred policemen at Yankee Stadium," says Reggie Jackson. "If they couldn't do anything about the mob then, well I can't see how they're gonna do anything about it again."

But they're trying. At Minnesota's Metropolitan Stadium, ground crews coat the goal posts and stadium beams with STP. Detoxification vans stand just outside the stadium for fans who drink too much. At the new Meadowlands Stadium near Hackensack, New Jersey, the first row of seats is 12 feet above field level. The NHL has ordered that every penalty box be enclosed in thick shatter-proof glass, and special coverings have also been erected over the player exits.

One soccer stadium in Brazil features a 9-foot-wide moat between the players and the fans, filled alternately with water, jagged glass and every conceivable hindrance short of crocodiles

One soccer stadium in Brazil features a 9-foot-wide moat between the players and the fans, filled alternately with water, jagged glass and every conceivable hindrance short of crocodiles. At the center of the field, there's a trap door hidden under the turf to allow the referees to flee should the fans come equipped with, let's say, LSTs.

Even the use of German shepherds has been suggested. "Trained police dogs," Dodger pitcher Tommy John told reporters after the Series, "will back those guys right into a corner."

They would have needed an entire "K9" kennel at Yankee Stadium to achieve that goal. The fans took and held the 3.5-acre playing field for an incredible 35 minutes. "Thank God it went only six games," sighed Emil Ciccotelli, a tired police inspector standing at what used to be second base. "I don't think we could have handled another game here."

An hour later, the stadium lights were dimmed, and the score was almost official: 38 arrested, four dozen injured, including one who was admitted to a local hospital with a concussion and other injuries.

But up on the elevated platform of the 161st Street subway station there was still time for one final extra-innings attraction. A group of seven half-drunk Yankee fans were grouped around a small, frightened gray mouse. "Get him, get him," shouted their leader. "He's gonna escape!" They did, kicking the small station dweller against a sheet metal wall. Suddenly they were quiet, waiting for the stunned mouse to move. If fandom had its rewards that night, then certainly this unfortunate rodent was no small prize.

"C'mon, step on his head—he's still alive!" The mouse stirred just enough to be kicked again, this time under the tracks and to its death on the streets below. The young stomper looked up, faced his friends with extended index fingers and yelled "We're number one!"●

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICKEY PALMER/FOCUS ON SPORTS

Joy in Mudville: Last year when the Yankees beat the Royals, 7-6, there was only lightness out of dark. This year was different

Biorhythms

A "new" science for us all

Biorhythms, the latest rage to sweep the country, is actually as old as Mankind itself but we only recently became aware of these physical, emotional and intellectual energy cycles that everyone's body experiences constantly.

Although our bodies experience many cycles such as temperature, respiration and blood pressure in periods varying in length from seconds to days, the popular term, "Biorhythm" relates to one particular theory of body cycles which states that there are 3 major cycles of 23, 28 and 33 day periods which have a marked influence on our daily moods and behavior.

Good Days, Bad Days

Biorhythmologists say that our "critical days" are even more important to us than if we're up or down on a particular biocurve. These are the days when our cycles are changing directions causing upheavals in our body patterns and causing us to be prone to accidents, errors and unusual moods.

The Computer Age has aided the growth of Biorhythm immensely. When this fledgling science was first introduced by Drs. Fliess and Swoboda biorhythm calculations were tedious and time consuming. Now, with computer generated bio-charts and other devices such as the Biomate calculator, many people have easy access to biorhythm information.

This has lead to greater investigation and research lately. Biorhythm is now being tested and considered not only for its value to industry but athletics as well.

Picks the Winners in Sports

Biorhythm analysis of football players has correctly picked the winners in the last 3 SuperBowls!

In fact for any sport, be it Basketball, Golf or Tennis, Biorhythms have shown an uncanny ability to predict the players' overall performance on any given day. Jimmy the Greek even uses them to help him make predictions.

By watching our Biorhythms we can discover what patterns of our physical, emotional and intellectual cycles are our winning patterns; the days when we have those hunches and make those successful moves.

Who knows? Maybe it can even tell you what are your best days to gamble at Vegas.

* * * *

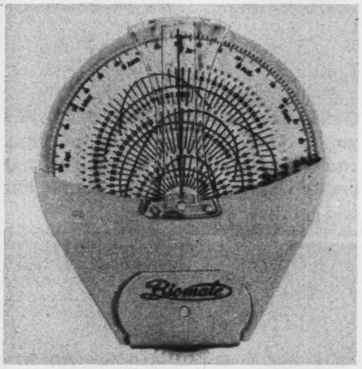
Forecast *your* success!

Maximize your energies and potentials.

You use Business Cycles. Why not use your *own* personal Body Cycles? The science of Biorhythms applied to your life and business can give you that *extra* edge on success.

As a decision-maker, you know that timing is an all important factor in business & investment decisions.

Knowing when to act and how is the key to success! Now you can know *YOUR* best times for key activities.



Commodity & Stock Options Traders use it. So do Airline Pilots & Private Pilots.

- **Simple & Easy to Use**
- **All Calculations Pre-Programmed No Math Needed**
- **Visual Readout Shows All 3 Cycles Physical, Emotional, Intellectual**

Commodities Traders use it to help you make better trading and timing decisions. It tells you when you may be better off by staying out of the pits.

Stock Option Professionals use it to tell you your best days for speculative moves: when to buy, sell or hold.

Airline Pilots & Private Pilots—Know when to fly and when you should be grounded.

Salesmen forecast your winning days. Schedule your presentations for when you're at your best.

Managers plan your time by your natural energy rhythms. Get the most out of your days. Use it with employees and get the most out of your team.

Plan your *Vacations* or your sporting sprees. Know when you will be physically up!

It's even been rumored that some saavy upward bound managers use Biorhythms to schedule in-company confrontations to their best advantage.

This scientific and mathematically precise method is used in Japan by over 5,000 companies.

- **Ohmi Railway** has reported an astounding 4 million kilometer accident-free record through the use of Biorhythms
- **Japan Airlines** has been charting the Biorhythms of its pilots since 1973 and uses it in determining pilot crew assignments.
- **Seibu Transport** reduced keypunching errors by 35% using Biorhythms in its computer section.
- Other firms include **Fuji Heavy Industries, Hitachi, Mitsubishi, Asahi Glass** and **Nissan Motors**

Now Major U.S. Corporations are looking into what value Biorhythms holds for them.

- **Pfizer Inc.** used Biorhythms to rotate production workers and accidents dropped 60%
- **National Lead Industries** Titanium Division cited a 40% reduction in injuries while using Biorhythm Awareness Programs
- **United Airlines** has charted thousands of their employees on an experimental basis
- Other firms include **Exxon Chemicals, Sperry Rand, Procter & Gamble, Allegheny Airlines,** and **AT&T LongLines**

How can you chart *your* Biorhythms? Normally done on digital computers or specialized electronic calculators, charting Biorhythms was cumbersome and costly: Not Anymore!

The **BIOMATE** biorhythm calculator is an inexpensive *and* accurate device which computes your Biorhythm cycles much in the fashion of a circular slide rule.

Even at its low price, this precision instrument provides a *Visual Readout* that electronic units at 5 times the price do not have. **BIOMATE** allows you to *see all your cycles* for an entire year at a glance with only one simple setting!

Compact and rugged, **BIOMATE** fits in your coat pocket or desk drawer always ready to aid you in decision-making and planning. Don't be without one, order yours today!

• Money Back Guarantee •

The **BIOMATE** biorhythm calculator is yours to try FREE for 30 days. If you are not satisfied with it at that time you may return it for a full refund.

BIOMATE complete with handsome satin carry case and a 24 page booklet "Biomate and the Amazing New Science of Biorhythms" is yours for only $10 postpaid.

INVEST IN YOURSELF TODAY! At $10 the return is tremendous.

© T. Pukula, 1977.

BIOMATE Dept. N 400
1030 N. STATE, CHICAGO, ILL 60610

Yes, I want that extra edge on success. Please rush me___ BIOMATE biorhythm calculators at $10 each postpaid, complete with satin carry case and 24 pg. booklet. (Ill. resid. add 5% tax)

I understand that I may return it within 30 days for a full refund if I am not satisfied.

☐ Check or M.O. enclosed ☐ Charge my:
☐ BankAmericard ☐ Master Charge
Expiration Date _____ Interbank No. _____
Account No. _____
Signature _____
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

or CALL TOLL-FREE 800-621-8318
in Illinois call 800-972-8308
24 hrs day for credit card orders

Books/By Geoffrey Wolff

Oh, what a lovely war book!

Dispatches *by Michael Herr.* Knopf (260 pp., $8.95).

Appropriate to that miserable war, the imminent end of Michael Herr's personal documentary about Vietnam was many times falsely announced. I first wrote about one of its sections during the summer of 1969, when "Illumination Rounds" appeared in *New American Review #7*, and was identified as being a portion of a book called *Dispatches*, to be published by Knopf within a few months. Like many people who read that jittery, controlled account of men we thought we knew at a war we thought we understood too well, I recognized Herr's report as better than anything I had read about Vietnam and probably as good as anything I had read about war. I couldn't wait for the rest.

But I waited. Pieces of it (already finished by the summer of 1969) appeared in *Esquire* and *Rolling Stone* as publishing season followed publishing season, with each successive Knopf catalogue promising *Dispatches*. I learned that nothing remained to be done by Herr save a short preface, or conclusion, or something. After a few years of this the war wound down and *Dispatches* disappeared from the catalogues and Michael Herr from print and that should have been that, a sad story of another casualty.

But Herr didn't disappear without a trace. Whenever I found myself among old Vietnam hands his work would pop up like a mint penny, and though people spoke of his recent history with regret and an unspecified suggestion of very bad news, I never heard anyone dare pity him, he was that good. Now, eight years late, he's out of the jungle, and his book seems even better than it did on my first reading of its parts, or my second or third.

I wish I could quote the whole thing at you, but to best give you its special quality I'll pick instead a few passages ripped from their scrupulously designed settings; Herr, who began and almost ended as a writer with this story, had ears like no one else's ears over there, and he brought an entire language back alive. Soldier talk:

- "Aw, jungle's okay. If you know her you can live in her real good, if you don't she'll take you down in an hour. Under."
- "A dead buddy is some tough shit, but bringing your own ass out alive can sure help you to get over it."
- "It don't look to me like you were scared at all up there. You only look like about ten thousand miles of bad road."
- "Air sports . . . Nothing finer, you're up there at two thousand, you're God, just open up the flexies and watch it pee, nail those slime to the paddy wall, nothing finer, double back and get the caribou."
- "Looks like the Imperial City's had the schnitz."
- "We sure brang some pee down to bear on them hills."
- "A sucking chest wound is Nature's way of telling you that you've been in a firefight."

Like Ward Just and Peter Braestrup and a few others, Herr loved soldiers more than he hated the war. But he understood, back in '67 and '68 and '69, that this was a minority taste, and that it wasn't always, or even often, shared by the soldiers themselves. "I *hate* this movie," Herr heard one of

Grave of the known soldier: "We came to fear something more complicated than death, an annihilation less final but more complete . . ."

PHOTOGRAPH BY RICHARD SWANSON/BLACK STAR

7 uncommon magazines with one thing in common:

New Times
Harper's
Ms.
THE FBI WAS WATCHING YOU
Atlantic
psychology today
THE AMERICAN FAMILY IN TROUBLE
Saturday Review
THE NEW REPUBLIC

the lowest prices offered anywhere.

Check the appropriate boxes:

☐ **Atlantic**
8 issues for $4.34
☐ **Harper's**
8 issues for $4.99
☐ **Ms.**
1 year for $5.00
☐ **New Republic**
24 issues for $10.50
☐ **New Times**
1 year (26 issues) for $7.50
☐ **Psychology Today**
1 year for $6.97
☐ **Saturday Review**
13 issues for $7.00

New Times

8E40

Name (please print)

Address Apt.

City

State Zip

☐ Payment enclosed ☐ Bill me

Prompt Delivery: Your first issue will be shipped 6 to 10 weeks from receipt of order. Canadian Residents: Add $3.00 for postage per year per subscription. Outside U.S. and Canada: Add $5.00 for postage per year per subscription—cash only (payable in U.S. currency).

7 uncommon magazines with one thing in common:

Atlantic
THE NEW REPUBLIC
Ms.
psychology today
Harper's
New Times
Saturday Review

the lowest prices offered anywhere.

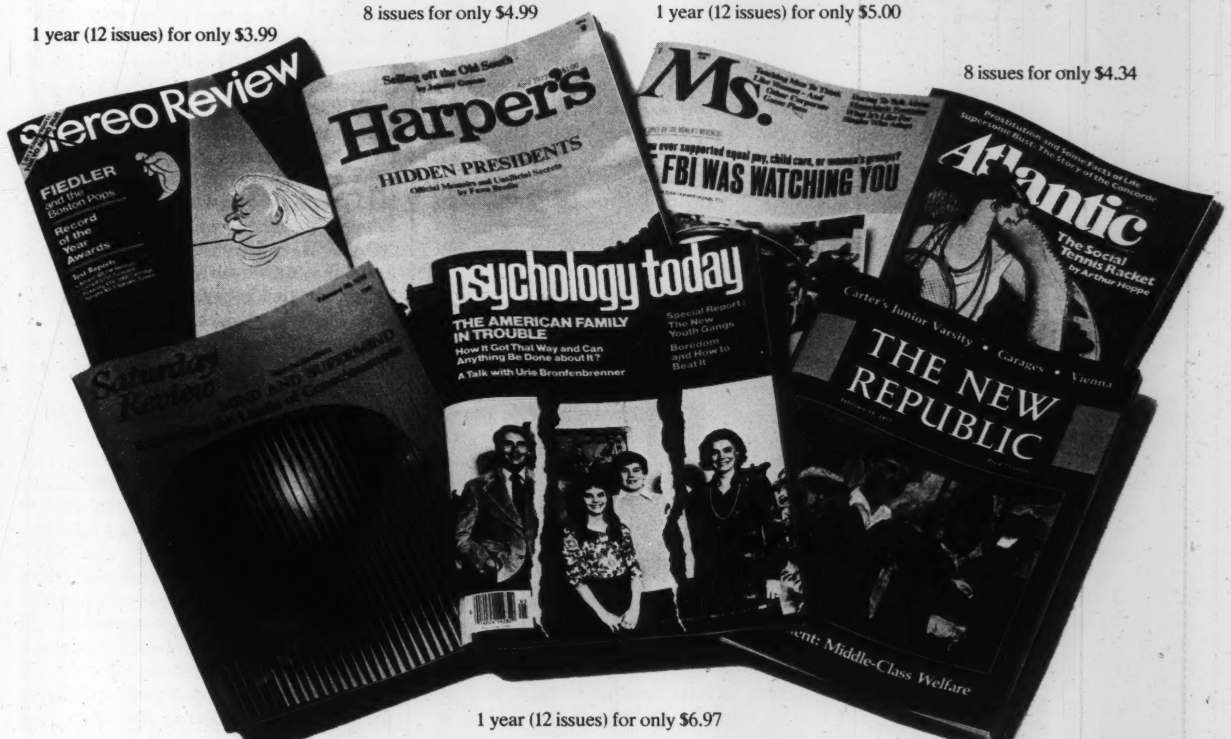
FIRST CLASS
Permit No. 917
Boulder, Colorado

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No Postage Stamp Necessary If Mailed in the United States

POSTAGE WILL BE PAID BY

MARDEL
P.O. Box 2706
Boulder, Colorado 80321

7 uncommon magazines with one thing in common:


Stereo Review
FIEDLER and the Boston Pops
Record of the Year Awards
Harper's
Selling off the Old South
HIDDEN PRESIDENTS
Ms.
FBI WAS WATCHING YOU
Atlantic
The Social Tennis Racket by Arthur Hoppe
psychology today
THE AMERICAN FAMILY IN TROUBLE
How It Got That Way and Can Anything Be Done about It?
A Talk with Urie Bronfenbrenner
Special Report: The New Youth Gangs
Boredom and How to Beat It
Saturday Review
MIND AND SUPERMIND
Carter's Junior Varsity • Garages • Vienna
THE NEW REPUBLIC
Middle-Class Welfare

1 year (12 issues) for only $3.99

8 issues for only $4.99

1 year (12 issues) for only $5.00

8 issues for only $4.34

1 year (26 issues) for only $7.00

1 year (12 issues) for only $6.97

24 issues for only $10.50

For the first time ever, these seven outstanding magazines are being offered together at the lowest per-copy prices the publishers can allow. It's *your* chance to pick up as many as four* of them at savings of up to 50%. Savings that may never come your way again.

But sign on *only* if you have an uncommon curiosity about this curious and complex world...only if you aren't afraid to alter an opinion or two along the way.

Because here you'll discover a provocative and colorful mix of ideas and insights, of articles and reports that run the gamut from sheiks to skinflix, junta juggling to heroin smuggling.

the lowest prices offered anywhere.

If card is missing, mail order to:
Mardel
P.O. Box 2706
Boulder, Colorado 80322

*Sorry, we must limit this offer to four magazine subscriptions per customer.

You might penetrate this year's political maze *(New Republic)* or gain an incisive view of 20th century survival *(Harper's)*. You could delve into government, the arts, writers and writing *(The Atlantic)*...probe the latest developments on the feminist front *(Ms.)*... learn what Dylan owes to Elvis *(Stereo Review)*. You may discover why good guys make bum bosses *(Psychology Today)* or exactly why man's future looks good, sometimes *(Saturday Review)*.

Are you ready for that kind of various and vital journalism?

At the lowest prices per copy offered anywhere, now's an uncommonly good time for you to find out.

I just can't seem to get a job...

that's because I am only 9 years old.

I went to Mister Messenger Service. Young guys work full time and part-time; they ride bikes, deliver on foot and by truck. They use common sense, get clean, clear legible signatures on all deliveries, dress neat, be polite, and respectful.

The messengers get paid hourly; some are on salary. And when they roll — they r-e-a-l-l-y B-A-Z-O-O-M! Within the hour deliveries! Secretaries, mail room people, glamour people, even corporation president's get treated nice. The early guys start at 7 AM, and everything is finished when the last delivery is finished. They got offices all over.

I saw one messenger come back with a scribbled signature . . . his third boo-boo. He was scratched! Another messenger came in without a shave, he got sent home. They told me to come back when I could get working papers. The minimum wage went up on May 1. But I don't think Mister Messenger raised their rates. If I was a boss I would call Mister Messenger Service at 532-0800. They go anywhere, any time, any place, uptown, downtown, midtown, all-around-the-town and even out-of-town. Call them, for me. Maybe I can make commissions until I am old enough to ride a bike. My name is Irving Gezundheit. But, please, when you call for service just say "Irv" sent you . . . because that makes me sound a lot older than 9 years old.

Join the professionals and thank you Irving Gezundheit for telling us your story.

Mister Messenger, Inc.

(212) 532-0800

them say. And he thought: "Why not?" Interesting, that they thought of it as a movie. Herr says that when the television cameras were cranking the soldiers would transact their business in a lingo they had picked up at World War II flicks. "In any other war, they would have made movies about us too, *Dateline: Hell!*, *Dispatch from Dong Ha*, maybe even *A Scrambler to the Front* . . . But Vietnam is awkward, everybody knows how awkward, and if people don't even want to hear about it, you know they're not going to pay money to sit there in the dark and have it brought up."

But Herr was writing here not of soldiers; these are correspondents, wild-assed photographers like Errol Flynn's son Sean (lost in Cambodia), and Dana Stone, an ex-logger from Vermont (lost in Cambodia), and Tim Page, an English orphan and vagabond (shot up and stitched up, paralyzed and recovered). And things have changed now, the times have caught up with Herr's affection. With the help of Gloria Emerson and Philip Caputo and Tim O'Brien and Ron Kovic, Americans have begun to take an interest, however distanced from the messy materiality of the case, in their soldiers. And Francis Ford Coppola and his backers are investing much time and many millions in the expectation that Americans will indeed "pay money to sit there in the dark and have it brought up."

Dispatches is not really all that interested in these things. It is about the nature of courage and its many perversions, about fear, about the codes of taste and honor that Hemingway celebrated, about the idioms of craziness, about the consequences of extreme situations. Gloria Emerson's recent book, *Winners and Losers*, is a record of such consequences, and a punishment for the clerks who caused them. Herr, sent to report on the war for *Esquire*, never much bothered with the clerks and spokesmen, and punishment is the least of his ambitions for anyone. If ungoverned anger was Emerson's signature, a kind of capacious sweetness is Herr's, a sense that everyone is deep in some kind of shit or other. A Marine once expressed amazement to him at the kinds of choices people were offered in that war, "and I couldn't help but feel that what he really meant was that you didn't get offered any at all . . . you couldn't blame him for thinking that if he knew one thing for sure, it was that there was no one anywhere who cared less about what *he* wanted. There wasn't anybody he wanted to thank for his food, but he was grateful that he was still alive to eat it, that the motherfucker hadn't scarfed him up first. He hadn't been anything but tired and scared for six months and he'd lost a lot, mostly people, and seen far too much, but he was breathing in and breathing out, some kind of choice all by itself."

"Breathing In" opens *Dispatches*, and "Breathing Out" shuts it down: The arrival, sound of shots in the dark, sudden intake of breath, clenched heart, the elephant "kneeling on my chest." Then "Hell Sucks," "Khe Sanh," "Illumination Rounds," "Colleagues," and, after the *cafard* and slow ruin, a meticulous exhalation such as the victim of a graphic nightmare might essay, breathing out. Like a returned soldier who told him, "I just can't hack it back in the World," Herr, home at 28, buckled under a load of confused dreams. The soldier would stick a hunting rifle out a window and lead people and cars as they passed his house ("It used to put my folks real uptight"); Herr doesn't write much about how the days during the past eight years, or the nights, have passed for him. Only in general terms, about the ghosts of friends from that time, and strangers: "Was it possible that they were there and not haunted? No, not possible, not a chance. I know I wasn't the only one. Where are they now? (Where am I now?) I stood as close to them as I could without actually being one of them, and then I stood as far back as I could without leaving the planet."

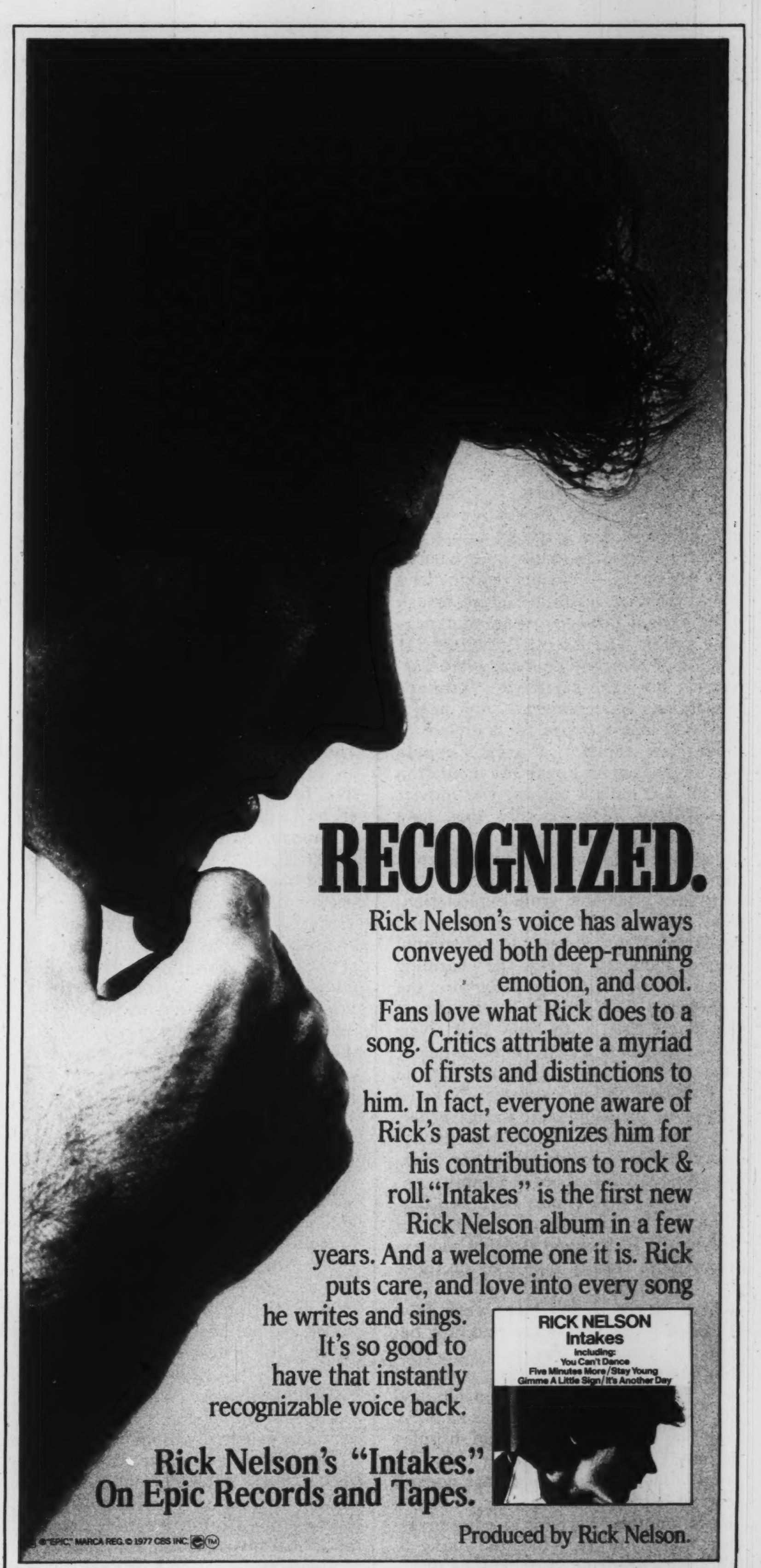
Such anomie, to connect with strangers, must be earned and articulated. Herr earned his by his position on the war ("we were in it, and that was a position"), and articulates it with precise candor. He loved grunts, but not all of them. He suffered with them, but not like them. He wore their uniforms, sometimes, but was not, as he says, one of them. And some hated him and his correspondent friends, hoped he would die. Because he didn't have to be there, and was there. But not to make too much of this; most soldiers were curious about correspondents: "A GI would walk clear across a firebase for a look at you if he'd never seen a correspondent before because it was like going to see the Geek, and worth the walk."

The Geek part came later for Herr, beginning as he prepared to leave for home, when "a kind of retrospective fear followed me everywhere," and then came worse later, at home, where he found himself "changed, enlarged and (some things are expensive to say) incomplete." The only other thing by Herr I've ever seen (and I've been looking) is a recent one-pager in *Rolling Stone*'s issue about New York, a love letter to the boozers' and druggers' neighborhoods of the (poisoned) apple, and it tries out some alarming images: "Sometimes I'll go to pull the pin, but I've never pulled it all the way, is that sick? . . . It's both barrels this summer, no fucking around, I think I'm losing my fastball."

I hope not. Herr's got a bitch of a fastball. Writing, sorting through memories and putting them where they belong, just so, putting them precisely as they should be put, this is coming at memory with both barrels, no fucking around. "Sometimes I didn't know if an action took a second or an hour or if I dreamed it or what. In war more than in other life you don't really know what you're doing most of the time, you're just behaving, and afterward you can make up any kind of bullshit you want to about it, say you felt good or bad, loved it or hated it, did this or that, the right thing or the wrong thing; still, what happened happened."

There's an entire essay on the special grace and the miracle of personal recollection. Confuse a date in a biography and you've committed an error of craft. Shade the facts in a newspaper report and you've broken faith. Try to tell the truth about the trouble with telling the truth in a book like this and you've won through to honor, that hardest of all things Hemingway described, distinguishing between what you felt and what you think you should have felt, and writing what you felt, however incomplete and confused and partial that might be. During a firefight some soldiers were killed, and Herr, slammed by something in the face, thought he had tasted it. He touched his face, it was bleeding. He discovered by and by it was only a bloody nose, nothing. It was a taste, something. In a newspaper report, nothing. In *Dispatches*, something.

Gloria Emerson reserves her deepest contempt (and that's deep, believe me) for the wife of a columnist who told the pilot of a gunship that "every man should have his war." It was a dumb remark, of course, monstrous. But there's another way, Herr's way, of coming at this. That everyone winds up with his war, whether it's a desk-fast paper-pusher leaving "a smudge of closet throatsticker on every morning report" or a behind-the-lines officer found on the roof of the Rex Hotel in Saigon, "ground zero," where men hung out "who looked like they'd been suckled by wolves, they could die right there and their jaws would work another half hour." Herr writes that the war and the culture of the sixties, all death and ecstasy, provoked not two but a single obsession. Is this really so? Herr writes that "war stories aren't really anything more than stories about people anyway." Then why is every show of the normal in this book so exotic? Why is this book so strange? So awful, as they used to say for *awesome*, so wonderful?



RECOGNIZED.

Rick Nelson's voice has always conveyed both deep-running emotion, and cool. Fans love what Rick does to a song. Critics attribute a myriad of firsts and distinctions to him. In fact, everyone aware of Rick's past recognizes him for his contributions to rock & roll. "Intakes" is the first new Rick Nelson album in a few years. And a welcome one it is. Rick puts care, and love into every song he writes and sings. It's so good to have that instantly recognizable voice back.

RICK NELSON
Intakes
Including:
You Can't Dance
Five Minutes More/Stay Young
Gimme A Little Sign/It's Another Day

Rick Nelson's "Intakes."
On Epic Records and Tapes.

Produced by Rick Nelson.

© "EPIC," MARCA REG. © 1977 CBS INC.

Movies / By Richard Corliss

Bertolucci's big, beautiful mess

Wilfrid Sheed, in a review some years ago of *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, suggested that William Styron's novel was the kind of big, personal book a young writer of talent and ambition feels the need to attempt, and had to get out of his system, before going back—and on—to his best work. The same tendency seems to obtain for some of our most impressive young film directors; and in the art-industry, a director's big ambitions require a backer's big bucks. William Friedkin, who went from a medium-budget smash (*The French Connection*) to an expensive smash (*The Exorcist*), poured $21 million of somebody's money into *Sorcerer*, his anti-narrative "thriller" which may have played at your neighborhood movie house for a couple of hours last summer. Francis Coppola has mortgaged his house and reputation on his $30 million antiwar war movie, *Apocalypse Now*—a title that may prove a self-fulfilling prophecy for the filmmaker if his promethean chutzpah doesn't pay off at the wickets. Martin Scorsese graduated from exploitation-film subjects (*Boxcar Bertha*) and budgets (*Mean Streets*) to substantial hits at moderate prices: the charming *Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore*, the checkered *Taxi Driver*. It was almost inevitable that, with *New York, New York*, he would transform an intimate, two-person drama with music into an $11 million anti-blockbuster. Personal vision or megalomania? Creative daring or death wish? In the New Hollywood, these opposing forces can coexist provocatively, if not profitably.

Now here comes Bernardo Bertolucci—the contours of whose career follow the Hollywood Hotshot success story more closely than they do those of his fellow Italians—with **1900**, which played at the New York Film Festival a few weeks ago and now begins its American theatrical run. *1900* has been awaited as long and as eagerly as a Yankee World Championship, and its prerelease history involves as many vaulting egos and contractual disputes as any George Steinbrenner could invent. Alas, the Bertolucci saga doesn't end so happily. *1900* is a big, beautiful mess, another warning to edgy investors that if you give a talented young director his head and $8 million, he'll lose both.

Bertolucci's would-be masterpiece may, as its advocates claim, advance the art of film, but it's likely to hurt the art-film industry. Alberto Grimaldi, the movie's producer, is simply not Lorenzo de' Medici; indeed, after financing three expensive flops (Fellini's *Casanova*, Pasolini's *Salo* and this), he may decide to enter some less precarious area of investment, like the New York City bond market. And other, less adventurous producers may decide to put their next multimillions on a dependable hack like John Guillermin or Jack Smight, rather than bet it all on some kid out of a film school who thinks he's an *artist*, for Crissake!

It's a noble, foolish gamble Grimaldi took on Bertolucci—The Auteur Theory Goes to Las Vegas. To a critic, an auteur is a director with a distinctive, forceful visual style; to a producer, he's a guy whose last film made a lot of money. After the success of *Last Tango in Paris*, Bertolucci could have found backers for an alfresco operatic version of *Das Kapital* (and, in a way, that's what *1900* is). Still, it's easy to imagine the initial appeal of Bertolucci's project: a multigeneration film-novel with the sweep of *Gone With the Wind*, but transposed to Italy in the first half of this century, and told from the peasants' rather than the landowners' point of view. Bertolucci, who joined the Italian Communist Party in 1969, must have been troubled and challenged by the thought that two seminal movie epics, *GWTW* and D.W. Griffith's *The Birth of a Nation*, were reactionary, patronizing, racist. *His* epic would serve as both tribute and rebuttal to the genre.

But to realize this project on the grand scale it demanded—an extravagant yet scrupulous evocation of Italian social and political history, as reflected through the first 44 years in the lives of two sons of the Emilian countryside, Alfredo the bourgeois and Olmo the laborer—meant raising a lot of money. And this eventually produced a number of what Bertolucci now calls "dialectics." To wit: a revolutionary film financed in part by American capitalists (notably the Gulf + Western conglomerate that owns Paramount Pictures); a dramatis personae of Northern Italians played by French, American and Canadian actors; a handful of Hollywood stars (Robert DeNiro, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, Donald Sutherland) thrown against native peasant nonactors who were more or less playing themselves; a headstrong experiment in cinema form that would need a huge and unsophisticated movie audience to recoup its cost; a hymn to the Italian spirit for which most of the actors would speak English, and which would be released in America in an English-language version; and, finally, a 5⅓-hour film, of which Bertolucci once said, "I will not cut one frame," and which is now playing in a four-hour version that the director prefers to the original! My friend Scott Hammen, film critic for the Louisville *Courier*, put it well: "The old Hollywood hacks used to call these things 'compromises.' The new radicals call them 'dialectics.' "

As Hegel and Bertolucci would have their dialectic, all these theses and antitheses are supposed to produce some New! Improved! Synthesis! It doesn't happen in *1900*; there's not even the combustion you might expect from the meeting of DeNiro (who's worked marvelously with Scorsese, Coppola and Elia Kazan) and Bertolucci (who's elicited memorable performances from Jean-Louis Trintignant in *The Conformist* and Marlon Brando in *Last Tango*). Instead we get a mass of unresolved, gorgeously mounted contradictions. Though Bertolucci means us to be horrified by the bestiality of fascism (personified by Donald Sutherland's Attila) and thrilled by the triumph of the working class (personified by Gerard Depardieu's Olmo), the film's spirit and tempo are dominated by DeNiro as Alfredo, the flaccid landowner.

Alfredo is a curiously passive character to build a film around. From childhood to middle age, he does nothing, thinks little, feels hardly at all. As the padrone of a huge estate, he is given things (by his family), loses things (his wife), is finally stripped of things (by his peasants)—but to what effect? It is Bertolucci's point—and an endearingly perverse point, given the traditions of the genre and Alfredo's place in the story—that this representative of the ruling class is too weak to fight either the proletariat (Olmo) or the fascists (Attilla), and that Alfredo learns nothing from his own and his country's tumultuous history. But must he be so boring? DeNiro has played quiet characters before: the young godfather in Coppola's film, Monroe Stahr in *The Last Tycoon*. But there was always a residue of strength, a hint of obsessiveness, a sense of personal pride. Alfredo has none of these qualities, and DeNiro has no hook to hang his own outsized but narrow-ranged talent on. His performance is as boring as his character.

And like Alfredo, *1900* has no spine; there's nothing to propel the movie over its (still too long) course except its own voluptuous imagery. Bertolucci has always had an eye for spectacular compositions, and for the dramatic use of color. In *1900* he's outdone himself, orchestrating a subtle and dazzling color scheme that reflects the moods of the successive seasons in which the film's four episodes take place (Summer 1901: the boys are born; Fall 1918: they return from the war, renew their friendship, become husbands; Winter 1940: Attila's brutality is revealed in scenes of fascist slaughter; Spring 1945: Liberation Day, when the peasants revolt against Alfredo).

But gorgeous images do not add up to a coherent narrative vision. Bertolucci makes one dumb plot decision after another. Alfredo's wife, a Jazz Age amalgam of Scarlett O'Hara and Zelda Fitzgerald (played by Dominique Sanda), suddenly acquires a political consciousness—and leaves Alfredo and the movie in the lurch. Olmo's saintly, radical wife (the divine Stefania Sandrelli) dies giving birth to their child—and the scene isn't shown; Attila comes to power—and the protagonists are dropped from the story just as it should be reaching its climax. We should remember that both *Gone With the Wind* and *The Birth of a Nation* were based on best-selling novels with strong narrative lines. Bertolucci is working from an original screenplay (by himself, his brother Giuseppe and his editor Franco Arcalli) that's all dressed up—beautifully—but has no place to go. Or, to paraphrase another song lyric, *1900* is lovely to look at, but *not necessarily* delightful to see.

David O. Selznick and his collaborators were careful to see that *GWTW* expressed its ante-bellum sentiments through engaging characters. The only completely venal (and therefore uninteresting) role in the film was that of Jonas Wilkerson, the rapacious overseer. In *1900*, this man-you-love-to-hate is Attila, the estate foreman; and with Attila, Bertolucci is at pains to demonstrate action through character. But what a revoltingly simple character Attila is—and how simply revolting! For Attila and Bertolucci, fascism is a squashed pussycat (squashed against a wall by Attila's head); later in the film, Attila squashes a little boy, just to remind us how evil a reactionary can be. If these scenes have a brutal power the rest of *1900* lacks, it's because Bertolucci realizes that oppression can be visualized more compellingly than liberation, that murder is more picturesque than survival, that War beats Peace at the box office any day. But it hardly proves a reasonable explanation of Italian fascism. If the only fascists were homicidal psychopaths, who were all those Brown Shirts in the newsreels?

I doubt that Bertolucci means us to take this depiction of fascism literally (though I believe he does want us to take it seriously). *1900* is a film, not of mimesis but of metaphor. The director's intention is clear from the first words spoken in the film, on Midsummer's Day, 1901, when a hunchbacked clown staggers onto the estate shouting: "Verdi is dead!"—and with him, Bertolucci suggests, the operatic ideals of the 19th century, the hoary impulses and prejudices that Alfredo is doomed to defend, however passively. That's what *1900* is saying. What it shows is that Verdi is *alive*, in every lyrical, melodramatic frame of the film, in every "aria" performed by Bertolucci's constantly moving camera, in the swollen theatricality of Sutherland's Attila, in the film's purloining of the plot of *Il Trovatore* and—especially—in its homage to the style and matter of the films of Luchino Visconti, who was noted for his staging of both films and operas, and who was a member of the Italian nobility.

At the climax of *1900*, on Liberation Day, the revolutionary peasants declare that "The padrone is dead!"—not Alfredo himself, but his position of ownership and authority; viva the dictatorship of the proletariat. Again, the film has a different subliminal message. And who is the padrone? The authoritarian? The man with the money? He's alive and well and hovering over the entire project. In one sense, he's Alberto Grimaldi, who got the money, and the Gulf + Western plutocrats, who gave it. In another sense, he's Bernardo Bertolucci, who never lets his characters squirm out of his grasp and into life; who turns them into ideological ideograms, like flags on a war map (red for the noble Olmo, white for the vanquished Alfredo); who patronizes his audience by assuming that it can't comprehend shadings of characters; who has imposed a complex and lucid visual design while allowing his story to fall victim to creative anarchy; and who, now that he's got *1900* out of his system, can go back—and on—to make movies that don't confuse slogans with ideas, or puppets with people, or big bucks with great movies.

Depardieu and DeNiro: poor man, rich man

A SPLIT SECOND
IN ETERNITY

The Ancients Called It
COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS

Must man die to release his *inner consciousness?* Can we experience *momentary flights* of the soul—that is, become *one with the universe* and receive an influx of great understanding?

The shackles of the body—its earthly limitations—can be thrown off and *man's mind can be attuned* to the Infinite Wisdom for a flash of a second. During this brief interval intuitive knowledge, great inspiration and a new vision of our life's mission are had. Some call this great experience a psychic phenomenon. But the ancients knew it and taught it as *Cosmic Consciousness*—the merging of man's mind with the Universal Intelligence.

Let This Free Book Explain

This is *not* a religious doctrine, but the application of *simple,* natural laws which give man an insight into the great Cosmic plan. They make possible a source of great joy, strength and a regeneration of man's personal powers. Write to the Rosicrucians, an age-old brotherhood of understanding, for a *free* copy of the book, "The Mastery of Life." It will tell you how, in the privacy of your own home, you may indulge in these mysteries of life known to the ancients. Address: Scribe N.G.L.

The Rosicrucians
SAN JOSE (AMORC) CALIF., 95191 U.S.A.
SEND THIS COUPON
Please Include Your Zip Code

Scribe N.G.L.
The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)
San Jose, California 95191

Please send me the *free* book, *The Mastery of Life,* which explains how I may learn to use my faculties and powers of mind.

Name______________________

Address____________________

City_______________________

State______________Zip Code________

Records

By Jim Miller

★★★ **Aja,** *Steely Dan* (ABC). The music of Steely Dan has always been poised between two possibilities: the compact catchiness of the pop single, and the extended improvisation of progressive jazz-rock. The hits—"Do It Again," "Rikki Don't Lose That Number"—came early, as did the group's mastery of concise vignettes. Blending wry lyrics and infectious melodies, Steely Dan fashioned a memorable string of albums, culminating in 1975 with *Katy Lied.*

Aja, the band's sixth album, marks a return to form after last year's disappointing *Royal Scam.* Each cut exploits an attractive diversity of materials, and several of the lyrics—"Peg," "Deacon Blues," "Black Cow"—are evocative enough to please any Dan aficionado. Again, Donald Fagen and Walter Becker exhibit a unique mastery of harmonic and melodic resources.

But something is missing here. Part of Steely Dan's original attraction lay in the tensions it harbored—tensions eventually relaxed by guitarist Jeff Baxter's departure, by the band's subsequent break-up as a touring unit, and, paradoxically, by Fagen and Becker's increasing self-confidence in the studio. Since *Katy Lied,* Steely Dan has left behind the pithiness of the pop song, and gone after bigger game: something like the Great American Jazz-Rock Song Cycle.

In pursuing such ambitions, *Aja* falls prey to a simple flaw: it sounds glib. The horn charts—arranged by Hollywood's Mr. Homogeneity, Tom Scott—are "tasteful" and boring; the solos are similarly sober, a succession of stately obligatos that never quite take off. When combined with the slick rhythm tracks and icy veneer of Gary Katz's production, these ingredients make for an album virtually squeezed dry of vitality. And while I can take some pleasure in the skill with which Fagen and Becker execute this particular royal scam, I also wonder just who is fooling whom. Has Steely Dan's countdown to ecstacy become a disco update of Henry Mancini?

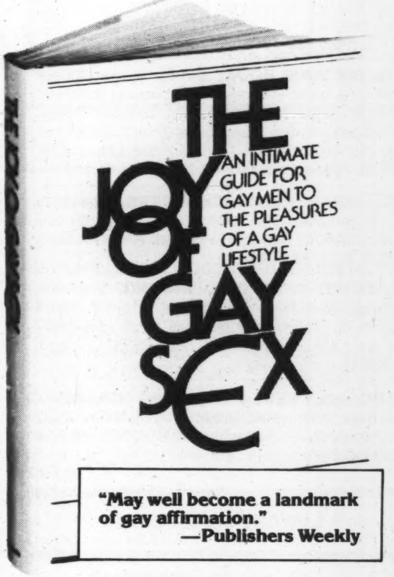
★★ **Can't Wait,** *Piper* (A&M), ★★★ **Young Loud and Snotty,** *Dead Boys* (Sire), ★★ **In the City,** *The Jam* (Polydor). The rock renaissance continues. Last month, Sire Records released three American "new wave" albums, while impressive newcomers keep popping up elsewhere—among them Piper, led by Billy Squier, a veteran of the Boston and New York rock scenes.

One constant in the current revival is its return to tradition, treated as archetypal energy as much as classical form. Echoing the Who in the mid-sixties, Squier eschews primitivism, and harnesses energy to form. Piper employs three guitarists, but they never dominate the group, which is very much Squier's show. His singing has improved since Piper's debut last year, and he has written a pleasing set of new love songs. Unfortunately, the production often bogs down, and many tracks promise more than they deliver. The exception is "Can't Wait," a superb essay in pop *à la* Peter Townshend.

The one real find in the Sire release belongs to the Dead Boys from Cleveland, Ohio. Claiming the obligatory hard-knocks heritage (raised bitter in prole slum, fave film *A Clockwork Orange,* etc.), the Dead Boys manage an unusual fusion of punk's original garage-band premises and current nihilistic posture. They know their roots, as they show on a live version of "Hey Little Girl," cut first by the Syndicate of Sound in punk's first coming in 1966. But the Dead Boys also know the relevant context for Midwestern punk in 1977: namely, heavy metal. Thus, while the lyrics occasionally evoke Iggy Pop, the guitars are strictly Black Sabbath and early Alice Cooper, with the fuzz up and the finesse down. Best of all, the Dead Boys never let you forget that punk can mean party music, even when the lyrics suggest headbashing. The result is a hard rock album with enough horney panache, rhythmic verve and monochromatic obsessiveness to remind me of the Kingsmen's *Louie Louie*—which, after all, was the first punk party album.

In England, of course, there's a core of political truth behind showy nihilism: "What ever happened to the Great Empire?" shouts Jam vocalist Paul Weller in "Time for Truth," although he doesn't wait for an answer. The motif of this album isn't despair, but desperately vulgar *fun:* "the kids know where it's at" functions as a hopeful slogan and damning comment simultaneously. Musically, the Ja evoke the anarchy of the early Who, the politics of the New York Dolls, the speediness of the Ramones. But thanks to Weller's flair for melody amidst the roar, the Jam outclass most of their current rivals. While the result isn't easy listening, it does avoid the grating minimalism characteristic of so many other punk rockers.

The publishers of
THE JOY OF SEX
proudly announce
two companion volumes


The Joy of Gay Sex
THE JOY OF GAY SEX
AN INTIMATE GUIDE FOR GAY MEN TO THE PLEASURES OF A GAY LIFESTYLE

"May well become a landmark of gay affirmation."
—Publishers Weekly

THE AUTHORS

DR. CHARLES SILVERSTEIN, Ph.D. (Psychology) is currently director of the Institute for Human Identity, New York, an independent counseling center that focuses on the particular problems of gay and bisexual people. He is also editor of the Journal of Homosexuality. Of Dr. Silverstein's recent book, A Family Matter: A Parent's Guide to Homosexuality, Publishers Weekly says, "This is the most compassionate approach to the subject."

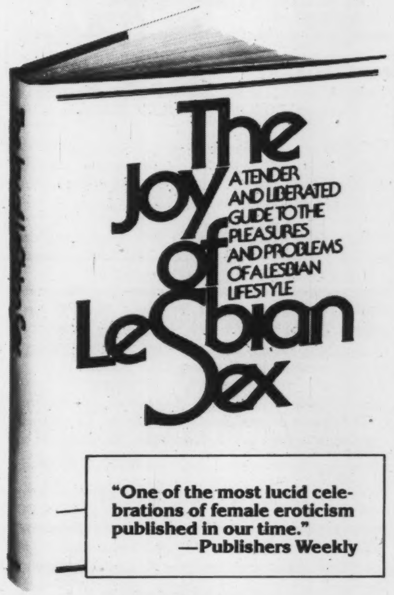
EDMUND WHITE has contributed articles and reviews to New York, Time, Newsweek, The New Republic, The Nation, The Village Voice, Poetry, The Washington Post, The New York Times, etc. He is currently conducting a seminar in creative writing at Yale.

THE ILLUSTRATORS

MICHAEL LEONARD, one of the illustrators of Dr. Alex Comfort's A Good Age, has had several exhibitions in Europe and his first American show in New York this spring.

IAN BECK is well-known in England for his magazine illustrations, his replicas of famous paintings, and his film sets.

JULIAN GRADDON, a noted professional illustrator, is a member of the Association of Illustrators.


The Joy of Lesbian Sex
The Joy of Lesbian Sex
A TENDER AND LIBERATED GUIDE TO THE PLEASURES AND PROBLEMS OF A LESBIAN LIFESTYLE

"One of the most lucid celebrations of female eroticism published in our time."
—Publishers Weekly

THE AUTHORS

DR. EMILY SISLEY, Ph.D. (Clinical Pschology). After a six-year association with the Department of Psychiatry, Roosevelt Hospital, she is now in private practice. She was in publishing for several years and her own writing has bridged many fields.

BERTHA HARRIS is a novelist and a university professor who directs a Women's Studies program. She has written four books and has lectured around the globe on the subject of lesbianism and literature.

THE ILLUSTRATORS

CHARLES RAYMOND, one of the illustrators of The Joy of Sex, has exhibited regularly in Britain and most recently at the Tryon Gallery.

PATRICIA FAULKNER has had four one-woman shows: three in London and one in Canterbury. She has also participated in twenty mixed shows and has exhibited at the Royal Academy for the last nine years.

YVONNE GILBERT lectures at Birmingham College of Art on dress design and its history. Her intricate illustrations are in constant demand from publishers in Britain and abroad.

CROWN

These companion volumes have the same range, the same quality, good taste, understanding, and indisputable authority as The Joy of Sex which was selected by the American Institute of Graphic Arts as one of the fifty best books of the year.

"I have read THE JOY OF GAY SEX by Charles Silverstein, Ph.D., and Edmund White, and also THE JOY OF LESBIAN SEX by Emily Sisley, Ph.D., and Bertha Harris. I find these books to be excellent in depicting by words and pictures the joyfulness of homosexuality. Just as The Joy of Sex did this for heterosexuals, these books do it for homosexuals. I have shown the books to several people here at the Institute (the Institute for Advanced Sexual Studies, San Francisco) who are themselves homosexual. I might add that they are very critical people and most books do not pass their critical eyes. They universally said these books are good books."

— WARDELL POMEROY, Ph.D., psychotherapist and co-author of The Kinsey Report

$12.95 each, available now at most bookstores, or order directly from the publishers by filling out and mailing this coupon. Because the text and illustrations are extremely candid, sales are limited to adults 21 or over.

Crown Publishers, Dept. 786
One Park Ave., New York, N.Y. 10016

Please send me book(s) as indicated below for which I enclose check. For sale to adults over 21 only. If not completely satisfied, I may return book(s) postpaid within 10 days for full refund.

___copy(ies) of THE JOY OF GAY SEX @ $12.95 (531585)

___copy(ies) of THE JOY OF LESBIAN SEX @ $12.95 (531593)

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________ State ________ Zip ________

N.Y. and N.J. residents, add sales tax.

NewTimes Classified

NEW TIMES Classified is a service published in every other issue of NEW TIMES. Rates are $1.95 per word with a 10 word minimum; $1.85 per word for 6 or more insertions; $1.70 per word for over 12 insertions. Box numbers and phone numbers count as 2 words; abbreviations and zip codes count as one word.

Area codes must accompany phone numbers. Money orders or check must accompany copy and be received prior to closing date (30 days before issue date). Make all checks payable to New Times Publishing Company. Send to NEW TIMES MAGAZINE, One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016.

Business Opportunities

NEW LUXURY CAR WITHOUT COST! Free Details. Codex-BB, Box 6073, Toledo, Ohio 43614.

$25.00 DAILY POSSIBLE stuffing envelopes! Details FREE. SERVICE, Box 715-T, Lynbrook, N.Y.

$300–$700 Monthly. Raise Rabbits, Laboratory Animals for us. We supply equipment, Breeders, Instructions. Details–25¢. Laboratory Animals, Inc. NT, Mineral Hill Route, Las Vegas, NM 87701.

INCREASE GAS MILEAGE!! Bypass pollution devices–easily, REVERSIBLY!! Free details—Posco GJ11, 453 W256, NYC 10471.

GET RICH!! Secret law erases debts! Free report exposes millionaire'$$ secrets. Blueprints #J3, 453 W256, NYC 10471.

Education/Instruction

UNIVERSITY DEGREES BY MAIL. Bachelors, Masters, Ph.D's . . . Free revealing details. Counseling, Box 317-TN61, Tustin, California 92680.

DETECTIVE COURSE. Free information. Universal Detectives. Box 8180-NT, Universal City, CA 91608.

TERM PAPERS. Thousands on file. All academic subjects. Send for free mail order catalog. Box 25918-X, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025. (213) 477-8474.

Psychology, Parapsychology Courses. Certificates. APRF, Box 5395-NT, Sherman Oaks, Calif. 91413.

THE MASTER OF BUSINESS ADM. — The Degree Worth $511,378. For Your Study, Send $12.95 to: NBA Associates, 2315 Sears, Suite 7, Columbia, Mo. 65201.

KIDS BUGGING YOU? Stop hassles with Behavior Modification. Complete Program $3. Sage Press, Box 195, Hammett, Idaho 83627.

EASYSKI – New self teaching secrets for beginners, 60 illustrations. $1.95, postage 50¢. Easyski, P.O. Box 78-1, El Paso, Texas 79941.

I CAME FOR THE VIEW AND I GOT A VISION. Franconia College is strongly committed to bringing together a variety of people and experiences in an atmosphere of rigorous inquiry and support. We are a small, liberal arts college of 240 students and 35 faculty located in the heart of the White Mts. of New Hampshire. Franconia offers five areas of study: environmental studies, fine, performing and craft arts, social sciences, education, and language, literature and writing. We are seeking applicants for the January and September terms. Write Box T, Franconia College, Franconia, NH 03580 or call 603-823-5545.

COLLEGE Degree? Why not? Ph.D., Bachelor. Independent study. Elysion College, Box 909, San Ysidro, Cal. 92173.

Employment Opportunities

AUSTRALIA—NEW ZEALAND, 50,000 Jobs! Transportation! Latest Information, $2.00. AUSTCO, Box 8489-NT, Long Beach, Ca. 90808.

OVERSEAS JOBS—Now Hiring. All occupations. High Pay! Transportation. Computerized reports $2.00. TRANSWORLD, International Airport, Box 90802-NT, Los Angeles, Ca. 90009.

MEN! WOMEN! JOBS ON SHIPS. American, Foreign, Worldwide travel. Guide $3.00 Seafax, Dept. X-7, Box 2049, Port Angeles, Was. 98362.

EMPLOYMENT!!! U.S.!! Foreign! Skilled, Unskilled, Equal Opportunity, All Fields, Directory, Application, Resume Instructions $3.00. National, 422-NT Washington Building, D.C. 20005.

U.S. FIRMS OVERSEAS—Complete information on hundreds of worldwide companies. Outstanding opportunities and advantages. Send $6.96 to GLOBALEMPLOY (LCKT), Box 4499-R, Huntsville, AL 35802.

Need Money? Help us stuff envelopes. $350.00 per thousand. Guaranteed And Proven! Don't be fooled by similar offers. We need immediate help! For complete details, send self-addressed stamped envelope to: Details, Box 10199, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53210.

Films

SUPER 8, 16MM and 8MM Full-Length Features and shorts, sound and silent, color and black/white Film Classics. Bogart, Popeye, Barrymore, Garbo, Chaplin, Bugs Bunny, Mansfield. Our Gang, Etc., Etc. . . . FREE Catalog. Niles Films, Box 1576 NT, South Bend, Indiana 46634.

COPYRIGHT MOVIES ON VIDEO CASSETTES. "Deep Throat", "Pinnochio", Beatles, Stones, etc. From $69.00. Write or call International Video & Cable Network. 256 South Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills, California 90211 or 213-659-8274.

Gourmet

DELICIOUS Chicken Vegetable Soup Recipe. $1.50 and S.A.S.E. to: NT-RMSSR, P.O. Box 34052, Phoenix, AZ. 85067.

150 CARIBBEAN CULINARY CONCOCTIONS. Artistic paperback. $5. Sage Press, Box 195, Hammett, Idaho 83627.

AUTHENTIC MEXICAN PORK/VEGETABLE. Delicious Guacamole! Hobo Bread that's easy, delightful. $1.00 each SASE Box 1061, Alameda, CA 94501.

Literary Services

DISSERTATIONS, THESES, WRITING, EDITING, TYPING. All subjects. Confidential. We deliver what others promise—that's why we're #1! RESEARCH UNLIMITED, Box 300-N, Dayton, Washington 99328.

PREWRITTEN RESEARCH. 24 hour service! Catalog $1.00!! Discounts available. Information Clearinghouse, Box #4391NT, Washington, D.C. 20012. (202) 723-1715.

PUBLISH YOUR BOOK! Join our successful authors in a complete, reliable publishing program: publicity, advertising, promotion, beautiful books. All subjects invited. Send for fact-filled booklet and free manuscript report. Carlton Press, Dept. NEW, 84 Fifth Avenue, New York, 10011.

COLLEGIATE RESEARCH PAPERS. Thousands on file. All academic subjects. Send for free mail order catalog. Box 25916-N, Los Angeles, Calif. 90025. (213) 477-8474.

ACADEMIC RESEARCH, WRITING, Statistics, Editing, Rewriting. Confidential, original. Want maximum professional services at minimal cost? Try us! QUALITY WRITERS, Box 7833, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

SCHOLARLY RESEARCH, Editing. All fields, levels. Free catalog. ACADEMIC RESEARCH, INC., 240 Park Ave., Rutherford, N.J. 07070. Phone 201-939-0189.

Lyrics And Poems

POETRY WANTED for Anthology. Include stamped envelope. Contemporary Literature Press, P.O. Box 26462, San Francisco, California 94126.

Merchandise

GENUINE INDIAN JEWELRY WHOLESALE! DETAILS $1.00 (refundable). Lange/NT, 6031 North 7th Street, Phoenix, Arizona 85014.

TAPES. RECORDS. Discount Catalog $1.00. TOWER, Box 33098, Washington, D.C. 20028.

HISTORICAL T-SHIRTS 1" DISPLAY AD

FREE HEARING AID CATALOG. Save 1/2 by mail. Write: "Money$avers," 9530NT11 Langdon, Sepulveda, Calif. 91343.

FORIEGN LANGUAGE T-SHIRTS—Choose from our selection of 43 snappy sayings in 18 different languages, each one screen printed on a fine, colored T-shirt. Send 25¢ for brochure: CORNUCOPEIA T-SHIRTS, Box 9301N, Madison WI 53715.

HISTORICAL T-SHIRTS

virginia woolf

Jung, Freud, Nietzsche, Wittgenstein, Plato, Bertrand Russell, Virginia Woolf, Emily Dickinson, George Sand, Amelia Earhart, James Joyce, Mark Twain, Bach, Beethoven, Mahler, Mozart, Colette, Gertrude Stein, G.B. Shaw, Marx, Mao, Nijinsky, Dostoevsky, Poe,

White cotton shirts, sm(34-36), med(38-40) lg(42-44) x-lg(46-48) $6.00ea 4/$20
prices postpaid - make checks payable to
HISTORICAL T-SHIRTS
Box 55m Somerville; Mass. 02144

Money Making Opportunities

$1,000 MONTHLY POSSIBLE! Mailing Commission Letters Information—FREE. Opportunities. Box 721-T, Lynbrook, N.Y. 11563.

Operate your own profitable Human Relations success groups. Free brochure. PAT, Box 2446N, San Leandro, CA 94577.

NEW ADRESSING, MAILING opportunity. Valuable information 10¢. Lindbloom, 3636-NT Peterson, Chicago 60659.

$500/THOUSAND Immediately Stuffing Envelopes! Free Details: Monterey Place, P.O. Box 33147-A, Coon Rapids, Mn. 55433.

$500/THOUSAND IMMEDIATELY, Stuffing envelopes, Free supplies, Rush stamped, Addressed envelope, Katherine Kerber Co., Box 8410-B, St. Louis, Mo. 63132.

Personal

HAVE HEALTHY HAIR AGAIN! Spectacular results guaranteed! $19.95. ULTRAHAIR, Box 10101N, Detroit 48210.

BECOME LEGALLY ORDAINED MINISTER. Credentials Sent for $3.50 offering. Mother Earth Church, 2330 Butano, Sacramento, CA 95825.

LUTHERANS: Challenging Anita Bryant in our church. Seeking justice, dignity. Lutherans Concerned, Box NT-19114A, Los Angeles, CA 90019.

COMMUNITY ORGANIZERS – Openings available with ACORN; multi-issue, eleven state grassroots community organization developing political power for low-to-moderate income people. We train. 523 W. 15th, Little Rock, Ark. 72202.

PERSONAL Financial Bookkeeping System. The most effective method yet for family finances. Guaranteed satisfaction. Send $4.95 check or money order plus 50¢ shipping to: J&K Associates, 130 Hubbards Path, No. Babylon, N.Y. 11704.

BECOME LEGALLY ORDAINED MINISTER. Credentials sent for $5 offering. United Christian Church, Box 18103, Denver Colorado 80218.

MEET YOUR IDEAL MATE. Computerized matching. Nationwide. Inexpensive. Guaranteed Referrals. TEAM, 1270 Broadway, NYC 10001.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles anywhere. Call DATELINE toll-free (800) 451-3245.

Publications

WHAT'S INFORMATIVE, INTERESTING, INEXPENSIVE AND EASY TO ORDER? *New Times*—give it for Christmas. To order send $10 for your first gift and $8 for each additional (including your own) to *New Times*, Dept. NT-11-11, One Park Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10016.

FOR THE EDUCATED CONSUMER: bound volumes of NEW TIMES, at only $19.95 each. Jan-June, July-Dec. 1975; now available: Jan-June 1976. Limited quantities, so buy now! 10% discount on multiple orders. Please send order and payment to: NEW TIMES, Box BV-3, One Park Avenue, NY, NY 10016. Please allow 6-8 weeks for delivery.

BACK ISSUE BUYERS Please note that back issues are now $1.50. Incorrect orders will be returned. Send order and payment to NEW TIMES, Box-Q, One Park Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10016. For list of available back issues, please send stamped, self-addressed #10 envelope.

Book Publishing

Manuscripts invited for prompt review and terms of publication. All subjects. Professional editing, design, production and marketing since 1920. Send inquiry or manuscript, or call (215) 642-8303. Ask for free *Authors' Guide* BT.

DORRANCE & COMPANY
35 Cricket Terrace, Ardmore, Pa. 19003

RECIDIVIST HERESY EXPOSED! Send 10¢ and stamp to Virgin Mary, P.O. Box 6023, Austin, Texas 78762.

A psychologist says "yes" to abortion . . . *but only*

IN NECESSITY AND SORROW

Life and Death in an Abortion Hospital

by **Magda Denes**

The *only* book to get to the heart of the abortion issue. A practicing psychologist writes from her own experience — and that of other patients and the staff — in an abortion hospital. $2.95

Penguin Books
625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Real Estate

BIG . . . FREE . . . CATALOG! Over 2,500 top values coast to coast! UNITED FARM AGENCY, 612-CI West 47th., Kansas City, Mo. 64112

Self Improvement

Generous discounts up to 25%

for over 125 new-age human potential movement services around the country, including nationally popular growth experiences, sensuality and sexuality explorations, prosperity seminars, massage, Rolfing, and Polarity bodywork, health and nutritional guidance, dance, music, occult arts, awareness consulting, resorts, travel, books, records, tapes, magazines, etc. **A mere $25/year or $50/3 years for all discounts, seasonal directories, and a membership card.** Mail check to The Expanding Circle, 107 Marion Ave., Sausalito, California 94965. For more information or to use your **Master Charge or BankAmericard-Visa, call toll free anytime 1-800-528-6050, ext. 816.**

Arizona residents, call collect 1-602-955-9710, ext. 816.

The Expanding Circle

14 STEPS TO SELF MASTERY. Free, 24-page booklet, "How to Know Yourself through Yoga." Ananda, Dept. TC7, Nevada City, CA 95959.

Services

GUARANTEED AGE IDENTIFICATIONS. Five cards, FREE Birthcertificate: $3.00. Indentifications-NT, 934 Dodge, Evanston, 60202.

MARRIAGE PROBLEMS: A self-help guide to a better marriage. $2.00 to: Help, Box 448, Lyons, Texas 77863. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Travel

EXPLORE POLYNESIA: Off-the-beaten-path expeditions to villages in Tahiti, Fiji, Samoa, 22 days, from $1099. UTA French Airlines, PO Box 9000, Van Nuys, CA, 91406, or Goodman's Good-Travel Tours, Dept. NT, Box 2866, Oakland, CA 94618.

U.S.S.R./Scandinavia: Camping-Rafting Expedition. 37 days, $1300. Also, Rafting throughout West. Whitewater NT, 1225 Liberty, ElCerrito, CA 94530.

Unusual Items

Reach a VERY SPECIAL MILLION readers with your classified display ad in NEW TIMES. Display ads cost $80 per column inch; $6.25 per agate line thereafter. For further information, contact NEW TIMES, Classified Advertising, One Park Avenue, New York, New York 10016 or call (212) 889–6900.

GUIDE TO PYRAMID ENERGY $4.95. Pyramid Centre, Box 26, Newton, Ma. 02158. 617-969-6962, 969-5575.

LADY'S RING. An Amazing Stone that Glows in the Dark. 24K Gold Plated, Adjustable Band. $5.95. Bradley Newsom, Route 7, Lexington, N.C. 27292.

PYRAMIDOLOGY: Extensive book and product catalogue—25¢ please, 8143-NT Big Bend, Webster Groves, Mo. 63119.

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

Copy:

____

____

____

____

____

____

____

Send to:
Jeanne Joyce
NEW TIMES Magazine
1 Park Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10016

NAME ________________________

ADDRESS ______________________

CITY _________________________

STATE ____________ ZIP _________

I enclose $________for________words. To run in______issues. $1.95 per word, minimum 10 words. $1.85 per word, 6 insertions, $1.70 per word, 12 insertions or more. P.O. Box number and telephone numbers count as two words each: Abbreviations and zip codes count as one word each. Area codes must accompany phone numbers. Full payment must accompany order. Make checks payable to New Times Communications Corp.

11/11/77-B

Music/by Patrick Carr

Randy Newman: Up from Inertia

In America, where the mainstream decrees subtlety seditious, irony shootable on sight and the art of putting oneself in others' shoes neurotic, Randy Newman stands as a paragon of the exceptional. He is funny, slightly ugly, imaginative, droll, ever-mocking and supremely sophisticated. Jumping around from persona to persona, he says "I am a reporter" and proves it by writing and singing the songs his characters—a slave, a redneck, a juvenile delinquent—might like to sing themselves. In doing so, he both empathizes with them for their own sake and disembowels them for his audience, the elite. Above all, Randy is smart.

Right now, he is also active. He has just released his first album in almost three years (*Little Criminals*), and is touring in its support. The album is cute, sarcastic and lush; it is obvious that his talents have not deserted him. Against a stunningly intricate, brilliantly arranged orchestral backdrop awash with humor and classical references of all kinds (rock, country, blues, symphonic, you name it) he snipes at short people, praises Irish girls, bemoans the death of Baltimore, spoofs cowboys, interprets Albert Einstein as a dirty old man, pretends to be a pair of kids looking forward to their first gas station heist and another kid who wants to be a cop, sings a truly eerie account of the mood of the child murderer in Fritz Lang's "M" and an equally sad number about a girl at her sailor father's funeral, impersonates a Sydney Greenstreet sidekick, and throws in a love song. The songs are brilliantly crafted, economical as all hell, and you'd have to say that this is simply one of the most *intelligent* albums ever. It features both a certain sympathy for the underdog and a decided ambivalence on that very subject.

We meet him at the Sherry Netherlands Hotel. We notice that Randy has lost weight. and that he seems friendly, hospitable and entirely reasonable. Of *course* he doesn't have anything against short people. It is at this point that we recall a friend saying that Randy is *normal*, which I guess means that he isn't a rock & roller. Randy knows about slavery and Huey Long and Albert Einstein and Fritz Lang. He is like a lot of intelligent people who aren't in rock & roll. They don't stay up all night or take strange drugs. They don't buy many records anymore, either, but they do buy Randy's.

Newman: Grouchy, but not mean

Well now, getting tough, how come Randy didn't record an album for three years? He's lazy, he says; likes to hang around the house reading, watching TV and playing with the kids. The royalty money from *Good Old Boys* began to dry up just when both the record company and his manager were bugging him to get moving, and so, since he was beginning to think that maybe he *couldn't* write anymore, he went to it. Rented an office in downtown L.A.'s factory district and went to work every day like a regular person. Sort of liked that, he did: he has trouble with self-discipline. Also, the downtown location gave the album a certain urban feel.

Randy has been writing professionally since he was sixteen. The son of a doctor, with famous uncles writing movie scores ("How Green Was My Valley," "Song of Bernadette," "How The West Was Won," "All About Eve," almost all the Rogers & Hammerstein movies), he has upper-crust Hollywood roots: the movies echo through his arrangements, his choice of subject matter and his writing itself.

As to inspiration for this new album, he says that "In Germany Before The War" (his Fritz Lang song) came about because "I had a certain chord sequence which reminded me of the movie," that "Little Criminals" was caused by "too much television, it's just the times," and that the nautical references throughout the album are there because he'd been thinking about what it must be like for people who have never seen the ocean. "Germany" is his favorite among the album's songs. "It's just kind of spooky, hopefully," he says. "Germany" was very hard to write. He adds that though he often thinks that writing a book would *really* make him feel legitimate, he has *no* shame about being just a songwriter.

Things are getting pretty easy. Randy is not as close-mouthed as he is reputed to be. We touch on many subjects—he hated *Roots*, *Star Wars* ("nice score, though"), *Jaws*, *The Exorcist*. All too simple-minded, he says. At home he listens to Van Morrison, Joni Mitchell, Dylan, the Eagles, McCartney, Paul Simon, War (used to like Jimi Hendrix, too). He has two children. He wants to hate Warner Brothers because they're so *big*, but they're too nice with him. He never had the clap, and neither did his father, who during the war was in some *really* seedy places. There is a good deal of banter to this encounter. Randy is in form—talks about his polo ponies and manservants when asked if it's nice where he lives. ("Got a locomotive?" I ask. "No, you know someone who *does?*" he says.) A question about Newman roots in Germany reminds Randy that the English always ask him if he's Jewish. "I don't *understand* that," he says. "Maybe I'll write a song about it."

This all raises the obvious question: Is Randy angry, aka mean? Actually, I say that he doesn't *seem* mean, and he says, "Oh, thank you. That's nice. I often worry about that. I really don't like to think of myself as mean-spirited. Sometimes it seems like I'm too hard, y'know . . . but no, not really. I'm often grouchy, but I don't think I'm *mean*." This does not answer the question but at least it indicates that he is aware of it.

Suddenly, I am inspired. *I* know what to ask. I have begun to figure out a hypothesis that, like most comics and many intellectuals who are not gifted with great physical beauty, Randy must have always got by with brains; if you can't impress them with macho, then maybe you can make them laugh. Maybe you can win them with wit, sarcasm, originality . . . "Were you a hit in high school, Randy?"

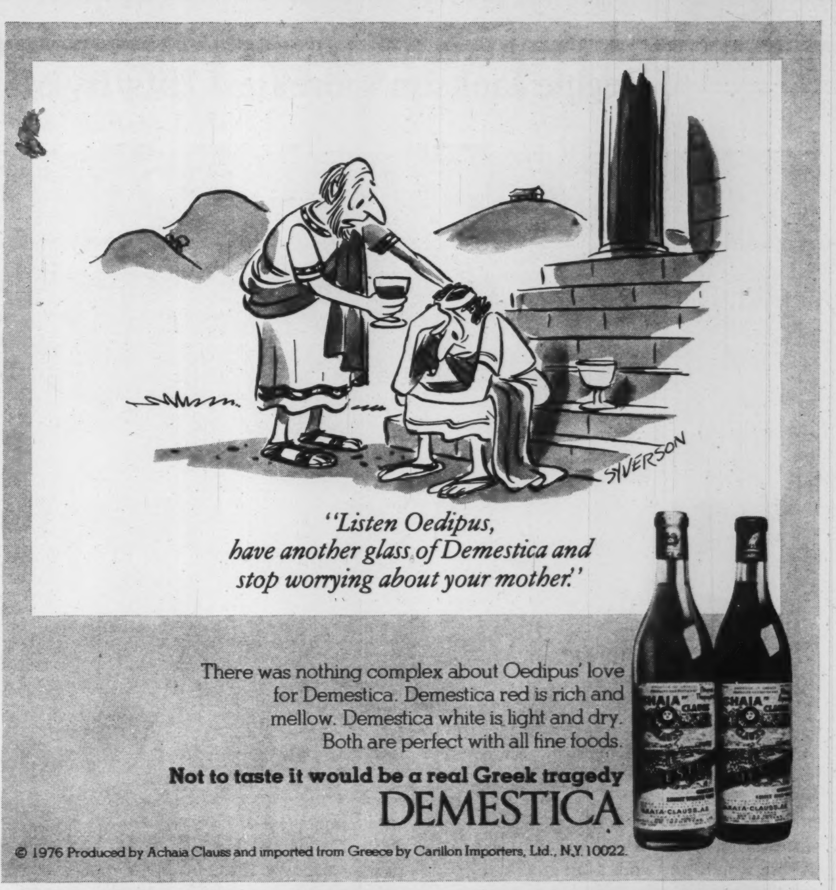
"It depends on what you think I was trying to *do* there," he begins. "I was trying to look real cool and tough, and now that I look back on it, I wasn't a success. No. Girls—ah, I didn't do very well. I did all right in school but I didn't do any work and that used to make the teachers mad. I got in trouble once for drinking off campus. Painted the school once. Got drunk and got in a car crash . . . It was unsuccessful, I think."

"Did you ever become cool, Randy?" I ask.

"I became expressionless and emotionless, and felt *nothing*, which was the ultimate goal," he says. "And I haven't come out of it yet."

There is no more to the interview, and so we find ourselves now at Randy's Avery Fisher Hall concert. Randy is alone with his piano, and he is among his most fervent admirers, a tasteful bunch of intelligent people in the 25-to-40 age bracket who don't go to rock & roll concerts. His performance hasn't changed much; he still affects a marvelous marriage between his eccentric vocal talents and his feel for arrangements, and his stage personality is right on the beam. He is totally deadpan. He puts himself down a lot (not seriously, naturally), makes remarks about life at the top (not to be taken seriously, of course) and, when not actually singing, pretends to be a klutz.

The audience *loves* it. Each song receives loud applause during the first few bars and each remark is greeted by gales of laughter. It is a very comfortable event. As I look around me, however, I notice that there are no rednecks, no juvenile delinquents, none of his characters present. I wonder, for instance, how those people might feel, hearing his songs. Then I wonder how *these* people might feel if, say, Merle Haggard had written them. As it is, however, there is no meanness in the hall at all.



*"Listen Oedipus,
have another glass of Demestica and
stop worrying about your mother."*

There was nothing complex about Oedipus' love for Demestica. Demestica red is rich and mellow. Demestica white is light and dry. Both are perfect with all fine foods.

Not to taste it would be a real Greek tragedy

DEMESTICA

© 1976 Produced by Achaia Clauss and imported from Greece by Carillon Importers, Ltd., N.Y. 10022.

**The Precision Decision.
We made it. Now it's your turn.**

We believe that precision is the most important factor in turntable design and performance. Take our new direct drive models—the Quartz-Locked QL-7 and the JL-F50. Both are unusually close in their important specs. And surprisingly, they're also in the same price range.

The manually operated QL-7, with strobe speed indicator, at under $300,* is priced less than any Quartz-Locked unit on the market.

The fully automatic JL-F50 (less than $250*) has most controls up front so you can operate them without lifting the dust cover. And you can repeat play your records up to six times, or infinitely.

Either JVC you choose, you'll have made the right decision.

*Approximate retail value, including base and cover.

JVC

We build in what the others leave out.

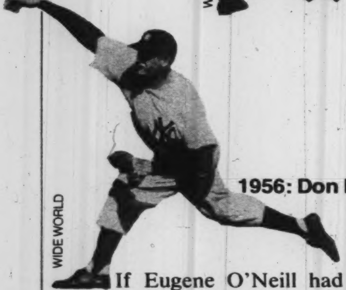
JVC America Company, Div. of US JVC Corp., 58-75 Queens Midtown Expressway, Maspeth, N.Y. 11378 (212) 476-8300.
For nearest JVC dealer, call toll-free 800-221-7502 (outside N.Y.). Canada: JVC Electronics of Canada, Ltd., Scarborough, Ont.

Reggie Jackson's Greatest Hits/By Mark Goodman

Final Tribute

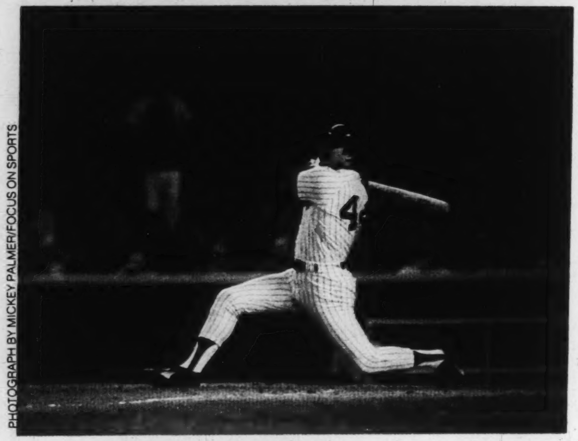
1926 and 1928: Babe Ruth

WIDE WORLD



1956: Don Larsen

WIDE WORLD



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICKEY PALMER/FOCUS ON SPORTS

1977: Reggie Jackson

WIDE WORLD

1969: New York Mets

If Eugene O'Neill had written the last act of the finest theater available in New York this fall, the curtain would have opened on Reggie Jackson sitting alone in a fly-specked Third Avenue saloon, watching his Yankee teammates on television and offering, between belts of white wine, tortured soliloquies on his absence from the sixth game of the World Series.

It's not as if Jackson were incapable of acting out such a scenario; indeed, if the 1977 baseball season has proved anything (other than the brittle truth that money can buy excellence as well as unhappiness) it is that Reggie Jackson is exquisitely capable of any melodramatic excess he puts his intricate mind to. He can be lyrical, and he can be a royal pain in the ass.

It was the lyrical Jackson who, on that wondrous Tuesday night, brought the rococo drama of the 1977 baseball season to a roisterous climax with three swings of his wide-grained bat. Just three swings, mind you, and Reggie Jackson, like Jay Gatsby, knew in a swift, translucent instant of time what it was like to romp with the gods.

The stage had been set in classical fashion: the court intrigue that built throughout the season was incontestably Elizabethan. There was Jackson, the tailor's son, bought by Yankee owner Steinbrenner for a prince's ransom. The inevitable feud with rival barons followed; Martin, cunning manager and veteran of a half dozen Yankee World Series wars, and Munson, prideful catcher and first team captain since Gehrig. Martin once squared off against Jackson in a hotel room in Boston, saying, "I'll make you fight me, boy." He wasn't the only one who wanted to fight Jackson—Jackson, who said things like: "I'm the straw that stirs this drink. Not Munson, not nobody else on this club"; and, "I should've signed with the Padres or the Dodgers. I'd be happy there"; and, "I don't need baseball, I'm a businessman." Nor did his fellow athletes need to read Veblen to understand that ownership of three Rolls-Royces and the constant counting of bankrolls on the team bus were more than conspicuous; they were vainglorious.

Jackson alternately brooded and beseeched, insisting that he ought to be batting in the cleanup spot. When Martin finally gave in to the pressure from his sovereign, Reggie responded by whacking 13 home runs in the last 50 games to lead the Yankees to a division title. But in the playoffs his indifferent fielding and silent bat caused him to be benched in the final game.

Then, the World Series against the heavily favored Los Angeles Dodgers. The Yankees roiled and seethed, with Jackson foursquare in the thick of it; any moment now, they would be at one another's heads with mace and blade. Ah, but spy bold Jackson now! In the third game he drove in one run while scoring twice, provided the winning run in the fourth and hit a home run in his last time at bat in the fifth.

Thus it began, like the distant rumble of thunder before a Shakespearean battle. In the sixth game, Jackson walked in the second inning and trotted home on Chambliss' homer. In the fourth, with the Dodgers leading 3–2 and Munson on first, he drove Hooton's first pitch on a line into the right field stands. Next inning, he lined Sosa's first pitch into the right field stands.

The Dodgers were by then vanquished, but great drama must run its course. Nothing else would fulfill the rigorous requisites of traditional theater but that Jackson lead off the eighth inning by cracking the first pitch offered by the forlorn dupe, Hough, not into the right field stands on a tight line, but in a great, soaring arc 450 feet into the center field stands. And as Reggie Jackson circled the bases for the third time, Dodger first baseman Steve Garvey, the finest of his antagonists, applauded silently in his glove.

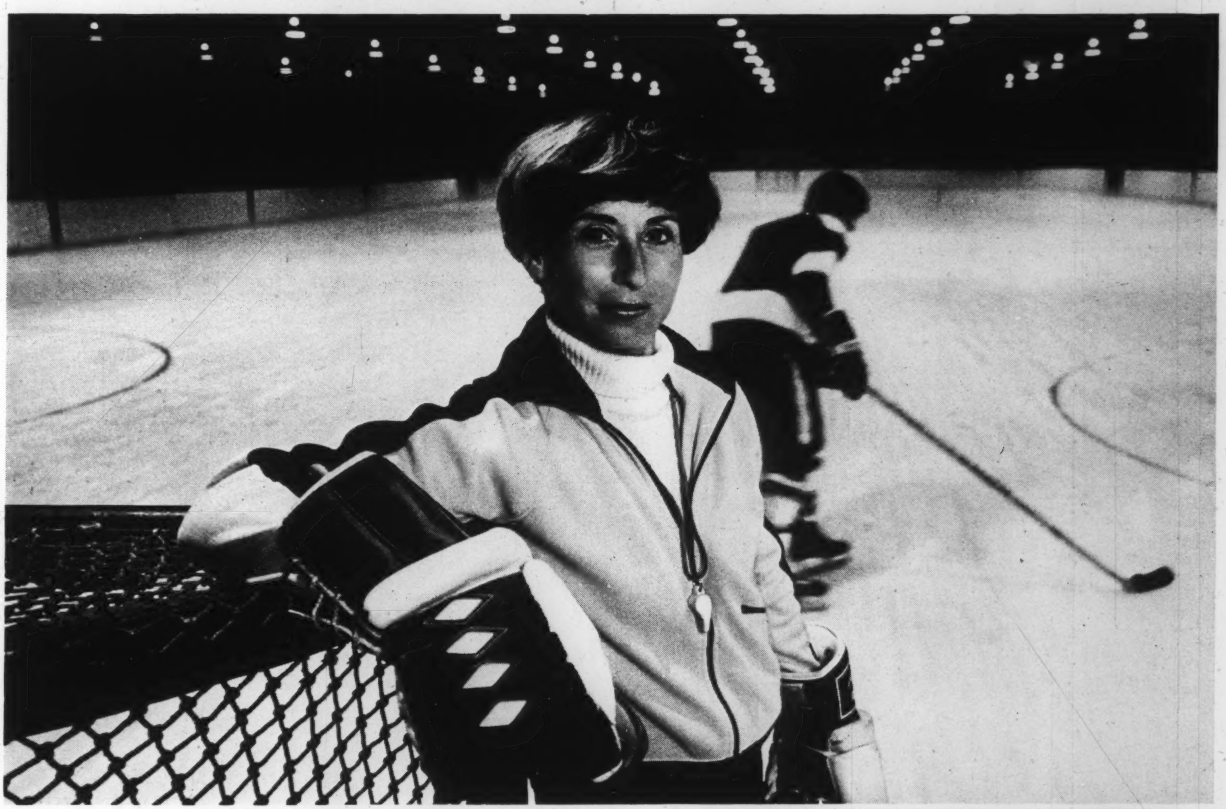
There are great moments in baseball that will bring very real tears to the eyes of those who beheld them: Ruth's epic home run performances in the 1926 and 1928 World Series; Gionfreddo's catch of DiMaggio's fly in the 1947 Yankee-Dodger series; Larsen's perfect game in the 1956 series; the New York Mets and the splendid *opera bouffe* of 1969.

But no one has ever put on a championship performance quite like Jackson's—his three home runs in one game tied Ruth's record; his four consecutive home runs and five home runs in one series set new records, as did his ten runs scored and his 25 total bases—and it is improbable that anyone will again in our lifetime.

So say what you will about Reggie Jackson: he knows how to heat up a house, and how to ring down a curtain.●

DEWAR'S® PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF • © SCHENLEY IMPORTS CO., N.Y., N.Y.

LAURA STAMM

HOME: New York, New York

AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Professional ice hockey skating coach

HOBBIES: Tennis, camping, ballet.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "Plain Speaking" by Merle Miller

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Authored book "Power Skating the Hockey Way."

QUOTE: "The athletes that I coach are concerned only with my improving their performance. To me this implies that the woman's role in sports is finally at the point where it's ability, and no longer sex, that counts."

PROFILE: Outgoing and eager to help. Creates confidence in the people she works with, be it professional athlete or 6-year-old student.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label."

"White Label"
DEWAR'S
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
100% SCOTCH WHISKIES
PRODUCT OF SCOTLAND
John Dewar & Sons Ltd
PERTH SCOTLAND

A heritage of uncompromising quality. Dewar's never varies.

The Dewar Highlander

Select what you want in a record cleaner.

☐ Convenience in use and storage.

You shouldn't need a separate shelf, elaborate motions or an act of Congress to clean your records. A comfortable, hand-held instrument that works best on a rotating turntable is ideal.

☐ Effectiveness against micro-dust.

Tiny, invisible dust particles hide in delicate record grooves and can be ground into the vinyl. Only a slanted (directional) fiber using special ultra-small fiber tips can scoop up, rather than rearrange, this micro-dust contamination.

☐ Effectiveness against chemical contamination.

Fingerprints and vapor-borne oils will deposit into channels of a record groove. Such contamination hides from adhesive rollers and all dry cleaning systems. Only a special fluid plus micro-fibers can safely remove such audible, impacted deposits.

☐ Total removal of contamination/fluid.

Capillary action—the lifting of fluid by small fiber surface tension—is totally effective. You want to get contamination off the record, along with any fluid traces.

☐ Lasting construction.

You want quality. A record cleaner can last a lifetime. A plastic wonder can crack into oblivion—or you can purchase the hand-rubbed elegance of milled walnut befitting the rest of your audio system.

☐ Ultimate economy.

The value of a truly fine record cleaner is justified by the cost of replacing your record collection. Fifteen dollars is a small investment in long-term protection.

☑ All of the above.

DISCWASHER, the Superior Record Cleaner.

See the finer audio dealers for a demonstration.

D3
by discwasher®
THE SUPERIOR RECORD CLEANER
CAUTION
KEEP OUT OF REACH OF CHILDREN
Net Contents 1 fl. oz. (28.38 cc)
MADE IN U.S.A.

discwasher, inc. 1407 N. Providence Rd., Columbia, MO 65201